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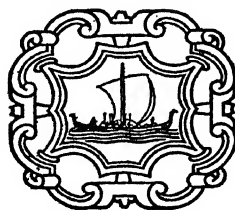
FINLAND  
*THE NEW NATION*



# FINLAND

*THE NEW NATION*

BY AGNES ROTHERY



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1937

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*TO*  
NABOTH HEDIN



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THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

## Part I

### *Sunrise and the New Nation*



## CHAPTER I

### PROSPECT

**F**INLAND—imbedded between the Baltic and the Arctic seas; ringed about geographically and historically by her neighbours, Sweden and Russia—is still further removed from the world by the world's ignorance concerning her.

From whatever direction the traveller approaches this most northerly republic of the globe he passes through countries whose names, whose languages, whose histories, are more or less part of his familiar knowledge. The American, to reach Finland, passes through England, whose past is integral with America's own, or crosses the Continent, whose culture is the foundation of all his schooling, and probably pushes on to Russia, whose future is America's practical concern. En route he touches a small country which, for nine such travellers out of ten, possesses neither a past nor a future.

Recently cruise boats and luxury liners have begun to stop at Helsinki—or Helsingfors as it was called when we used to study geography—and for a few hours Finland, or at least her capital city, materializes as an actual and surprisingly

solid place. But this actuality, not reinforced by the background of association, grows nebulous as sea and time intervene between it and us. We have read no Finnish Shakespeare or Dickens whose men and women people the streets of the city and the lanes of the countryside. We have listened to no Finnish operas speaking the language which needs no translation. We have not been educated by a Finnish Velasquez or Franz Hals so that we look in Finnish faces with recognition. No native Corot or Canaletto has prepared us for the land and seascape. Is there a Finnish Colbert? Is there even a Finnish Nijinsky?

Thus, as the prospective visitor approaches Finland through countries which, however foreign they may be, nevertheless present definite tangibilities, or by boat from Hull to Helsinki "across the most famous tract of water in the world's history," the nearer he comes to this new nation, the farther away it seems.

But although his mind may be unfurnished, it is willing to be favourably impressed; perhaps even willing to try to understand something of the elements and forces that have gone and are still going into the making of one of the most interesting and successful democracies of our age. No one having yet done it for her, Finland must create her own impression and tell her own story—which is, perhaps, the most agreeable way for strangers to come to know it.

CHAPTER II

APPROACH THROUGH THE  
ARCHIPELAGO

*"O'er the blue waves of the ocean,  
In a boat with prow all golden,  
Steering with his copper rudder—"*

even as the mythical hero of Finland do we skim over the water's surface and thread our way through the intricate channels of an archipelago as thickly and as glitteringly strewn with islands as the sky is strewn with stars. The prow of our boat may not be "all golden," but the paint is rubbed until it reflects light like mirrors. The mirrors are polished until they are clear as windows, and the windows are so miraculously transparent one is liable to bang a head or a hand against them, thinking they are open air. The vessel is small compared to the mammoth Cunarder which brought us across the Atlantic to England and which deposits its passengers for Finland with the gentle air of a mastiff proffering a morsel to a Pekinese. It is small but it is sturdily constructed, and its officers and crew are seamen reared in the sound tradition of sail. It possesses no tearooms or grillrooms or restaurants: only



a spotless dining-room which is content to let the dishes be merely delicious and to follow one another in correct succession. In its appointments and decorations it does not aspire to be a floating hotel but is frankly a boat. A good boat—an excellent boat—a boat which anyone who is able to travel at all will find charmingly adequate for the five days' trip from Hull to Helsinki.

For over fifty years, summer and winter, the Finland Steamship Line has maintained its weekly schedule between England and Finland, so that its regular patrons have somewhat the air of commuters. These include Finnish boys and girls returning home from school in England; Finnish business men, so tall they have to stoop when they pass through the doorways; their wives, tall also; and their quiet-voiced children. (How strong, how broad, how powerful these Finns are! The fresh-cheeked stewardess could certainly pick you up with one hand and your bed with you if necessary.)

Almost as familiar with the boat and the route are the English sportsmen who return to Finland every summer to their favourite fishing-grounds, and the Dutch family who have a summer cottage on one of the islands. There is a Danish couple, whom we pick up at Copenhagen, planning a thoughtful fortnight's tour of their northern neighbour. There is a trio of German boys with their camping equipment on their backs. Even the untravelling French contribute a bride and bridegroom with their bicycles on which they intend to pedal to no less a destination than the Arctic Ocean.

The Continentals and the English discovered Finland a long time ago. Now the Americans are finding it out. On our boat is a director of athletics from a Middle Western university come to learn why the Finns keep walking off with Olympic

Games honours—or rather, running off with them. There is an economist from another university to study how Finland manages not only to pay her foreign debts but also to balance her domestic budget; a geologist revelling in the anticipation of a paradise of eskars and moraines, drumlins and kames; and a New Yorker whose business is with wood pulp. This rather substantial lump is leavened by the usual crowd of good-natured American tourists bound for a sightseeing whirl in Russia and quite willing to take a look at Helsinki in passing.

There is another passenger on the boat, not named on the list, or allotted a place in the dining-room, but who nevertheless sits in practically each deck chair in turn. The spirit of curiosity finds a habitation in every breast, and those whom it animates most persistently become travel addicts, which malady grows by what it feeds on. Such travel addicts approach a new country with the excitement of a detective-story devotee opening the latest thriller, with the watering mouth of a gourmand drawing near a waiting feast, sometimes even with the reverence of a religious man entering an unknown cathedral. To these a country is something more than the aggregate sum of its inhabitants. It possesses a significance beyond the significance of any individual or individuals. Climate, topography, ethnic factors, all affect it, but its vibration is higher than these audible tones. And to this vibration the true traveller is sensitive from a long way off.

To such a one the passage through the largest archipelago in the world in the peculiar clarity of a northern summer morning is a magical peregrination, for the ship seems to be sailing through land quite as much as through water—an intermixture of the elements which prepares the imagination for

the sorcery that has always clung to the name of Finland and the Finns.

To enter the archipelago in winter darkness following the ice-breaker hewing a channel of shattered glass would be another and more sombre magic.

This early June morning, which holds something of the ethereal mooniness of night, just as the night which has passed held something of the sunshine of day, reveals to us a world of wide and narrow waterways winding between islands and islets and bare isolated rocks as big as a house and as small as a man's head. On that distant fleck of grey stone and green trees we can catch a glimpse of a roof; on this larger and nearer one we can see a white cottage with its white and blue flag floating above it. Now the roofs are more frequent. Now we see garden furniture through the trees, bath-houses on the rocky shores, hammocks, flowers, and, at the landing-stages, yachts and tenders, sailboats and motor-boats. These camps, cottages, and villas, large or small, in settlements or—and more frequently—separated widely from one another, are all alike in being trim and trig in the immaculate order which comes only with loving and constant care. Already we are prepared for a country where moth doth not corrupt and where probably thieves do not break through and steal.

We should also be prepared to find that the people who live in Helsinki are not there in summer. Those who have not a summer house somewhere in the archipelago have one on an island in a lake. Or they return to their ancestral country places. Or they buy a farm in which they take tremendous and practical pleasure. Those who cannot afford these things build a tiny cabin by a river or put up a tent in the forest to which they hurry for week-ends. Some time during the sum-

## Approach Through the Archipelago 9

mer everyone gets away from the city and almost everyone gets away from everyone else.

The roots of all Finnish people are deep, deep in the soil, and the instinct of the financier as well as the farmer, of the artist as well as the clerk, is to return to that soil and to feel the blessed sun which sheds its light and warmth all too briefly on this northern land.

This profound attachment not only to their country as a political and national entity but to its actual earth and rocks once found exquisite expression in a letter from Topelius to a little Finnish boy who was being educated in England: "You are in a great and rich country," he wrote, "but never forget you are only an exile. If Queen Victoria herself should write and offer you a post in her kingdom, remember that you must answer, 'I cannot, because I have a cottage waiting for me when I am grown up. It has a roof higher than the loftiest hall in Windsor Castle. That roof is the blue sky of my own land.' "

And so, through a tangle of islands and of land fringed and torn and linked together, we enter Finland. And so, viewing the little houses built on great rocks, we make our first acquaintance with the Finnish people.

*CHAPTER III*

ENTRANCE TO THE  
NEW FINLAND.

A MODERN city; a blue-grey, pink-grey city; a city whose chequerboard streets are bounded by harbours, beaches, bridges, by a hundred small landing-piers, steps down to artificial basins, wharves out to boats, and whose regularity is relieved by parks and playgrounds and by a central tree-lined and flower-brightened Esplanade. A city of well-kept buildings, well-swept sidewalks, and well-dressed men and women; a sober, substantial city, neutral in its colouring, orderly in the movement of life within its highways and waterways.

Helsinki is not spectacular. It is too new to be picturesque. But it has the attractiveness of good taste and grave prosperity.

Whether you enter the capital of Finland by the railway station which is one of the astonishments of modern Europe, or by the South Harbour through an archipelago which is the most extensive in the world, you are instantly struck by two things. First, this metropolis, small as it is in area and population, modest in wealth and tradition compared with

the great cities of the world, is nevertheless a real place, genuine, admirable. And second, it is incredibly quiet. It is not the quietness of stagnation, for there are plenty of people, motor-cars, buses, and flow of traffic, pleasure and business. It is quiet because a number of years ago the Finns worked out and put into operation a programme of noise abatement such as only recently—and in part—has been adopted by New York and London. In Helsinki no auto sounds a horn, no steamer whistles, no factory hoots, no bicycle rings its bell. There are no sirens, gongs, carillons, street cries, blaring radios, or racket of any kind or at any time. By prohibiting all except emergency alarms (every pedestrian takes precaution to look before crossing a street, and every chauffeur drives with care), the shrill vocalities and the whole incessant, uncivilized roar accepted as inevitable in the congested areas of most countries have been completely eliminated. In this tranquillity nervous tension relaxes slowly, blessedly, permanently. We should also note that the number of motor accidents has been greatly reduced.

One speaks of Finland as a new country, meaning that it is only since 1917, when she won her freedom from Russia, that she has been an independent nation. There have been Finns living in Finland for eighteen hundred years. One speaks of Helsinki as a new city, although it was founded in 1640 and has been the capital since 1812. Such use of the word new is correct, for, unlike most European countries, the most interesting period in the history of Finland is the present, and her most important architecture began less than twenty years ago when Eliel Saarinen built her mighty railroad station, to be followed by Sirén with the Parliament House. The banks, shops, apartment houses, co-operative stores, office

buildings, schools, and churches of this new era are strikingly successful, one reason being that there was little in the original wooden town worth saving, so that most of what was left after a couple of centuries of fires and fighting has been—and is still being—torn down by the authorities. Therefore, the severe utilitarian lines of the granite and brick buildings are seen, not as eccentric experiments against traditional forms, but as sincere expressions of the present needs and tastes of the Finnish people.

The centre of the city is closely built up and derives its character from strong vertical lines and narrow fenestration and from the intrinsic worth of the materials used. The splendid native granite, in shades deepening from pale pink to rosy red, combined with richly coloured bricks, with concrete, or with glittering metals, is given further variety by blocks being sometimes rough-quarried, sometimes hammered, and sometimes polished. These contrasts maintain their clarity in an air frequently washed by showers and entirely free of coal dust.

Encircling the city are blocks and blocks of apartment houses, their modernistic exteriors indicating the simplification and convenience of the living arrangements within.

Between the city and the suburbs are the hospitals, the home for the poor surrounded by rose gardens, the entrancing though possibly extravagant orphanage, and the seven municipal bathing-beaches made from sand dredged from the ocean floor, for the natural shore is rocky.

A little farther distant are the tiny garden cottages and forest camps that may be rented—or the land leased for five years from the city and the houses privately built—for such a modest sum that no family need be deprived of a week-end,

or an entire summer refuge, in the woods or by a lake or in the open country.

While there are sections of handsome single residences—the legations and embassies in Brunnsparken and in Eria—Helsinki is primarily planned for its middle classes, although such a term hardly applies to a social order where there is no “lower class” as that term is unhappily understood in most American and European centres. There are labourers, to be sure, and one even sees women employed in tasks we are accustomed to believe only men could or should attempt. There are industrial workers and they are poor—too poor, as they make no bones about making known through the usual political and printed channels. But although the standard of living is for these held to unremitting frugality, there is no actual destitution. Such a thing as a slum does not exist in Helsinki or in all Finland. The unemployed number perhaps fifteen thousand out of a population of over three million.

The aged, the orphaned, the poor, the sick in mind and body, the workingman and his children—Helsinki takes care of all these with scrupulous and generous attention. She goes further and shows concern for the artist, not confining this to statues after he is dead, as in the cases of Topelius, Lönnrot, and Runeberg, or even to a pension to a conspicuous living genius, as in the case of Sibelius, but by providing the sculptor, painter, actor, and musician with suitable quarters to live and work in at about one-third the price they would be obliged to pay elsewhere.

For its youth, Helsinki preserves, in its very heart, a century-old square where, in respectful proximity to the venerable Church of Saint Nicholas and the old Senate Council Building, stands the great university. Since this is the capstone of



the school system, the curricula of all the schools throughout the entire country are uniform. There is nothing in the least modern about the university. Its location, its neo-classic architecture, its classical curriculum, its lovingly maintained ceremonies, are all in the established academic tradition. For cities, like individuals, are inclined to be conservative about the thing which is vitally dear to them, and education is a passion in Finland. Students, teachers, professors, school buildings, and school equipment from the elementary grades to the highest professional degree are taken seriously—so seriously that illiteracy is less than one per cent—a remarkable record when one remembers how much of the country is sparsely settled and how difficult it must be for children on isolated farms and remote islands to get to and from school, particularly in seasons when snow is melting or ice is breaking up.

But Helsinki is something beyond an exercise in intelligent municipal management and social co-operation. The more one comes to know it the more its restrained attraction deepens. One grows very fond of the restaurants with their low-voiced patrons and their low-priced—and savoury—food. One even becomes rather fond of the menu cards printed in Swedish and Finnish, although being baffled by “munakokkelia” in the Finnish and not getting much enlightenment from the “äggröra” in the Swedish, one probably says firmly “scrambled eggs” in English and immediately receives them.

One grows very fond of the hotels in Helsinki with their rows of flags blowing over the main entrance, for they follow the pretty custom of displaying the national flag of every guest registered, so that a foreign visitor can tell at a glance if a compatriot is in town. At night the flags are taken in, with the single exception of Midsummer Night, when, since the

sun does not set upon them, they are permitted to remain unfurled thirty-six hours. One approves of the sensible custom in hotel and café of permitting no tips but adding ten per cent to the bill, thereby eliminating the shame of being too niggardly or the inconvenience of being too generous.

One grows very fond of the shops in Helsinki, particularly the glittering white ones with milk and butter blessed. How showily the cheeses are displayed! And Finnish Roquefort is as good as the French. One grows fond of the bakers' windows, where the bread is almost like cake and the cake a good deal like bread; of the fruiterers, with their precious oranges from Portugal and Palestine, their apples from Australia and the United States, their grapes from Spain and Germany, and their grapefruit which, wherever it comes from, keeps the same name in English, Finnish, and Swedish. One grows fondest of all of the Academy Book Shop, which, with its twelve miles of shelves holding volumes in every language under the sun, is not only the largest in all Europe but certainly the most obliging in the world.

One grows gratefully familiar with the cleaning and mending establishments which are so cheap and so excellent that even those adventurers who are perennially attempting Europe "on a shoestring" can afford to have their entire wardrobes rehabilitated, wondering incidentally how cleaners live in a city where there is no dirt, although admitting that the shoemakers will be busy enough as long as the squares are paved with cobbles.

It is agreeable to stroll along the waterfront of the South Harbour, where the unpretentious President's Palace contrasts with the glittering onion domes of the high-set Russian church, one of the few relics of the hated Russian regime per-

mitted to remain in a city passionately conscious of its bitterly fought-for and newly acquired nationality.

In the summer, from dawn until noon, the market women display their wares in open stalls: freshly caught fish, vegetables and flowers, wild berries picked in the forest and along the roadside, wild mushrooms of unfamiliar shapes and incredible sizes and colours, fresh birch twigs bound into whisks for the steam bath that is the delight of every Finn.

Small boats are commuting to the near-by islands, and larger boats are setting out for Estonia and Hull, and the largest boats of all—the great luxury liners—are bringing, more and more of them every year, their cruise passengers for a day or for a two-days' stop-over in the capital of Finland.

It is agreeable to sit in one of the many parks, embellished characteristically by a statue to a poet or to a writer of fairy tales, and watch the well-turned-out women swinging by with the step of health. "One Finnish woman is as strong as two Frenchmen," and they certainly look it with their vigorous carriage and clear skins. The Finnish women have an instinct for dress, and the present tailored fashions with low-heeled shoes and with the small hats that reveal their brilliantly brushed yellow hair, are well suited to their athletic figures. The chic uniformity is varied by an occasional country girl clad in the striped skirt and silver-clasped bodice of her native province, by a trio of gipsies with flounced skirts and scarlet slippers, by a group of boys and girls in the white caps which proclaim their student status.

Apart from the people and the flowers, the prevailing tone of the avenues is neutral, with much use of grey and tan and black. This dunness, combined with the solidity of the buildings, imparts a masculinity comparable to that of London or

Shanghai. Helsinki has none of the light airiness which infuses femininity into Paris or New York.

It is a sober city, built by sober men for the sober business of living, and of living in a climate which is stern in the extreme, with only a brief summer slipped in between the snowy winter and the bleak autumn. Its atmosphere might suggest—to idealists who have never lived in one—an academic community where the majority of the inhabitants are dedicated, by taste and by habit, to simple living and interest in things of the mind.

A new city and yet already mature: a city moving to a tempo which is energetic without nervousness and rational without heaviness.



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## Part II

### *Flesh and Blood of the New Nation*



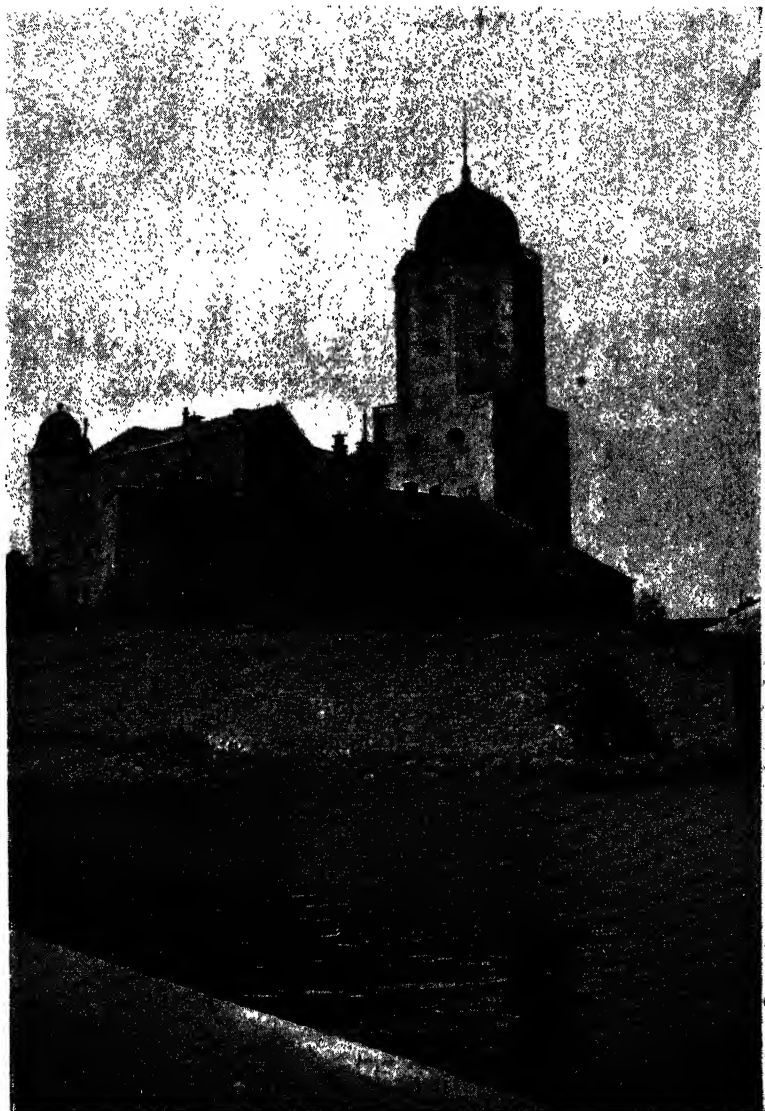


The intricate channels of an archipelago as thickly and glitteringly strewn with islands as the sky is strewn with stars.

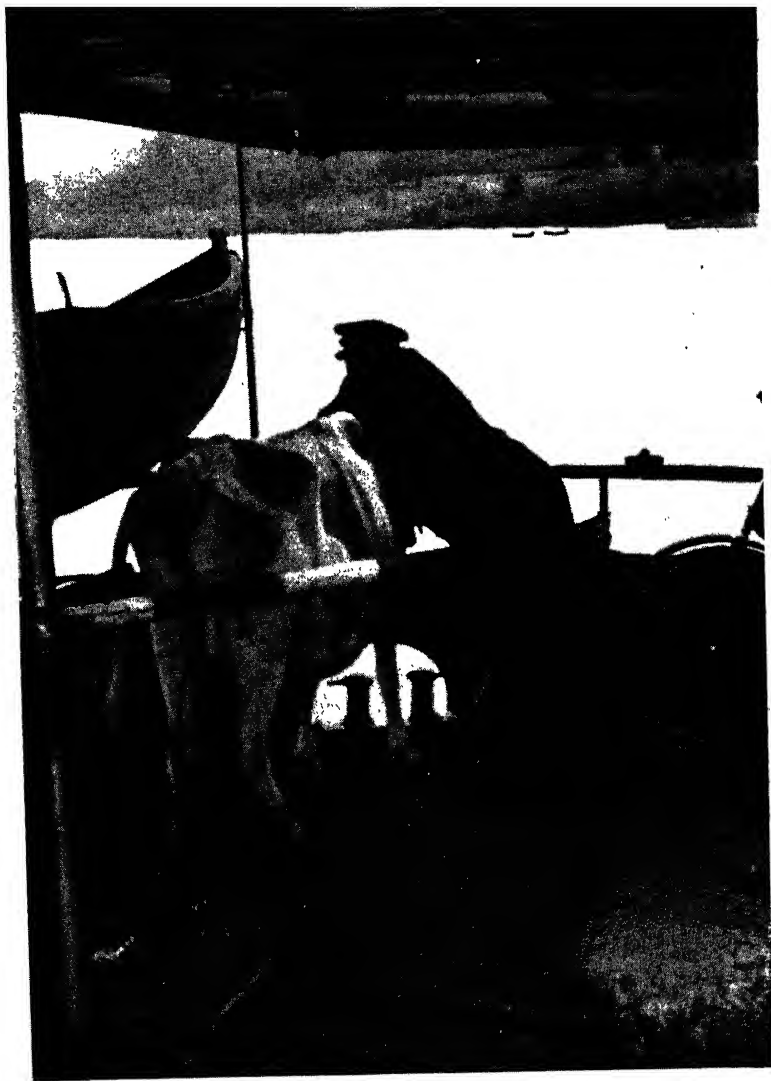




Southern Finland is steeped in Swedish culture, as the architecture often shows.



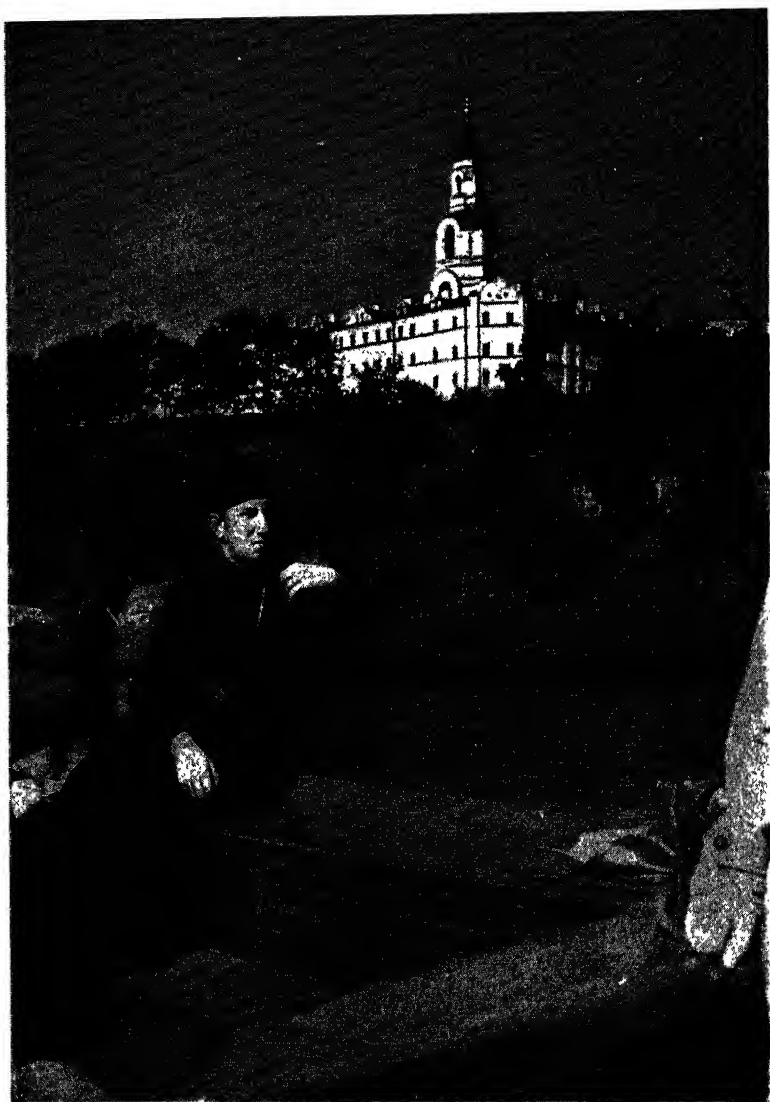
Savonlinna is the handsomest castle in Finland, and one of the most remarkable in northern Europe.



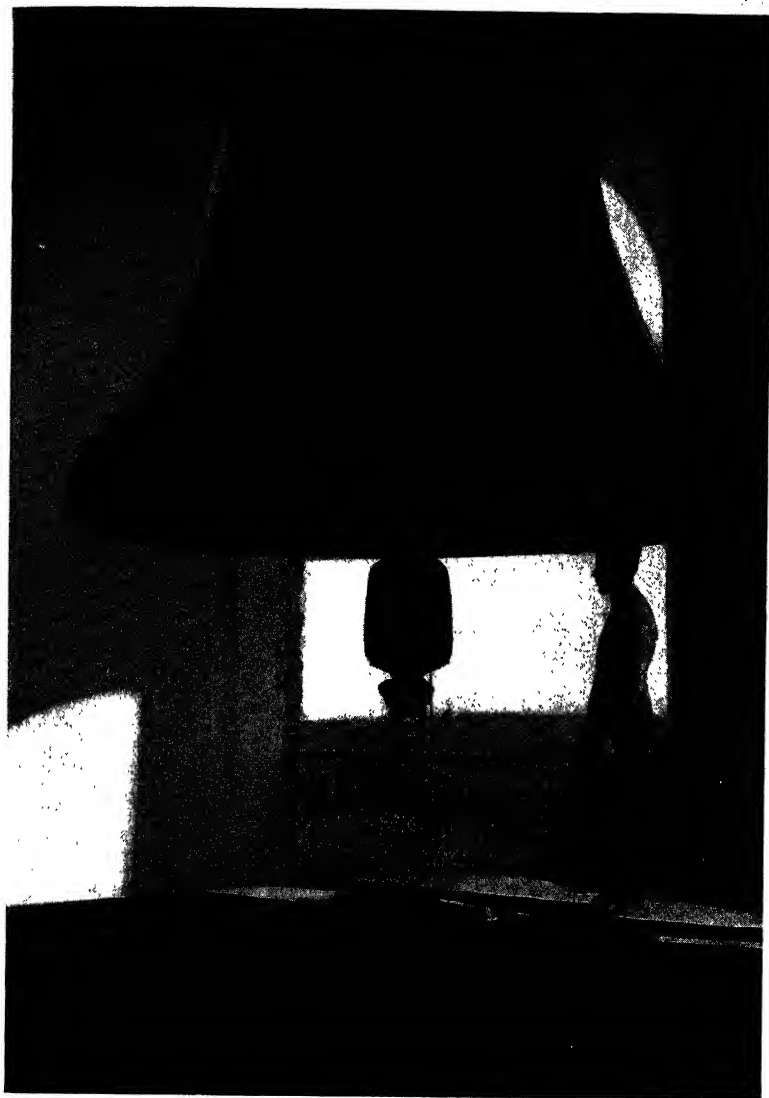
Farmer with cow, sportsman tourist with rod and reel, baggage and bicycle of the homeward-bound student, are the regular cargo of the busy lake steamers.



One shoots the rapids in the five-hour trip from Vaala to Oulu  
in craft modelled after the old tar boats.



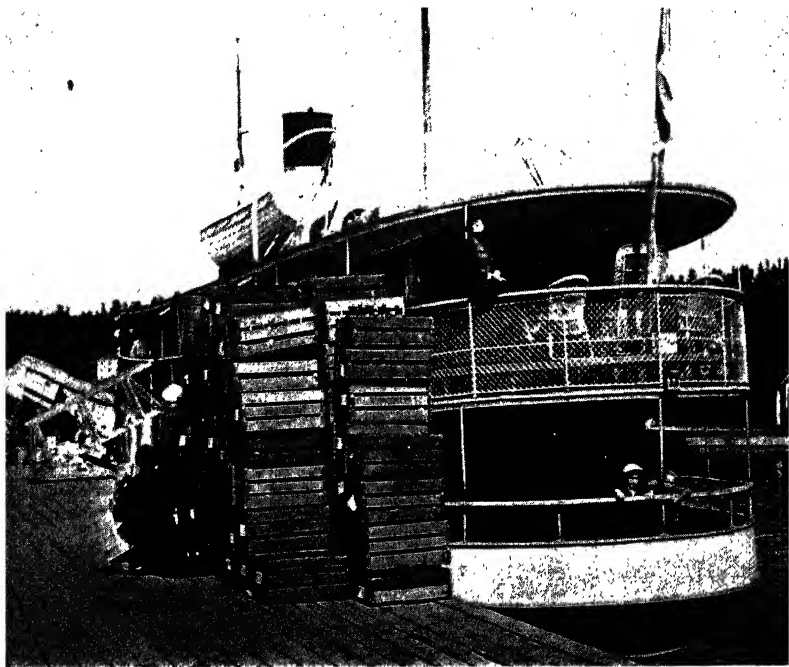
On an island in Lake Ladoga the monastery of Valamo has stood for a thousand years.



Deep-toned bells summon the Orthodox monks to frequent services.

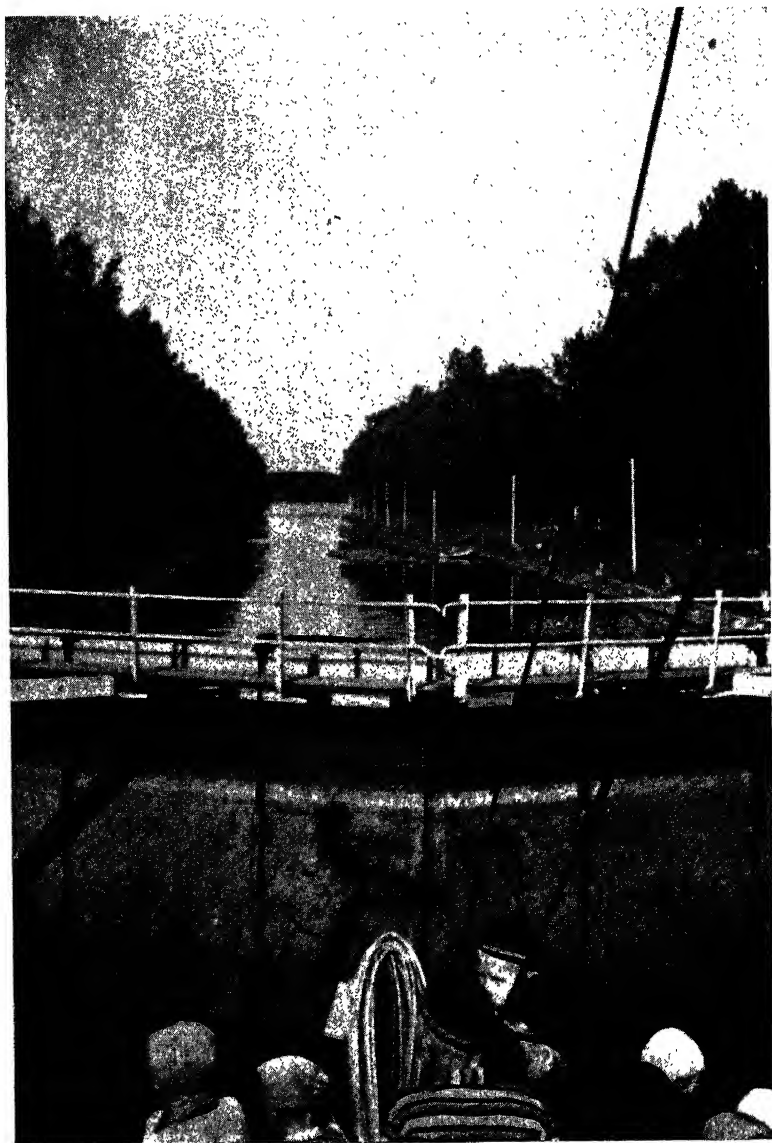


gricultural and spiritual pursuits are carried on at Valamo  
monastery in industrious but unhurrying routine.

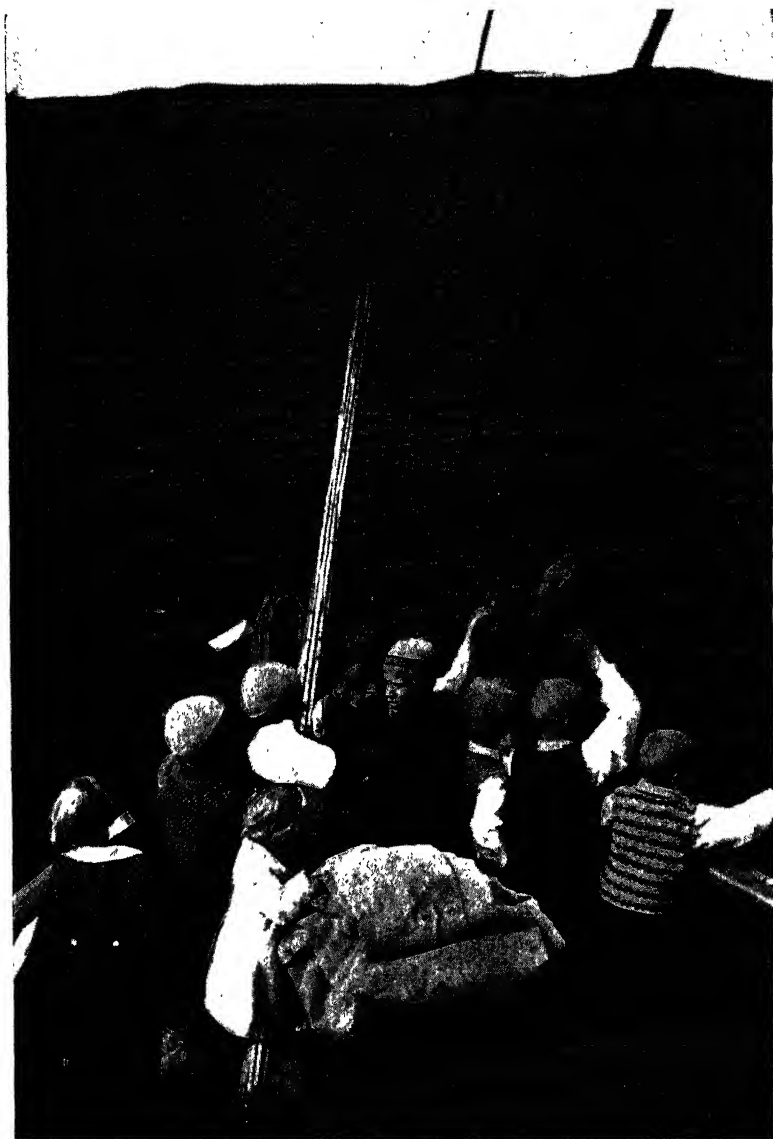


The lake steamers are permanent carriers across permanent and peculiar kingdoms, whose connecting highways are rivers.

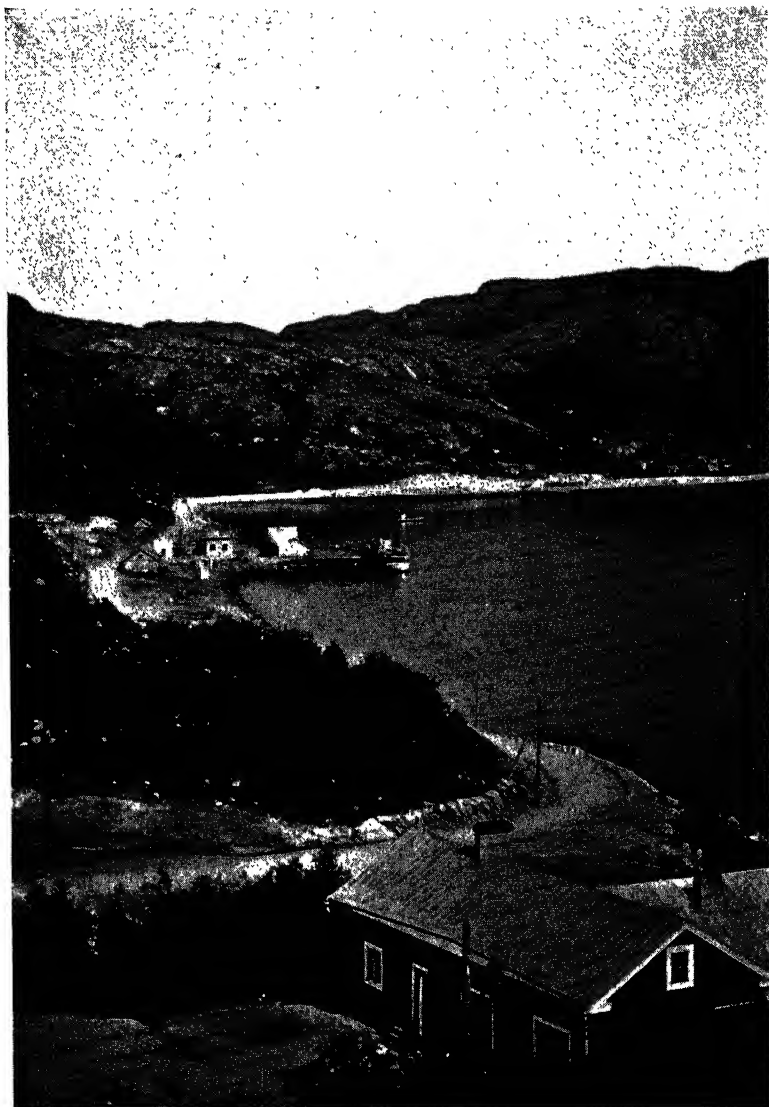




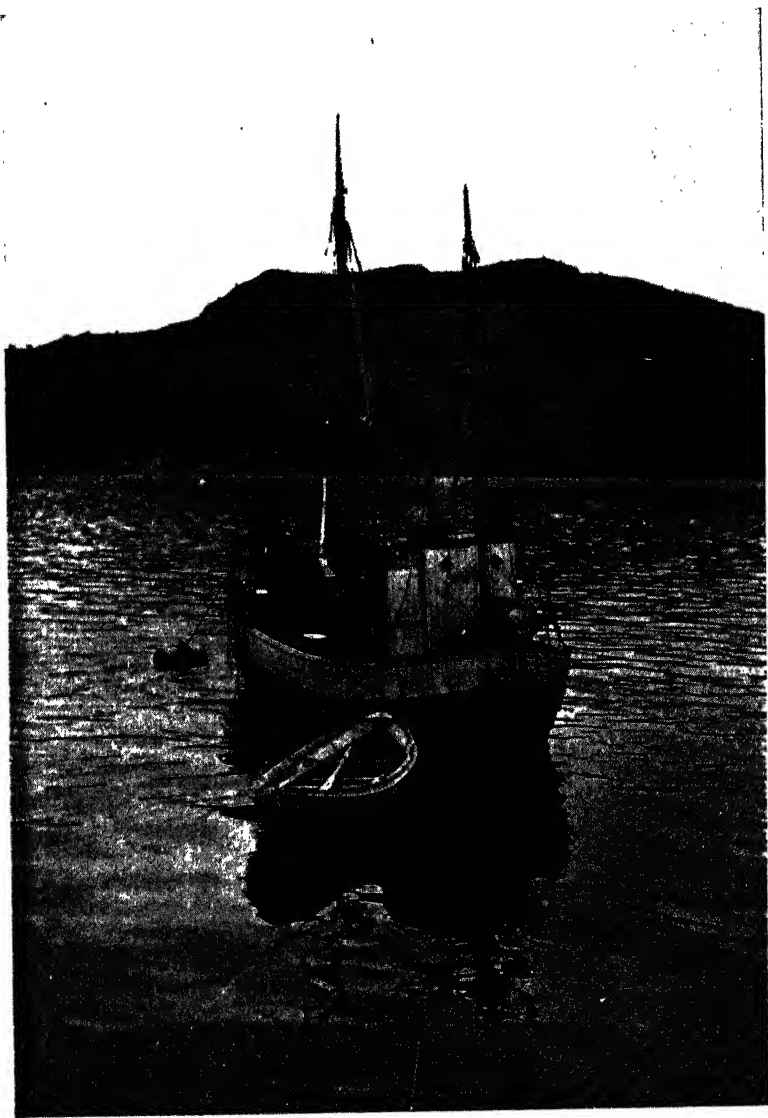
Central Finland is a network of canals, rivers, lakes, and bridges.



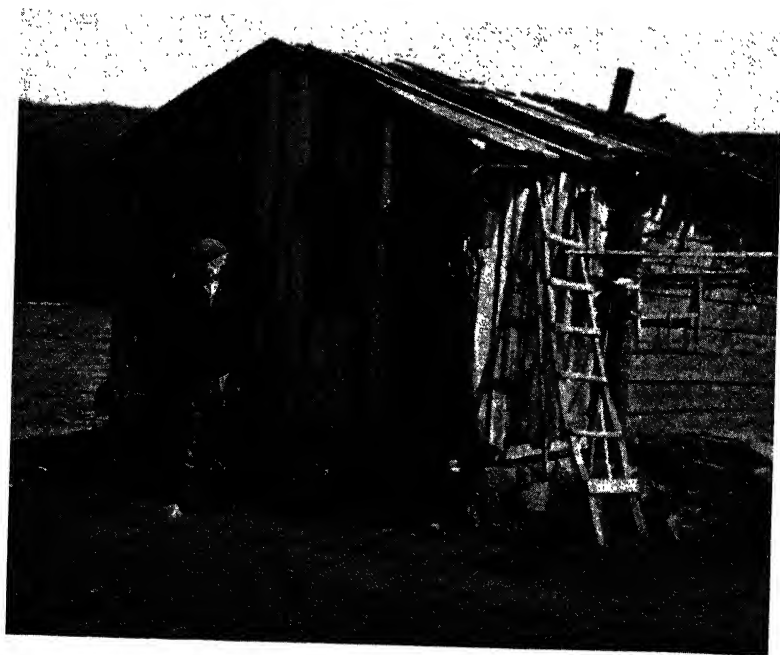
Young Finlanders often go to school by boat.



Since the harbour at Liinahamari is never frozen—thanks to the Gulf Stream—the port is of great economic and military value.



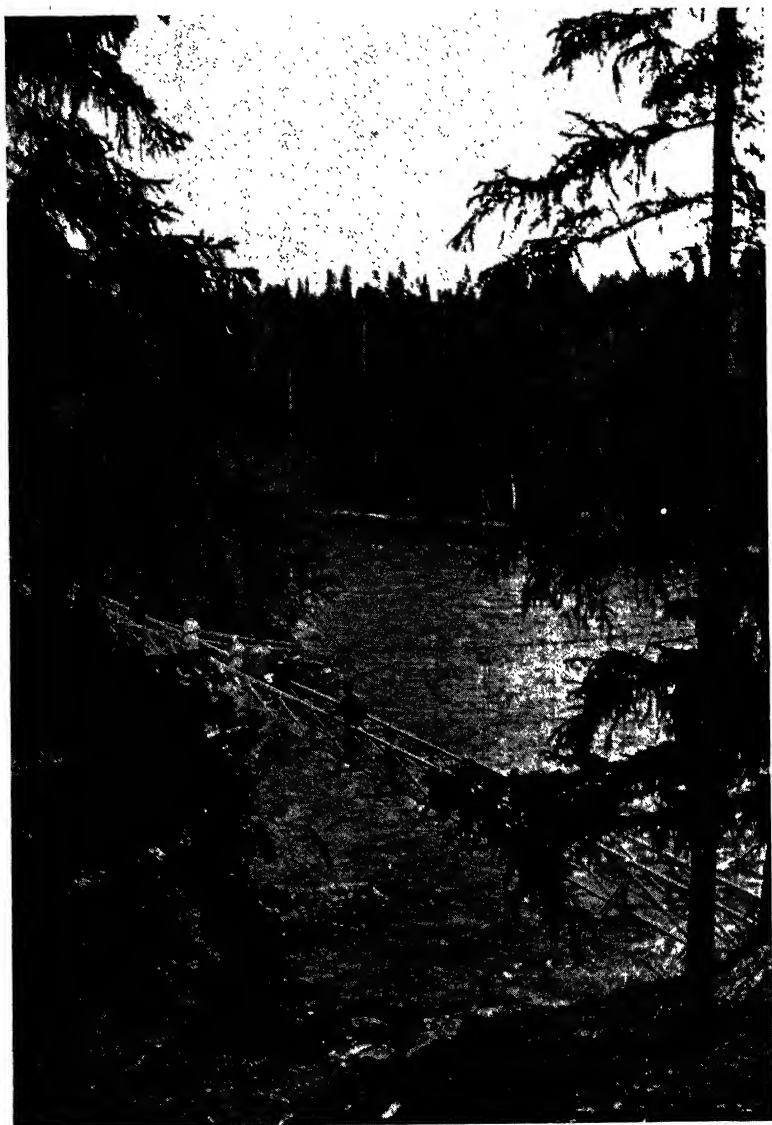
The harbours of the Arctic are chill and grey, but the encircling rocks are sun-splashed and lavender.



t of the Finnish Lapps live in small shacks with a potato patch  
and a cow.



Where rapids make the river impassable, the boat must be hauled overland by horse power.



Forest and farm, water and sky, are the principal subjects of Finnish painting.

## CHAPTER I

# THE SWEDES IN THE SOUTH

**T**HE new Republic of Finland is established upon the oldest rock formations on our planet. Its difference from other European countries and the successive chapters of its geological story are fascinatingly apparent even to those who have not been trained to read such scientific exposition.

We do not, to be sure, see the solid ice cap which once completely covered this far domain, although the unduly thin-blooded may wonder, on many a brisk summer day, if the glacial period is *quite* so far away as the eighty to one hundred thousand years claimed for it. We do not see the water which, rising as the ice melted into it, submerged the continental margins. But we do see, everywhere, along the edges of the sea and lakes, upon the cliffs which shelve down to the river's edge, in the boulders which rear their bulk through soil and swamp and fell, continual reminders of the solid sub-structure of rock. The Archean complex which forms seventy-eight per cent of the territory of Finland is igneous granite and basalt, crystalline gneiss and schist; and the glacial geologist is not so



much interested in its possibilities for superb building material as in the fact that, except in rocks of sedimentary origin, it contains no traces of the animal or plant life of the period when it was formed.

This—oh, how firm a foundation—is thinly veiled by sand or soil, clay or gravel, and swells here and there into small hills, most of which are also of rock, although there are a few low ones of sand. Every known variety of moraine exists in almost perfect formation, the true eskars being as sharply defined in Finland as in any other place on the known surface of the globe. These moraines or ridges which divide the coastal plain from the so-called lake plateau and stamp upon other sections a unique topography are not only the happy hunting grounds of geographers and the delight of all lovers of lovely landscape, but they have sweepingly shaped the whole history of Finland.

Along the fertile river valleys of the southern and western coastal plains, and upon the islands near the river mouths, are the small red cottages, the comfortable manor houses, and the handsome estates of those Finns who still speak in the crisp syllables of Swedish and who take pride in tracing their culture and their customs to what was for many hundreds of years their mother country. Here in the fisherman's kitchen hang the burnished copper vessels and the hand-embroidered towels that beautify the peasant's cabin in Sweden; here in the dining-room of the country gentleman are the white painted furniture, the tall tiled stove, and the fine linen typical of Scandinavia. The great estates expand in lawns and gardens and greenhouses, into barns and stables and meadows, into parks and forests and farms, while family portraits look down upon the ceremonials of a social life modelled lovingly and

closely upon that of the larger country on the other side of the Bothnian and Finland gulfs. Here, as throughout all Finland, hospitality is frank and friendly. There is none of the suspicion of the stranger which characterizes certain isolated lands, none of the exploitation of him which characterizes certain Continental countries. The *Kalevala* idea still prevails.

*Benches will not sing unto us,  
Save when people sit upon them,  
Nor will floors hold cheerful converse,  
Save when people walk upon them,  
Neither are the windows joyful,  
If the lords should gaze not from them,  
Nor resound the table's edges,  
If men sit not round the tables.*

Although the language and the life of these Finns in the south follow as closely as possible those of their ancestral home, these people do not call themselves Swedes or think of themselves as Swedes. They are proud to be citizens of Finland. They may be compared to certain old families in New England whose speech and customs, whose heritage and literature have always been consciously and consistently patterned on those of old England. Yet these New Englanders are not British but Americans and proud to be Americans. However, the ethnic and spiritual relationship of the Swedish-speaking Finns to Sweden on one hand and Finland on the other is not only more complex than that of the Americans but is of many more centuries' duration.

At a remote date—destined to be disputed rather than decided—the Swedes, sailing over the Gulf of Bothnia, cruising about the Baltic, investigating the shores and waters not only of the Old World but of what was to be known as the New,

discovered the country which is now Finland and settled there scatteringly and unofficially. They appropriated the regions along the coast both because they were the most accessible and because they were the richest, and automatically forced the Finns—whose date of entry and settlement it is likewise impossible to fix—into the less productive inter-stream areas, into the poorer interior and into the forested and colder hinterland. All of which was informal and unpremeditated enough.

The middle of the twelfth century witnessed the first definite campaign to acquire Finland. This was whipped up in the regulation manner. The usual holy crusade was launched by Sweden with the usual dual purpose. The pagan Finns—few in number and rudimentary in social and military organization—were to be punished for tampering with Swedish property: the pagan Finns were to be converted to the Church of Rome.

This was accomplished with fair speed, and whatever religious conflicts and bloodshed accompanied it are obscured in the merciful mists of time. Christianity was established in Finland in 1154 under the crusade of Eric IX of Sweden, and the first Finns were baptized by the English bishop, Henry, who has since become Finland's patron saint. Not to let spiritual progress outstrip temporal, by the Peace of Schlüsselburg (1313) the frontier between Finland and Russia was defined for the first time. In a little over half a century Finland was so pacified and ordered that she was made not a colony but an integral part of the kingdom of Sweden, she was granted the same liberal constitutional rights and representation as the Swedish subjects living in the mother land, and even permitted to participate in the election of the king. The most

precious, as well as the most extensive, of Sweden's overseas possessions—forming a quarter of the entire dominion—she was elevated to the rank of a duchy in 1551 and to that of a grand duchy in 1581. Her fortunes and her faith were identical with those of Sweden. She discarded Roman Catholicism and adopted Lutheranism at the time of Gustavus Vasa. Her soldiers fought side by side with the Swedish in the wars against Russia and in the Thirty Years War.

The union of Finland with Sweden lasted six hundred and forty-five years, carrying with it great benefits. The greatest was the definite inculcation of a superior civilization. Finland received—and appreciated—Scandinavian culture and institutions, and from that day to this has considered herself one of the western nations. This was one reason why the subsequent period of Russian domination was so abhorrent to her, since it violated her passionate conviction that Finland's unique mission is to stand as the last outpost of occidental civilization and as a barrier against the mores of the Orient. Although all of what is now Finland was so long a part of Sweden, the imprint of Swedish culture is most definitely stamped, the monuments of church and castle and seats of learning are most closely concentrated in what is sometimes called "original Finland." This first and oldest county lies in the southern part of the administrative district of Turku, to give it its new Finnish name instead of the historical Swedish Åbo.

It is at Turku that travellers from Sweden arrive on the steamers that make the trip from Stockholm every night except Sunday throughout the year. The steamers take ten and a half hours, but the planes which fly daily from the first of June to the first of October do it in a little less than two.

Certain of the Finland Steamship Line boats from Hull also dock at Turku instead of Helsinki, and as it is an excellent winter port, the ancient town, which was the capital during the whole period of Swedish rule, is still a busy city, only exceeded in population by Helsinki and Viipuri.

The new Turku, with its factories for textiles, china, food-stuffs, and cigarettes; with its iron and metal industries and its up-to-date shops and hotels; with its eight highways and four railways, is typical of the new Finland. But its appeal to the stranger lies chiefly in its medieval castle, its fort (the oldest), and its cathedral (the only one in Finland—a distinction dating from the Catholic era, when there was a single bishop for the whole country). Here, ever since the introduction of Christianity, the archbishop has lived. Here sits the most venerable of the three Finnish courts of appeal. Here are the Swedish Academy, Turku University, and the home of the governor of the district.

The name "Turku" means "market," and from heathen times a trading centre existed at the mouth of the Aura River. By the beginning of the thirteenth century this centre was established at the present Turku, when the Bishop of Finland and commandant of the castle took up their residences there. By the middle of the century Turku was firmly placed in ecclesiastical, military, and political eminence.

It carried on thriving commerce with the Hanseatic towns and received its first charter of privileges from Gustavus Vasa (1525) and, although ravaged by plagues and plunderings, managed to maintain its supremacy until Helsinki was made the capital (1819). This was a body blow, and another followed shortly with one of those fearful fires which, in sweeping away wooden cities, sweep away history as well. The uni-

versity which had been founded (1640) by good Per Brahe, the Swedish governor-general, was moved to Helsinki, and it was years before Turku regained its prestige.

All of these events, embodied in the survival and restoration of the castle, with its museum, and in the reparation and extension of the cathedral, have bestowed upon the ancient city justifiable honour. Today it is the prosperous centre of all the prosperous countryside around it—both the farming and fishing districts and the fashionable suburbs and summer resorts.

To call it a countryside is hardly correct, for with its thousand islands it is as much in the water as on the land, and communication is by bridge and boat quite as much as by bus. But whether in the archipelago or on the mainland, everywhere are fields of oats and rye and sugar beets and potatoes. Everywhere extend fields where hay is being gathered into cocks of miniature size for winter fodder, and other fields where fat herds are making sure of summer's provender.

It is not only the cows which are fat. The little Finnish horses with their light-coloured manes and tails are stuffed like sausages into their glossy skins, and their considerate owners not only put big rubber tires on the small carts they pull but frequently walk instead of riding—presumably not to overburden the exceptionally sturdy beasts. There is nothing obsolete today in the verse of the *Kalevala* which refers to the horses:

*With their backs like water shining:  
Lakes of fat upon their shoulders.*

There are any number of delightful motor and boat trips through the archipelago and over the mainland of southern

Finland, any one of them a pleasing and graphic exposition of the economic life of the country. All the fields and roads are drained into deep ditches reminding us that the historic name of Finland derives from *fen*, and the name now in favour among the Finns, "*Suomi*," means "*swamp land*." These ditches slice through a top soil as rich as a chocolate frosting on a chocolate cake, and here in the south the temperateness of the climate—a term to be qualified in any section of a country which stretches north from the sixtieth parallel—is attested by occasional maple trees, by gardens sheeted with poppies and pansies and fuchsias. Whatever road you take will wind past widely separated farms with small outbuildings firmly erected upon a base of field stone or cement or, more often and more literally, upon a rock, with rows of beehives in the front yard and haystacks and a woodpile at the side. At reasonable intervals these cluster into farmers' villages, with a church, a few shops, a conspicuously good school-house, and a score or more of snug modern houses. The larger mansions are usually not visible from the main highway.

On the first drive one takes in Finland, the first thing noticed on the first farm will be the separate bath house or sauna. It makes no difference how small the main dwelling: the single-roomed log cabin will have its sauna, the larger estate will have more than one, for the servants and labourers are as dependent upon the steam bath as the family and guests. Wherever it is possible this is built near water, but even on farms out of sight of a lake or a stream there is a sauna, permeated with the scent and smoke of many fires and the aroma of bath whisks, made from birch twigs bound together.

No Finn is too poor to have a sauna. He builds its walls of

logs, the small gallery inside of wood, and its fire-hole of field stone. No Finn is too busy to take an hour to prepare the fire, heat the stones, carry water to the waiting tubs. No Finn is too lazy to dash cold water on the hot rocks until the vapor rises in clouds, and then to mount to the gallery where the rising heat is most intense, and lie there until every particle of dirt flows off in rivulets of sweat. No Finn is too tired to whip himself with the bath whisks until the blood is racing, to dash himself with water from the tubs, and then, in summer, to jump into a lake, or, in winter, to roll in the snow. This strenuous luxury may be indulged in alone or in groups. He may whang himself and his bathing companions with the bath whisks or a servant may do it for him, with no squeamishness over the fact that the servant will be feminine whatever the sex of the bather.

The steam bath is as fundamental to the civilization of the Finn as its counterpart was to the ancient Roman. The bodily cleanliness which is the result of the weekly steaming, scrubbing, scouring, and rinsing has beneficially affected not only the national physique, but the national stamina and standards. Weekly? In haymaking season every labourer will take a steam bath every night, preferring the effort of cleanliness to the discomfort of uncleanness. As a result of these regular and rigorous ablutions the entire Finnish race looks clean and is clean. The knuckles of the conductor on the train, the neck of the brick-layer, the wrists of the hotel waiter are purged and bleached of all ingrained dirt. Only the superficial dust of the day is upon them.

The steam bath and the bath house appear intimately and constantly in all Finnish literature. The *Kalevala* is peppered with references to them.



*Annikki, whose name was famous,  
Heated secretly the bathroom. . . .  
Stones she gathered from the river,  
Heated them till they were ready,  
Cheerfully she fetched the water. . . .  
Broke some bath-whisks from the bushes,  
Charming bath-whisks from the thickets. . . .  
Then with milk she mixed the ashes,  
And she made him soap of marrow,  
And she worked the soap to lather. . . .  
That his head might cleanse the bridegroom.*

If Annikki worked hard at the business of preparing the bath, the bridegroom applied himself with equal energy to the business of using it. The *Kalevala* describes this operation in respectful detail:

*Then the smith, e'en Ilmarinen,  
Went to take the bath he needed,  
There he bathed himself at pleasure,  
And he washed himself to whiteness,  
Washed his eyes until they sparkled,  
And his temples till they glistened,  
And his neck to hen's-egg whiteness,  
And his body all was shining.  
From the bath the room he entered,  
Changed so much they scarcely knew him,  
For his face it shone with beauty,  
And his cheeks were cleansed and rosy.*

Today with modern bathrooms in many of the houses, the sauna is not the only way of getting clean. But it is still the most popular one. In all cities there are splendid bathing establishments, where the steam is introduced into tiled cubicles in graduated temperature instead of rising in clouds

from heated rocks dashed with water. The bather lies on a towelled slab instead of on the wooden gallery of the primitive sauna; a cold shower is douched over him instead of sloshed from a wooden water bucket; a tiled swimming pool takes the place of the lake. But the same muscular wrinkled old woman who scrubbed him when he was a child, scrubs him now, and she whips him, or he whips himself with the same "charming bath-whisks" of birch twigs, whose leaves, fresh in summer and dried in winter, emit the same pungent perfume.

He may get such a de-luxe steam bath for a few marks, and for a few marks more get a massage which begins with the toes and ends, two hours later, with the tip of the nose. He rises—if he *can* rise after such ministrations—completely rejuvenated by manipulations which, inherited and taught, learned and practised for generations, skilfully

*Stroked him downward, stroked him upward,  
R rubbed him also on the middle.*

Finland is a land of austerity. But it is not stinted in hot water and soap, in clouds of cleansing steam, in masseuses whose strength is as the strength of ten and whose fingers have been dipped in magic.

While one is in southern Finland one may visit Uusikau-punki (Nystad) with its thirteenth-century stone church and famous carved wooden gates, and Naantali (Nådendal) with its bathing beach and monastery ruins, or Hanko (Hangö) with its casino and hydro establishment—Hanko a free port and one of the most valuable in Finland since it is open all winter and can, on that account, serve the foreign trade the year around.

But probably the most popular excursion will always be the

one to Borgå—by steamer or by bus, or going one way and returning the other. This is not only because the landscape and seascape epitomize the idyllic features of southern Finland, but because Borgå itself is associated in the national mind and heart with Runeberg, who was a most excellent poet and most fervid patriot, thereby combining two virtues extravagantly prized by all Finns.

The pretty town of Borgå—the Finnish name of Porvoo has not yet supplanted the familiar Swedish one—lies along the water's edge, so that the steamer docks gently among pedestrians and green trees and almost in the shadow of the small cathedral—always so referred to despite Turku's claim of possessing the only cathedral in Finland—whose high pointed roof suggests medieval central Europe.

Here a century ago came Johan Runeberg at the age of thirty-three and here he lived until his death over forty years later, lecturing on Roman literature in the Borgå Gymnasium and writing the lyrics and songs, the epics and ballads and dramas whose interest lies in their historic substance but whose value shimmers through that elusive shadow which makes poetry poetry and also makes it impossible to translate.

Few foreigners, except students of Northern literature, read Runeberg today. The poems which were so radical that they militated against his advancement at the University of Helsinki, and against his receiving the grants usually bestowed on young authors, seem old-fashioned a hundred years later. Even "Vårt Land," the national anthem which he wrote and which was set to music by Frederic Pacius and first sung at the Spring Festival in 1848, loses its ecstasy in translation. But no one can visit Finland, or understand Finland, without realizing that Runeberg will always and rightly hold a place of national

honour. His statue, by his son, in the Esplanade at Helsinki and his house at Borgå are objects of respectful interest even to visitors with small knowledge of poetry in general and none at all of Finnish literature.

The last house in which Runeberg lived in Borgå and in which he died, does a great deal to vivify his personality, for it has been kept exactly as it was during his lifetime. His cloak and hat hang on a peg in the modest entry; the plants and ferns in the drawing-room are descendants of those which made the house cheerful during his occupancy; his guns and even the pelts from some of the foxes which he shot are on his study walls. The drawing-room furniture is that which his mother-in-law gave the young couple when they began house-keeping. At the side of his bed are the last papers and books he touched and over the foot is fastened the mirror which reflected for him—as he lay paralysed during the last years—the birds feeding on the window-sill behind his head. This final phase was an uneventful one, but so, according to outward standards, were all the phases of his long life.

His happy boyhood, his frugal student days at the University of Turku, his three years as a tutor in the remote village of Saarijärvi, his connexion with the University of Helsinki, his career there as a journalist and editor and his association with literary men, his marriage, the steady publication of his poems, his only trip abroad—to Sweden—outline briefly an inner life of emotion, reflection, and productivity.

Runeberg was born at a crucial period in the history of Finland just before it was ceded to Russia. As a little boy of four he saw Döbeln, the Swedish general, with the black band around his forehead to conceal a wound in his temple, and Kulneff, the Russian general with his long brown beard and

brilliant eyes. These vivid figures made the war suddenly graphic to him and the patriotism which fired him from that moment ran through the veins of all his work, even in the idylls and ballads dealing with peasant life. For were not these peasants Finns and were not their affairs of the chase, of the battlefield, of fun-making and love-making worthy of commemoration?

Like all educated people in Finland at that time, Runeberg spoke and wrote in Swedish. Therefore his fresh unconventionality was compared to the polished romanticism of Tegnér, the famous Swedish author of *Frithiof's Saga*. In this connexion, Edmund Gosse suggests that the chain of style that ought to unite the idealism of Tegnér to the realism of Runeberg would have been found in Longfellow had he been born in the land whose literature he admired so ardently and which so affected his own composition.

It is fitting that the first man to express the national spirit of Finland should be identified with the place where the Finnish Diet took the oath of allegiance to Alexander I after the conquest of Finland. It is interesting that the statue of the Russian Emperor, unveiled in the Borgå Cathedral a hundred years later, should have been made by Walter Runeberg, the son of the poet. It is significant that in this poet's town a small seventeenth-century house has been set aside and endowed as a permanent home for a living, illustrious, Swedish-speaking poet.

The scenery of Borgå—its cobbled, crooked streets, its wooded hill overlooking the cathedral with its ornamented gable and its separate bell tower, the quiet water, the dreaming cemetery—the whole life of Borgå, like that of Runeberg, seems to be folded in tranquillity. Like his, it is full of signifi-

cance. For Borgå is the quintessence of the feeling which informs the Swedish-speaking southern part of Finland. Its great poet used Swedish as he wrote about Finnish farmers and Finnish soldiers. In its cathedral the centuries which had united Finland and Sweden for nearly seven hundred years came to their close. Runeberg, consecrating himself to the Nationalist movement, could not foresee the impetus and outcome of that movement.

But whether under Swedish king or Russian tsar, he never faltered in his faith that the Finlander has his special destiny. This faith shines through his life to the end. He stated it while still a young man surrounded by the silence and steeped in the solitude of the northern forest. "For just as humanity as a whole is the mirror of the earth, the individual in different parts of the earth is the mirror of his surroundings, and merely reflects in true, beautiful, and noble manifestations the rays which he has absorbed from them."

## CHAPTER II

# THE RUSSIANS IN THE EAST

A VAST blue dome swelling into the blue sky, with a crowd of lesser ones, blue also, onion-shaped with golden crosses, pressing up around it; a vast blue lake—the largest in all Europe—stretching to the horizon's circle. The sky is tumbled by billowing clouds; the lake is pierced by half a hundred islands. The blue domes rise from the largest of these islands and in certain lights seem to dissolve into the sky. Magnificently ponderous, they are also ethereal. Weighted with centuries, they will ultimately float, like bubbles, into the void. For not only brick and mortar crumble with a thousand years. Faith also may be converted by various forces into other energies and forms.

To take the boat from Sortavala on the mainland of Lake Ladoga to these islands is to travel in two and a half hours farther east than Leningrad and farther back than the Middle Ages. Valamo Monastery is a separate religious parish in Finland, and for administrative purposes it is part of the rural parish of Sortavala. These are political facts. In deeper truth Valamo is a vestige of what once was Russia: a beating pulse

of the Russian Orthodox Church. Its survival under the protection of Lutheran Finland symbolizes the latter's attitude towards religion and towards its one-time enemy.

It is not quite a thousand years since the hermit monk Sergei and Herman, who was to be his successor, settled on this main island, and ever since—in spite of transference from Russian to Swedish ownership, of almost a century of obsolescence and various disasters, of restoration to Russia and final possession by Finland—it has been dedicated to holy men entirely self-sustaining as regards their physical needs and pursuing, as their chief business, the spiritual regeneration of the world. Today the monks, although reduced to less than half the number which made the monastery famous in 1550 when besides the islands it owned a hundred and fifty estates in Karelia, fisheries as far west as the river Kymi, and a salt refinery on the coast of the White Sea, continue to support themselves by orchards, gardens, and farms; by workshop, smithy, and guest-house. Therefore it is possible for anyone who is merely curious, as well as for genuine pilgrims, to pass as long a time as he pleases upon the soil and within the walls of a perfectly organized institution functioning very much as it functioned in the Middle Ages.

Perhaps the first thing that astonishes the layman, unfamiliar with monastic tradition, is the cheerful practicality of Valamo. One of the steamers which leave Sortavala daily is owned by the monastery, with a bearded monk in a black cassock and high Russian boots at the wheel and with a silver cross and ball upon the mast. Otherwise, it is quite like any of the other steamers which chug across the twenty-five miles separating the islands from the mainland. Like them, it makes its journey across the water, reaching and passing some of the



outlying islands upon which glint the red roofs and green roofs of chapels and dormitories, and docks at the chief island beside an efficient quay where more black-bearded, black-robed men are waiting with a horse-drawn cart to carry any luggage up to the guest-house. The guests themselves must go on foot up the steep hill, either by a winding road or more directly up sixty-two stone steps and, having reached the top marked by the Sacred Gate, they are given keys and shown their chambers.

It has always been incumbent upon monasteries to accommodate pilgrims and passing strangers, so there is no anachronism in Valamo providing such quarters. Although the guest-house is sometimes called a hotel and has two hundred bedrooms, it is plainly built and its stone-floored, limewashed corridors are sufficiently austere. Sufficiently austere, also, are the rows of cell-like chambers opening out of the groined corridors. Within each cubicle, washed in blue, are two narrow wooden beds, a table, a wash-stand, two chairs, and a few wooden pegs. One deep-silled window provides light. There is no lamp and not even a candle, but none is needed in this northern summer, where it is not dark until almost midnight and begins to grow light again before one has really relaxed in sleep. The corridors which would otherwise be entirely dark are conceded a few hanging kerosene lamps.

So much for sleeping arrangements.

For meals, men may, if they wish, join the monks and lay brothers in the refectory where the bare tables are set with wooden dishes, wooden spoons, wooden salt-cellars and pewter bowls. Feminine guests and such masculine ones as have no stomach for the disciplinary fare, sufficient but savourless, may follow a path between peacock-blue posts bordered by

blue forget-me-nots, wild scabiosa, and buttercups, and leading to a restaurant announced by a sign as the Ресторанъ, which word reminds them that although the official language of the parish of Valamo is Finnish, Russian is still the familiar and permitted tongue. Since most visitors are, unlike the monks, anxiously concerned with creature comforts, they will probably get these matters of bed and board clearly in mind before they turn their attention to the churches and chapels and dormitories and wide farm lands which compose the community and the monastery of Valamo.

Very gorgeous are these churches, with their powerful Byzantine arches, sumptuous curves, and glittering wall and ceiling decorations. Very gorgeous with their golden balls and crosses, and curiously foreign to the stern taste of Finland.

Five sky-blue cupolas and a belfry top the Church of the Transfiguration, which is actually two churches, one above the other; both of them rich with paintings, mosaics, and frescoes: gold and silver pictures and sacred images. The deep-toned bells summon the monks to frequent services, and the visitor, entering the incense-dusk of the lower temple, sees tall figures in black cassocks, in black capes that flow behind them to the floor and in flat-topped hats with long black veils. Their uncut locks lie upon their shoulders; their beards fall over their breasts. But the skirted garments and long hair in no way detract from the masculinity of their carriage. Even the oldest swing along with vigour in their high Russian boots, and the voices chanting the responses are deep—deep as the bells, deep as only a Russian basso profundo can be—and their reverberations drift through the incense and are lost in the panoply of fretted choir screen, of golden shrines and golden vestments: stiff with precious stones.

The double-storied main church is not the only one. The chapel of Saint Peter and Saint Paul above the Sacred Gate is fresh and neat in silver and blue. The chapels of the Trinity and of the Fountain of Life press close to the walls of the Church of the Transfiguration and like it lift their crosses to the sky. All these are imbedded in the courtyards, an inner and an outer one, which also enclose the dwelling of the Igumen (the Superior), the museum, the monks' cells, the kitchen, the refectory, the library, and the various workshops.

The cemetery with its three-armed crosses, painted blue and brown and terra cotta, with its small flat headstones also brightly painted and lettered, is very near. The ageing monks do not have far to walk as they accompany the last of this gradually declining brotherhood to their graves.

But if courtyard and graveyard are solemn with shadows slanting back into lost centuries, the well-pruned orchards on the sunny lower level are in their lusty prime, and the broad meadows and hay fields, the cultivated vegetable gardens and high-stacked woodpiles, even the flower-beds with their primroses and peonies, larkspur and columbine, all speak of a flourishing and well-run agricultural community. Across them stride working brothers in grey cassocks with black belts and round caps and the inevitable enormous high boots, so heavy that we wonder if their momentum, once started, is not sufficient to bear their wearer along willy-nilly.

One may spend hours—days—wandering around Valamo on foot or in a horse-drawn, monk-driven droshky. There are other sanctuaries in other parts of the island: the Chapel of Jerusalem, whose crypt houses a replica of the tomb of Christ, the Chapel of All Saints, once the monastery art school. Everywhere are ecclesiastical reminders; everywhere are simple ag-

ricultural scenes: hay fields, flower-beds, barns; everywhere one hears the sound of the monastery bells. Secular and spiritual pursuits are carried on in the general air of busy but unhurrying routine.

There are also many smaller islands easily reached by boat, some with chapels open to visitors, some with dwellings of hermit monks which visitors are forbidden to see.

The Holy Island—an hour away by motor-boat—materializing suddenly out of the lake mist with steep, bastioned sides, is flushed with delicate linnea flowers, their pale pointed caps hanging down as if to hide the deeper inner pink and to preserve the fragrance sweeter than arbutus, mignonette, or heliotrope. The Church of the Holy Island is small and wooden, but it bears a remarkably full set of bells and contains intricate wood carving, gold-leaf panels extending solidly across the choir screen, and a pile of manuscript books. It is romantic on a warm summer day to follow the winding path up from the water through the woods to the roughly scythed church clearing. But the huge stove reminds us of the interminable paralyzing winter when the solitary priest must tend his fire and make his prayers alone. Nearby is a damp cave, low, absolutely black, and hardly fit for a wolf, where the first priest slept and ate and praised God.

Returning from a trip to any of the smaller islands, we see once more swelling against those baroque clouds the powder-blue domes of Valamo. Once more they seem to dissolve into the blue sky, leaving only their golden balls and crosses floating in mid-air. Again we enter the Church of the Transfiguration and find it still peopled with tourists who are shyly staring at pilgrims and rapt worshippers who follow the service with no mere genuflexions but with bowing to the very floor and

touching their foreheads upon it. The long-haired monks in their floating veils and capes are still standing in a double row facing the screened altar, and the dissolving light slants upon them—the last of a dissolving order.

For the monks of Valamo may not be further augmented from Russia. According to the Finnish decree of 1925 (modifying the one of 1918) all "bishops, priests, and other officials of the Greek Orthodox Church, as well as monks, nuns, and novices must be Finnish citizens. Bishops of the Greek Orthodox Church are to be elected by the Greek Orthodox Church Synod and are to be appointed by the President of the Republic." More explicitly, the decision of the Ministry of Education (No. 192 of Finland's Statutes for 1932) provides that "only Finnish citizens may be accepted as members of monastic orders and convents belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church of Finland."

Since only 1.8 per cent of the population of Finland belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, it would seem that the chances for recruiting new members to Valamo were exceedingly limited. However, the situation is being handled in several ways. Russians wishing to join the order may follow the regulation procedure of Finnish naturalization and then qualifying. Also the monastery maintains an orphanage for thirty Finnish boys from eight to twelve years old who come from Greek Orthodox homes, and from these it hopes to obtain fresh blood. In summer forty other boys from thirteen to eighteen years old are given outdoor work and brought under the influence of the monastery. In winter the boys at the orphanage are given regular school work and taught singing and theology. They are also trained in shoe-making, carpentry, watch-making, and various other trades, so that if they do

join the Order they will be able to maintain themselves absolutely according to the tradition.

If the visitor, carried away by the æsthetic appeal, the antiquity, the solemn impressiveness of Valamo, is inclined to criticize Finland's ordinance regarding its continuation, he should remember that the stricture against more Russians coming to Valamo is based upon political, not religious, reasons. It is not unreasonable that Finland, after enduring Russian domination for one hundred and eight bitter years and breaking away from it at last only by terrific sacrifice and bloodshed, should guard itself from a possible Russian stronghold growing up within Finnish territory. Finland's tolerance toward a religion diametrically opposed to its own Lutheranism in tenets, ritual, and organization, is rather remarkably evidenced by the 1935 budget. "The appropriation for the Greek Orthodox Church in the 1935 budget amounted to 879,800 marks and that for the Evangelic Lutheran Church to 5,354,500 marks. Thus, while only 1.8 per cent of the population belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, it received about 12.5 per cent of the total church appropriation." There are, in fact, two other Greek Orthodox monasteries in Finland, Konevitsa and Petsamo, besides the convent at Lintula. There are twenty-four Greek Orthodox congregations employing forty-four priests. The great Russian church, conspicuous upon its hill in the very heart of Helsinki, is a testimony to Finland's highly civilized attitude toward religious liberty and toward a church which has been repressed on its own soil and persecuted by its own people.

The generosity of this is more remarkable when we remember her ineradicable hatred of Russia—not for individual Russians whose genius they are prompt to acknowl-

edge, whose personal friendships they value, and to whom they have extended political asylum, but for the Slavic point of view, traditions, disposition, politics—in a word, all the things which comprise Russian culture.

Like most hatreds, this one has in it a component of fear. Finland possess Baltic seaports open the year around. Russia, almost sixty times larger, has none and needs them. Nature has provided the setting for the drama and the opposing ambitions.

During all the period when Finland was a grand duchy of Sweden, she was buffer and bone of contention between Sweden and the tsars. The Swedish crusaders, not content with Christianizing Finland, tried to force their expeditions still farther east. And these expeditions becoming—according to the habit of crusades—campaigns of conquest rather than missions of religious enlightenment, were the beginning of six centuries of skirmishing. The ebb and flow of the tides of battle are marked upon the shores of Finnish history and territory, particularly in the province of Karelia on the eastern border, which has been diligently sown with the seeds of conflicting national allegiances bearing a perennially vigorous crop of dissension called the Karelian Question.

The wars finally culminated with the Peace of Fredrikshamn (September 17, 1809), when Sweden was forced to cede to victorious Russia the entire Grand Duchy of Finland.

This did not mean that Finland was reduced to a mere province of Russia. Tsar Alexander I took pains to state explicitly on that memorable day in Borgå that Finland was to continue as a grand duchy with complete autonomy except in international relations. During the subsequent hundred and eight years, Finland retained her own judicial

institutions, her own interior administration, and her own languages. During those years, she introduced her monetary system, established universal suffrage, adopted the secret ballot and the one-chamber Diet. Exempt from military service in the army, she was free to progress economically with canals and railroads and to expand her foreign trade. In her intellectual and cultural life she stirred, became aware, and developed.

But despite the liberality of the first two tsars and the unusual latitude permitted her, Finland refused to become assimilated. Maintaining an economic and literacy level superior to Russia's, regulating her local government and administering her institutions with efficiency, thrift, and intelligence, she resented not only being subservient to any alien power but—insisting upon her place among the western nations—felt the domination of an eastern power peculiarly abhorrent. The inevitable encroachment of Russification—centring chiefly on the maintenance of Finland's autonomy—was first met by organized passive resistance and finally with the valiant, heartbreaking, and ultimately victorious Liberty War. This war, lasting over a year, is reflected in Finnish literature, in Finnish painting, and in all Finnish feeling more vividly than in text books. The horror of a conflict between a handful of people practically without resources against one of the greatest countries of the world was intensified by its being, during the last four months, a civil war as well. For the Reds in Finland joined with the Soviet Russians and fought against the Whites who were frequently their own kin. However, by April 1918 Finland was able to proclaim her independence, and in the course of the next year received recognition from all the important powers



of the world and in 1920 was formally admitted to the League of Nations.

The suffering of that period is still close. General Mannerheim, who was commander-in-chief of the Finnish army, is an active and honoured figure on the streets of Helsinki. From the walls of almost every home look down faces of soldiers killed—lost—who, had they lived, would even now be comparatively young men.

Finland knows the meaning of war. She cannot forget that Germany helped or that Sweden refused to help her in her extremity. She remembers with living gratitude the great loads of foodstuffs which came from the United States and were portioned out to her famished people. She hates Russia as all people hate an enemy who has carried warfare into their territory and across the threshold of their homes. No one can understand Finland today, even superficially, who does not understand this.

It is naturally the eastern section of Finland which is most constantly and consciously aware of Russia. The province of Karelia, lying along the Finnish-Russian border, has been involved in fighting since early Swedish times and it was in Karelia that the site of a certain strategic fort developed into the present city of Viipuri (Viborg).

To travel through the province of Karelia—that light-hearted region which, unlike the rest of Finland, cares more for singing than for scrubbing—to the handsome city of Viipuri is to approach the Russian border and realize the intimate juxtaposition of that mighty country. Most foreigners pass quickly through Viipuri on their way to Leningrad but those who take time to stop over journey further back in Finnish history than to the Russian period.

For it was a thousand years ago that the old Viipuri was settled—probably somewhere near the present Monrepos Park—and grew with its castle and its ramparts and its surrounding wall through the Middle Ages, through flourishing days of commerce with the Hanseatic League, through the artistic and religious enrichment of the Roman Catholic Church, through days of Russian occupation and occupancy, through the fighting of the Liberty War up to its present flourishing modernity, with docks and harbours and warehouses, with hospitals, offices, schools, suburbs and all the well-run municipal institutions characteristic of present-day Finland.

Viipuri is a delightful town. Unlike many old Finnish cities it is built largely of stone and its splendid thirteenth-century castle, its churches and bits of city wall which are still traceable, are surrounded by worthy architectural descendants. For beginning with the railway station, bearing the superb signature of Eliel Saarinen, the new buildings have dignity and substantiality, composing a city not so modern in appearance as Helsinki but more charming to those whose taste was formed in an older tradition.

Viipuri has grown venerable without growing decrepit. Abruptly descending cobbled streets, with cobbled gutters, lined by two-storied houses with iron balconies and courtyards with medieval gateways, end in a view of a harbour crammed with vessels and crowded with masts, for Viipuri is not only the second city in Finland but also the largest timber export centre in all the northern countries. Through it passes the traffic from the Saimaa Canal and five railways, and to its docks come and go regular passenger vessels to the other south Finnish and Baltic ports. The waterfront is

always busy, and so is the city proper, and everywhere is the cheerfulness and vivacity distinctive of the whole province of Karelia of which Viipuri is the capital.

Tradition and enterprise are congenially combined in the old Round Tower—"Big Catherine," built in fifteen forty-seven—which has been converted into a restaurant whose deep window niches with three-foot sills provide a circle of dining alcoves. Waitresses in native costume bustle back and forth while the orchestra plays sprightly Karelian folk tunes and a table piled and stacked with Finnish savouries sweeps across the middle of the floor, its sparkling copper-lidded dishes emitting steam and fragrance. Downstairs, opening upon the market-place, jammed with stalls of flowers and vegetables, are trestle tables and benches where the market women in their clean gingham aprons drop in for a cup of coffee or a bowl of bonnyclabber.

Folk-lore and industry also jostle each other in Viipuri. The centre of the town is laid out in business-like squares, but the castle tended, with equal respect, until a few years ago, the large copper saucepan in which General Knut Posse is said to have cooked frogs, serpents, quicksilver, and chalk, and so, by magic, set off the "Big Bang" which (1495) sent the Russians flying. It was not the first time General Posse was in league with the devil. He used to climb on the highest rampart of the castle as the enemy approached and shake out a bag of feathers, each one of which became a soldier—a convenient and inexpensive manner of recruiting troops.

But magic or no magic, this border city has been and must always be an extremely important strategic post. Military garrisons, soldiers and barracks, are everywhere and reminders of Russia are omnipresent. In the town are shops run by

Russian refugees selling copper samovars and brass kettles and silver spoons and royal heirlooms. In the pleasant outlying districts are old Russian estates and houses, too vast to be kept up nowadays. You may buy a chalet—the upper story brown-timbered and the lower white-plastered—with grounds and gardens and outhouses for fifteen hundred dollars.

Up and down the wide boulevards jostle the brightly dressed, laughing people. On the housetops chimney ventilators, like old men with their arms folded, lean backward and crazily whirl round and round. Ships from Germany, Sweden, and the United States unload and load in the harbour. All kinds of factories and all kinds of schools are busy turning out their diverse products.

Whatever feeling of Russia one finds in Finland will be here along the eastern border, for the rest of the country has shaken itself as clear as it could of every trace of tsars and soviets. But there is something of Russia in Valamo with its black-veiled priests and sumptuous domes; in Viipuri with its ancient citadel and modern garrison; in the whole picturesque province of Karelia, restless with its factions and leagues, quarrelling over boundary lines, and debating its conflicting allegiances.

CHAPTER III

THE FINNS IN THE LAKE  
REGION

At such times the loveliest mode of travel is by water. The shores blossom and the transparence of the green lends to the air around a special appearance. The road, too, along which one floats, is new and virginal for every traveller, innocent of the tracks of any preceding voyager. No dust raised by others, no annoying intruders from the roadside; and those who chance to be making the journey together in the same boat are in some manner humbler to each other when resting on the mysterious element. For a moment they are removed from the soil of the earth.

*—Fallen Asleep While Young, by F. A. Sillanpää.*

**A**LL Finland is splashed with lakes, but in the central part these are so many and so close together that, should we look down upon it from an aeroplane, it would seem like a coverlid of wide-meshed lace lying over blue silk. The blue silk is water—the water of islanded lakes as large as seas; of liliated ponds as small as goldfish pools; of rivers, flowing tranquilly or torn with rapids or so closely packed with floating timber that they appear at first to be solid and not aqueous. Between eleven and twelve per cent of

all Finland which, we may recall, is considerably larger than the British Isles, consists of these glittering sheets of inland seas, these blue filaments of canals, these twisted chains of rivers. Hundreds of lakes! Thousands of lakes! Count the sands of the sea or number the hairs of your head, but better confess you are beaten before you start computing the lakes of Finland.

Winding through the channels, passing under bridges, ferrying between islands, docking, departing, and proceeding with regularity, the lake steamers bustle back and forth like shuttles, drawing after them a white thread which does not weave one edge of land to another but breaks and disappears almost as soon as it is spun.

On these steamers—clean as a whistle and incredibly well provisioned—one can spend days or even weeks, stepping off to stroll through a provincial town or lingering for a night or two at some forest-scented or water-encircled resort unspoiled although discovered by Finns and foreigners and treasured for some special loveliness.

Such a journey is more than an enjoyment of scenery and of that air which "is the primeval mother." It is an introduction to the part of Finland which is peculiarly Finnish. In the south there are sufficient Swedish-speaking Finns to impart a Swedish atmosphere. In the east still lies a shadow of Russia. But as soon as one leaves Lahti one hears the full-vowelled, absolutely incomprehensible language which has no relation to any other on earth except Estonian and Hungarian; hears it spoken; sees its twenty-, even forty-lettered words printed everywhere; tries to master a phrase or two and then throws up the sponge, firmly and for ever. Henceforth English or German or French is the foreigner's linguistic crutch. Probably

it will not be understood. It is unlikely it will be answered in syllables *he* can understand. For now he is in the country of the Finnish-speaking Finns. Finnish and only Finnish—more and more Finnish is the order of the day. But he gets along. Even in places with names like Jyväskylä and Vuoksenniska one somehow manages. And one lists the observation that the Finnish-speaking Finns are dedicated to the linguistic phase of the Nationalist movement with a tenacity nothing can shake.

There is time for many other observations on a lake steamer—time and material. For these busily plying boats are guardians for babies, baggage, and bicycles. They pick up old women with handkerchiefs tied over their heads and young women whose glorious golden hair testifies that the permanent wave has reached the farthest village of the farthest province. They deposit little girls in pinafores. They spread their immaculate dining tables and pass their astonishingly excellent meals for tourists—domestic and foreign. They give a lift to canoeists and campers. They accommodate a stallion, a pig, and a crate of hens. They pause to let off an Englishman in tweeds proudly burdened with the rods and reels and all the paraphernalia of “the compleat angler.”

There is something delightful about such a miniature ocean liner. Like a kitten about to rub against its mistress's ankle, it purrs up to a landing, gives a tiny mew, hesitates at precisely the appointed spot, pauses for what seems thirty seconds, and coquettishly scampers off again, its tiny flagstaff of a tail erect, a whisker of foam bristling on either side of the prow. It is true that the kitten is transformed into a tomcat in the night hours, shrieking at every back fence and trembling with excitement as it bounds off to new adventures.

The unslept traveller is routed out of bed early, and is quite willing to be. But the air, straight from Paradise, and the coffee from the same source dispel all weariness and the sunshine is better than sleep.

For the Finns each of the routes—for what looks to us like a vast intricate tangle is in reality three distinct and unconnected lake systems—has its special individuality. The best known of these three is the Saimaa system, which by means of the Saimaa Canal connects three hundred miles of lake and river ways with the port of Viipuri. This canal was first proposed in the fifteenth century, but it was not until 1850 that it was formally opened. As one motors along its length of thirty-two miles it looks so idyllic that it is difficult to realize its tremendous economic value. Originally there were only fifteen locks, and these were so small that only light-tonnage vessels could pass. Now larger and more modern locks and general improvements are increasing freight and passenger traffic between the interior and the Gulf of Finland. The second great drainage system is the Päijänne, immediately to the west of Saimaa, and draining, like it, toward the south. Neither so extensive nor so complex, it is the principal waterway for the south-central logging region, and makes Kotka one of the chief timber export harbours of the country. The third system is that of the Kokemäenjoki, which is connected with the rapids that furnish power to the industrial city of Tampere. It was on its waters that thousands of kegs of tar used to be sent down to Oulu (Uleåborg) along the route where tourists now delight to shoot the rapids, in excursion craft modelled on the old tar boats.

The foreigner will not differentiate between these systems. Any trip on any of the watery highways—be it two or twenty



hours—unrolls a succession of vignettes and reveals figures and incidents sufficient to suggest a volume of short stories. On a newly painted pier where tanned young people in bathing trunks are sunning themselves, two young girls in summer dresses—and another one quite as pretty in the apron and white headdress of a maid—wait to receive an older girl, a young lady in fact, in her white student cap and with her bag, returning for the holidays. As she steps off, the sisters rush forward to embrace her, the maid picks up the suitcase and loiters to gossip with friends, and the bathers crowd around to welcome the newcomer. At the next float a business man in a business-man's dark blue steps off to be greeted by his wife, small son, and the family dog. All together, the man and woman arm-in-arm, the child and dog bounding ahead, they disappear up the hill toward the cottage half seen through the tranquil light and the shadow of the trees. At the next stop, where a path winds through the birches, no one is on the landing stage to receive the milk can, the parcel of papers, and the mail which are dropped; but at the next, three old women in decent black, barefooted, with kerchiefs over their heads and under their chins, stand like symbols in a row, waiting. As the steamer hands out mail and a few parcels, they march forward to accept them, turn without a word, step into three boats and row away in three different directions with never a syllable uttered.

Pictures form, blend together, disappear: a man in a blue blouse making hay on a narrow green strip somehow redeemed between the brown rocks of the shore and a clump of white birches; a hut on a rocky point, with a boat drawn up and a line of drying fish-nets; a sawmill, the smoke from its

tall stack mingling with the clouds, logs going in as timber and coming out as lumber, the mountain of sawdust at the side growing higher and higher, and the perfume of newly cut wood mingling with the perfume of the living pines which mark, for ever and for ever a graph of dark green between the land and the sky. We do not stop at the sawmill. We do not stop at the neighbouring town, with hundreds of what look like buildings but are, as we see when we approach, enormous edifices of stacked lumber. They stand like regimented houses, along lanes that look like streets, hundreds and hundreds of them, a city of wood strangely new and strangely uninhabited.

We do stop at the next crude landing, however, and stop for an unconscionable time. For the dock consists of only a gangplank which has been slid from the rocks to the boat while two men urge a coy and awkward cow to teeter across it. She demurs, she balks, and only after many manœuvres is she persuaded in the humiliating and traditional manner to scramble hysterically aboard. A bundle of hay is tossed in to comfort her on the trip to the next village, and the gangplank is drawn back on the rocks. (We reflect upon the meaning of the word: certainly there was no gang here, but the plank is plainly a plank.)

Humble folk and great folk, here, as in life, as in art, pass in juxtaposition. In the drizzle of an evening shower we pause at a landing whose rough logs indicate that this is no fancy summer pier but the primitive necessity of a primitive hamlet. On it stand a score of sober-faced men and women in country garments singing in full-throated harmony as they sombrely wave farewell to a departing friend. And as the boat

moves away an answering group on board takes the four parts of the melancholy folk song in voices sweet, untrained, and true.

And here, approaching Vuoksenniska in the late evening, we suddenly see in a clearing on a bluff a mansion whose white pillars bear a flamboyant shield, and whose noble mass rests arrogantly on the eminence. The evergreens are swept back as velvet curtains to reveal a royal stage. Straight down from the imperious portal, directly down, down, down, marches a wide path through the trees to a hundred steps to the water. Such dignity! Such dominance! Perhaps never in our proletarian world will such private residences be duplicated, for Russian royalty is not likely to be building palaces in Finland again—or in Russia either, for that matter. The government owns what was once a summer lodge for Prince Obolensky and in it live officials from the great new wood-pulp mill at Vuoksenniska whose smoke stack is the highest in all Europe. But in the luminous summer night, as the mansion recedes—exalted above the lake, exalted over its own lofty stairs—we see only what was splendid in a social order now past.

It is by boat that Savonlinna (Nyslott) is best approached—Savonlinna, the pretty town endeavouring, and successfully, with its many-bridged and islanded site and hydropathic establishment, to become a centre for vacationists and excursionists. And so it should be, for what it has to offer is a castle which is not only the handsomest and best preserved in Finland, but is one of the most remarkable in northern Europe.

The enormous bulk of Olavinlinna Castle completely covers a rock, is further supported by piles and sheerly surrounded not by a moat but by the deep water of one of the Saimaa lakes. As this water never freezes, the castle must al-

ways be reached by boat; and an oarsman, quite like a gondolier, conveys his passengers to the stone entrance steps. It is an attractive approach for a twentieth-century visitor. It had obvious disadvantages for the builders, since every single stone in the tremendous edifice had to be ferried to the site under armed guard. Tremendous indeed, with its complexity of courtyards, terraces, and towers; inner and outer stairways; dungeons, vaulted passages, cells, and chapels: tremendous with its ancient brewery, flour mills, and smithy, and all the arrangements for feeding and housing an army of men. Old records mention fifteen thousand sheep and twenty-seven thousand hectolitres of corn as items in one year's bill of fare.

In spite of its vast magnificence, the mollycoddle pilgrim of today is appalled by its grimness. The commandant's room with a single window, deep set, is as dark and cold as a tomb even in midsummer. What was it like in winter? The cell where a prince was prisoner has a window, a brick floor, and stone walls. The present fire-place was put in for the guard; the present whitewash presumably for the tourist. Yet a man sustained life here for fifteen years. He was, incidentally, murdered on his way out, a few minutes after his release. As for the dungeon thirty feet below we cannot imagine—do not want to imagine—the stench and horror of that crowded pit. Even the ladies' chamber on the third floor, where the married women lived, rejoicing in the only cupboard in the castle, must have been gloomy and fetid enough, despite rugs and furs and candles. The inventories state that thirteen thousand home-made candles were burned yearly. Not enough—not half enough—to dispel the murk of those nights when everything that gave light gave smoke as well. It also lists three towels as the linen store—rather a reflection on the house-

keeping of the woman who for two years (1511-1513) was commander-in-chief, and whose coat of arms, red and blue and gilt, is preserved in the big hall. Only once in its nearly half a thousand years could Olavinlinna Castle have been sufficiently warmed and lighted, and that was when in 1780 a gunpowder explosion blew up one of the towers and flung an unfortunate soldier a distance of almost a mile. ("Yes, madam," replies the guide politely; "he was dead.")

What was the strongest fortress in northern Europe, built to protect the then frontier, was taken by Russia, ceded to Finland, retaken by Russia, besieged by a Swedish-Finnish army, and finally in 1836 handed over to the civil authorities of Finland. Now the hall that was first a Lutheran and then a Greek Orthodox church is a refreshment room with buff plaster on its groined ceiling and leaded panes in the windows. Now the refectory hall, panelled, decorated with carved and gilded coats of arms, is used by St. Olaf's Guild. Dances and festivals are held in the former munitions chamber with its forty-foot-thick walls. A mountain ash sways as it grows out of the side of a tower and out of the heart of the faithful lady buried beneath, like the rose from the heart of Nancy Belle, "for all lovers true to admire." Even closer to our day and literature, the courtyard where before the World War Finnish operas were given is again being used for open-air plays, and a Finnish Juliet has leaned over its balcony to a Finnish Romeo. Most cheerful of all, on the deep sills of the embrasures—aimed directly at what was so long enemy territory a stone's throw away—pigeons sit and preen, doing their best to suggest doves of peace.

If Savonlinna should be approached by boat, what shall be said of Punkaharju, that sinuous spinal column of land

twisting for five narrow miles between two lakes? There is no castle here, only tall firs like cathedral pillars stretching up as if to support the very firmament. Their straight trunks, without branches until near the top, cast sharp parallel shadows of black from the base of the cleared hillside to its crest, so deceiving the eye that it half believes the intangible lines must stretch like a track in a dream up to the sky. The extreme height and bareness of crowding but not crowded trunks, the evenly ruled lines projected by them, produce an architectural effect which must have existed since

*. . . the earth was first created,  
And the air above expanded,  
When the posts of heaven were planted,  
And the arch of heaven exalted.*

A hundred years ago the Finns discovered Punkaharju and built an inn there. Forty years ago the government made it into a reservation. Now a forester diligently oversees the mending of its roads and many walks and rustic seats, and the pruning and replacing of those living pillars, creating duplicates which shift with the shifting sun. Under the forester's direction old women, like beneficent witches, continually clear away every atom of debris and, one is firmly convinced, press out every crumpled leaf, sweep up every broken twig, snatch out of sight any stray switch of undergrowth or misplaced pebble that might detract from the perfection of those hillsides latticed with sunshine and shadow. Here in a silence more clear than noonday and more musical than any song mossy plants tufted with berries cushion every stone and stump. Paths muffled by pine needles lead to upland prospects edged by ferns with every frond new curled, by wild flowers with never a petal faded.

There is a sanitarium at Punkaharju where tuberculosis patients may live for less than a dollar a day, and others besides Finns come to it to breathe that sweet and soundless air. Doubtless the air has special properties of healing. But the peace of Punkaharju bears another healing in its wings—one sorely needed in our disordered world.

Koli and Punkaharju are rivals in the affections of the Finns—Koli, with one of the most attractive inns of the country and with the most extensive view. For although the topmost hillcrest is not more than a thousand feet above sea level, it is the highest point in Finland (always excepting Lapland) and vacationists make the most of it. They call it a mountain. They rush up the one hundred and eighty-two steps from the water to the veranda of the inn (doubtless in their eagerness they will continue to do so after the road for motors is completed), drop their bags, and hurry out to climb some more steps and finally to stand above an illimitable expanse of islands and lakes, glittering in the sunlight or sinking into tinted mist. They gaze and gaze with that profound appreciation, that emotional response to nature, which lies at the heart of all Finnish poetry, painting, and music, and which redeems the undemonstrativeness of every man and woman worthy of the name of Finn.

Should you wish, while you are in central Finland, to visit Kuopio, a pretty white steamer will bear you thither and, crowding in among the flock of other white steamers resting along the east shore of the harbour like pigeons roosting in a row, will watch you alight with proprietary interest.

Kuopio repays a visit because unlike cosmopolitan Helsinki, unlike medieval Viipuri, unlike Swedish-speaking Turku, this interior provincial city is Finnish—typically old Finnish with

its one- and two-story light-coloured wooden houses and its century-old stone church and occasional grass-grown lane; typically new Finnish with its excellent shops of brick and concrete, its white co-operative apartment houses, its suburbs, bandstand, and bathing beaches; consciously Finnish with its plaque and statue and park commemorating Snellman, the originator of the Nationalist movement.

In Kuopio few are rich as we know riches, and none are poor as we know poverty. In the comfortable houses young girls are designing and weaving long-piled rugs for their future homes as young girls in Finland have designed and woven these characteristic floor coverings since medieval days. Here are orderly rooms with their tiled stoves reaching to the ceiling, their coffee and cakes spread out on the dining-room table for the afternoon caller, immense gloxinias and pelargonias flower in pots on the window-sills, to be replaced in winter by the cactus which so obligingly adapts itself to arctic as well as to tropic regions. In the kitchen are old-fashioned copper utensils and plenty of new-fashioned electrical appliances. But modern improvements have not won Kuopio cooks away from tradition. They still know how to make kalakukko—fish and pork and other meat baked in a pie a yard square, or rather oval. This Savo dainty is not only made in all good Kuopio kitchens but is sold in the market stalls for twenty-five cents or so and is the popular and edible dinner pail for the woodsman.

Kuopio, with its population of twenty-four thousand, is, after Tampere, the largest town in the interior of Finland and the intellectual and commercial centre of the province of Savo. To it on week days come provincial men on business and provincial women for shopping, and to Puijo Hill, with its inn and its tower, a mile or so out, come family groups for Sun-



days and holidays. They walk, they bicycle, they motor to Puijo to climb the tower and enjoy—really enjoy—the panorama of lakes and capes and bays and forests thus revealed. From their pleasure, as they look long and lovingly from the flat top of the tower, one might almost believe they had never seen a lake with an island in it before. In winter they whiz down the long ski jump or watch others at this most spectacular of winter sports. Bob-sledders, toboganners, cross-country skiers—Puijo with its tower accommodates them all, and while the children and their parents fling themselves into these strenuous delights, their grandparents and a covey of elderly kinsfolk exchange their news over a cup of coffee.

Kuopio is an important focal point in that complexity of interior waters which in summer are navigable for hundreds and hundreds of miles. In winter when the lakes are frozen and the steamboat hands find work in the forests or in the mills, people must travel by train and bus and sleigh. But from May to October the steamers maintain their schedules and burnish up their brass and—since they are owned by different private or co-operative companies—fan with spirit a fire of amicable rivalry as to speed and spotlessness.

The stage-coach has gone, the horse-car has gone, the trolley-car is going. The railroad is still with us familiar in form although chastened in spirit. The aeroplane lays its dissolving track across the sky, and over the surface of the globe motor-cars swarm like locusts in a year of the plague. It is possible to envisage a future scene in which many of these conveyances will be altered in shape and size and speed, but in the great saga of transportation the steamers on the lakes of Finland seem likely to remain permanent carriers across permanent and peculiar kingdoms. These kingdoms, with rivers as con-

necting highways, merge into a special world—a world with its own industries, population, and pleasures.

Steamers furnish transportation across the lakes, but it is in small craft we must become acquainted with the rivers—at least with certain rivers. To shoot the rapids, which once was only a necessity incidental in the transportation of tar, has become a sport, and a day's trip in a rapids boat is quite a different experience from a day's trip on a lake steamer.

The rapids boats—so-called because they are built for this special form of navigation—are modelled after the old tar boats, about forty feet long and wide enough for two persons on each seat. Although they carry sixteen passengers, the oarsman in the prow and the steersman with his paddle in the stern propel them for the five-and-a-half-hour trip from Vaala to Oulu with never a hesitation in their strong rhythmical strokes.

At first the river flows quietly. Then it races along, swirling into rapids which look wilder from a distance than they feel when the heavy craft skilfully rides them. The visitor to the river Oulujoki, seated on a cushion in an orange-coloured boat, with the white-and-blue Finnish flag and the white-and-blue Finnish sky above him and the blue water with its white wavelets under him, is exhilarated by a sense of sparkling life. The water washes up against the shore in those narrow places where the banks have been strengthened with rocks, and the women and children whose front yards are bounded by this spray stand before their doorsteps to wave to the strangers as they pass. To the latter this is only one day in the river's twelve-months calendar. To those who watch and wave, the more familiar scene must be when the birches are bare and the spruce trees are loaded with snow and the rocks along the

water's edge are blocks of ice. They know it well, the river, during those long months when no pumpkin-coloured pleasure boats come bobbing past with passengers waving and flags flying—know it and love it as all Finns, to an extraordinary degree, love their land and their holdings, however infinitesimal, upon that land.

They express their love by placing their homes not in hollows where they would be protected from storms and not even, primarily, where the soil would be most fertile; rather, the red farmhouse on the brow of a hill, the grey cottage on a rocky point at the curve of the river, bear testimony to the Finn's instinct to select a site where the view pleases him and where he will be independent of neighbours. These widely isolated, staunchly maintained little homesteads with their thatch-roofed outbuildings look comfortable enough with the July sun on their windows, haycocks piled in the yard, and campanula and daisies blowing from the doorstep to the bank of the river. But what about November when there are no daisies and very little sun? And what about February when the hay must be low in the stable lofts and the well-sweep an icy struggle distant? How can such a single-handed farm possibly get together in the short summer enough hay, enough wood, enough potatoes, and, above all, enough fortitude to sustain it through the nine months of cold days which are so short and the colder nights which are so long? When the girl we see waving today will stand forth "frosty-stockinged, icy-booted" and

*On her hands the gloves of hoarfrost  
On her feet the boots of hoarfrost  
On her head the cap of hoarfrost  
Round her waist the belt of hoarfrost.*

The boat glides through channels whose steep walls are spruce trees from the rim of the river to the ridge of the hill; past glades of birch, their white trunks delicate against grassy slopes. An occasional log drifts past on its way to the saw-mill; a raft of hundreds of logs chained together, with loggers upon it, spreads out in wider reaches. Sandy cliffs overlooking narrow sandy beaches with rowboats pulled up on them indicate swimmers and sun bathers.

An angler on the shore is as quiet as the quiet trees, as immobile as the rocks. Pale-green equisetum grows sedge-like near the banks; small white water violets float on their long stems upon the surface. A row of iron kettles, set on rocks above fires, with long-handled wooden tubs piled with clothes near by, proclaim wash-day in a settlement half seen through the trees.

We shoot a rapid and the shore races by, but the face of the oarsman never changes as he strokes and dips and strokes again. At one place travellers transfer to a train for half an hour. At another they alight to cross over a dizzying foot-bridge to a coffee-house in the woods, which serves also tea and milk and bonnyclabber, wild strawberries by the bowlful, and all the delicious cheeses and cold meats and spiced fish the Finns know so well how to prepare and to enjoy.

Perhaps it is another pumpkin-coloured boat we return to; it looks just like the former. Perhaps it is another oarsman; his face wears the same unchanging expression. Boat and banks and bridges—they move slowly, steadily, like a half-remembered dream or some dimly recalled story of the North.

And so, at last, we come to Oulu and the end of the day.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LAPPS IN THE NORTH

**A**LTHOUGH one may travel practically from one end of Finland to the other by boat, boats are not the only means of transportation. Trains—their tenders piled high with birch logs, so white and pretty it seems a crime to use them for stoking a locomotive—run regularly, comfortably, and cheaply. It is a long time since Mrs. Alec Tweedie wrote—and also rode—*Through Finland in Carts*.

And when the train and tender forsake you, then the bus will take you up.

The only highway in the world that runs to the Arctic Ocean is in Finland. It is an excellent highway and the buses, which traverse it daily, are excellent. Although they are primarily for mail, they also carry passengers—first class in front, second class in the rear, and mail and baggage occupying neutral space in between—and make stops at convenient intervals for meals during the day and for lodging at night. For it is about three hundred and twenty-two miles from where the railroad stops at Rovaniemi to Liinahamari, at present the final destination of the bus, and it can be done in summer in two long, very long, days.

There has always been a fascination about travelling through Lapland, a fascination which, as long ago as the spring of 1799, seduced Mr. E. D. Clarke, a fellow of Jesus College, and his pupil, J. M. Cripps, and also the Reverend Thomas Malthus and the Reverend William Otter. These four started out to tour Scandinavia, but Clarke set such a pace that Malthus, who believed in moderation in all things including the population of the earth, and Otter dropped out—and lived, to become later the Bishop of Chichester. But Clarke and Cripps, determined to see the midnight sun, raced northward at such a rate that for eighteen days they never spent more than four hours out of the twenty-four in bed.

Cripps was young and animated “by a singular attachment and devotion to Mr. Clarke.” And Mr. Clarke was animated by the fixed idea of seeing the world. He collapsed and rolled in anguish on the bottom of the boat that poled them up the rivers of Lapland, but raised his head to indite to Dr. Malthus: “I do not intend to turn back until I have seen the Icy Sea.” But he did turn back. Half-way across Lapland he was carried back and forced to delay during a long convalescence.

Then he leapt from his couch and dashed north again, through Sweden, Norway, and Finland. He kept on dashing for three and a half years, passing through Russia and the Crimea, Tartary, Circassia, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Turkey, and Greece, returning finally with a hundred and eighty-three cases of manuscript, antiquities, scientific specimens, *objets d'art*, and doubtless of “virtu.” His health was wrecked. He was able only to jot down his travels in eleven volumes, the last three of them dealing with Scandi-

navia, chiefly Finland. One wonders what he might have accomplished in the way of covering ground and covering paper if his strength had been unimpaired.

The modern traveller faces no such hardships as did Mr. Clarke. His only discomfort in travelling the length of Lapland may rise if he and the driver hold opposing theories on bus ventilation. The idea, unfortunately prevalent throughout rural Finland, that fresh air is a delightful phenomenon that should be enjoyed outdoors—like, for instance, a waterfall—finds its ultimate argument in the windows of certain buses being not only closed and locked but also actually sealed with strips of tin and wax. In such contingency the most delicious air that can caress the lungs, laving the land for thousands of crystalline miles, may be gulped only when the bus stops to refuel itself or its passengers. This is a hardship, but one must remember Mr. Clarke and be grateful for other blessings made possible by the twentieth century.

The inns conveniently spaced and admirably run by the Tourist Association are one of these blessings. The good road, being constantly made better, is another. It starts out well and continues so to the end, with its deep ditches on either side for drainage, and its smooth sand and gravel surface.

Leaving Rovaniemi, in a few minutes it passes the white sign-post marked "Arctic Circle." Then quietly it begins its penetration of the unique highway to the "Icy Sea."

Dark forests line this highway: interminable forests, the wealth of Finland, ever, ever green. Now the heavy verdure is lightened by an open meadow swept by white wool grass with its hosts of spectral flowers, their flossy heads blowing and glinting like tiny milkweed blossoms.

More forests, and we pass a cluster of houses in a thrifty

little settlement whose name we spell out with difficulty and remember not at all.

More forests, and a lake and a ferry to carry us across it.

More forests, and a reindeer bounding across the road.

More forests, and a stop for coffee.

Then on and on, with the dark pines on either side, the white road before us, above it telephone and telegraph wires and, at intervals, a Red Cross sign with a numeral showing how many kilometres it is to a place where man and car can get first aid.

Occasionally the bus stops to pass out letters and papers at isolated farm-houses where wooden sledges lean against the barn walls, or to leave them in a post box which has no connexion with any visible habitation. Sometimes a child or a man will be waiting to hand the driver a small packet wrapped in a paper and tied with a bit of twine. In it is a letter with a coin for postage. There are no stamps in some of these far-away houses. But the people who live in them are neatly clothed and their faces are intelligent. The children are scoured until their straight white hair shines like the wool flowers. The young girls are trimly dressed, nowadays only a few—besides those at the inns—in the gay skirt and bodice of their provincial costumes.

On and on and on between solid walls of evergreen, with a stop for luncheon—always a palatable and abundant luncheon, wherever one may be in Finland—and more forests, more forests, more forests until, hypnotized by the monotony of the scene and the rhythm of the bus, we drift into another world, a world where dead trees lie among the living ones along the roadside and back into the shadows and up on the slopes of the hills.



These dead trees are grey; they are black; they are white. Their bark has long since scaled away and their bleached bones are sinking into the ground. Some have fallen heavily, breaking themselves against rocks. Some are falling even as we look. Some which are entirely dead are still standing. Others, still faintly green, have toppled over, their roots hideously torn from the earth. Here and there some rigid tenacious great-grandsire lurches against a slender sapling, slowly pushing it backward, forcing it to death. . . .

Where are we? Is this some scene imaged beneath the sea, where tropical monsters, blanched in perpetual twilight, rear, sprawl, and spraddle upon the ocean's floor? What are these fantastic shapes? How came they here? Gradually, as we proceed mile after mile and see the lifeless trunks lying everywhere, we begin to realize that this is the uncleared natural forest too far away for man to have felled any timber, or even to have dragged off any, which the natural causes of time and tempest have flung to the ground. Those countless thousands of lifeless trunks lie there because they have fallen there. They sink to earth in the eternal struggle between life and death in which death always wins.

As the hours and miles go by we are appalled by the wordless cycle, oppressed by the bleached roots and broken branches. In the midst of the up-thrusting living greenery these sapless spectres slant, topple, crash, or sink to decay. They lie upon the ground. They rot. Gradually grass and moss grow over them in gentle mounds as over the graves of men. They are absorbed in earth. They fertilize new seedlings. Perhaps ultimately they will disintegrate entirely. "How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?" Perhaps they will become coal—

less of a miracle than man's corruptible body putting on the incorruptible.

And so we travel on and on into the Arctic regions, uninhabited mile after mile, but on every side the crash of armies of living trees and the fallen shapes of dead trees.

*Now thy flesh in earth has rotted,  
Fir-trees o'er thy head are growing,  
Juniper upon thy ankles,  
On thy finger-tips are willows.*

Life everywhere—death everywhere—on and on we travel

*Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees.*

Just as Lapland merges peacefully into Finland, and is part of Finland although distinctive in its wild and barren scenery, so the Lapps have, since immemorial time, lived peacefully beside the Finns. And so, although they speak their own language—and every parish its own dialect—they all understand Finnish. It is, in fact, the common tongue not only for different parishes, but even for the Lapps in Sweden and Norway.

Passengers on the mail bus to the Arctic may see a reindeer or two; they will see everywhere light-coloured patches of reindeer moss. They will see no Lapps, except a few sophisticated ones in villages. Hospitable as the Lapps are—as all people must be in regions where there is no shelter for the stranger except under a private roof—communicative as they are with those they trust, they live too far away from the highway to outgrow their shyness.

There is no reason why they should be otherwise. Their tastes and habits, their means of livelihood, their physiques,

are entirely different from those of any other people and as long as they remain different—that is, as long as they remain Lapps—they are contented and healthy, contributing their small quota to the ethnic and economic diversity of the world.

There are about three thousand Lapps in Finnish Lapland, and the number does not appreciably diminish or augment. Those who survive infancy are generally hardy enough to reach old age. Unlike the Swedish and Norwegian Lapps who are, for the most part, nomadic and live in tents, all of the Finnish Lapps, with the exception of about a dozen families in the northwest, possess small houses, a potato patch, and a cow, and pursue a home life tender in its parental and faithful in its marital expression. Sweet-tempered, kind, intuitive, they are quick to learn and forget. They are highly moral, and if because of storms in winter and because there would be no one to milk the cow in summer they sometimes wait until a child or two has blessed their union before they travel two score miles to church to get married, they do ultimately get there. And, in any case, they never divorce.}

They are not only moral but religious, cherishing the uncomfortable tenets of Laestadius, that Lutheran evangelist who had Lapp blood on his mother's side. He taught them to give Christian burial to their dead and if, here again, the difficulties of getting to a church in the summer force a delay, they put the body in a coffin and give it temporary burial perhaps on a little near-by island. When the snow falls and reindeer sleds are usable, they reverently transport the coffin to church and to the last ministrations. They have no interest in politics although they have a representative in Parliament, a Finn resident in Lapland. They have no interest in fighting. When their territory is encroached on they merely withdraw.

This singular little people, whose origin has never been analysed although it is probable that they are related to all other Arctic tribes, impart by the mere fact of their survival a curious flavour to all that wild, bleak country in the north of Finland.

The tourist on the Arctic highway may not see a single Lapp, except the Russian Lapps at Boris Gleb. There are perhaps eight hundred of these, unlike the other Lapps in Finland in language and dress and, above all, in point of view. For they are Greek Orthodox, and they dance and frolic, take no thought for the future, and trust to the saints to forgive them their sins.

But the Finnish Lapps—pious Laestadians—are not to be seen in Boris Gleb. Should you be fortunate enough to be welcomed into one of their tiny houses, it would be to a single room in which the whole family, including the dogs, sleep and eat. The women cook and sew, using a reindeer bone for a needle and a reindeer sinew for thread. The men tan reindeer skins, make shoes and skis for themselves and harness and sleighs for their reindeer. They have their “saunas” in true Finnish fashion, and they scrub themselves and their clothes; but their living quarters are Lappish indeed, with no Finnish influence whatever. Here, in confusion confounded, they live amicably eating fish the year around, dried reindeer meat, and a few potatoes. Their only green is the young leaves of *Angelica archangelica*, that herb which tastes like anise and may be either cooked or used raw as medicine. Modern Lapps use cow’s milk, but the conservatives prefer reindeer milk and also reindeer cheese. And young and old, summer and winter, they all drink coffee—excellent coffee with plenty of sugar—both of which luxuries come into Lapland duty free, a survival of an

ancient privilege. For in the old days when the Lapps used to get their supplies from Norway, watching the long border was given up as an impossibility. So the Lapps paid no duties or imposts of any kind and pay none now, and they get for three marks fifty the coffee that costs ten marks a kilo in Finland. Hence the customs gate at the boundary line.

A rich Lapp may own a thousand reindeer, but one can live comfortably, as a Lapp, with three hundred, for raising reindeer is unaffected by any depression, by European wars, or by changes in fashion. There are probably about two hundred thousand reindeer in Lapland and at the end of May the herds, which have been gathered together for the winter, are turned loose. They wander as they please, seeking the hilltops and the breeze to escape the mosquitoes, and feeding in the valleys. As it is the reindeer's instinct to return to the place where it was born—which makes selling and buying a difficult transaction—and as it roams comparatively few miles, there is no danger of its getting lost. However, the precaution is taken of marking each one on the ear. When the first snow falls they gather in a "round up," each district claiming its own. The individual Lapp then drives his own herd away and keeps it together until calving time, which is the end of May. Thus the simple calendar completes itself. Upon the high fells reindeer are shepherded the year round, but the forest Lapps make no effort to care for their herds during the summer.

Anglers who come to

*Cast the feathered hook*

*With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook*

seek Lapland in the summer. And most vacationists, be they Finns or foreigners, and most scientists, be they geologists,

geographers, or botanists, come also in the summer. In anticipation of new territory to pursue their familiar pleasures, they ignore the mosquitoes. In retrospect they forget them. But mosquitoes or no mosquitoes, there is an enchantment in this half-savage, half-serene prospect; in the gradual dwindling of trees; in Kaunispää Fell, which, rolling to the horizon as far as the eye can reach in every direction, is clad in the brown and green of creeping grasses and blue and violet light. As the sun picks out the flecks of scarlet, and glints upon the rosy rocks or upon the blowing host of white wool flowers, the very barrenness assumes a peculiar beauty, and the air, straight from the unsullied reaches of the Arctic, cleanses the tenor of our thoughts and the meditations of our hearts.

Summer tourists make the trip from Rovaniemi to Liinahamari in two days, sinking gratefully into a comfortable bed at the inn at Ivalo for the night between. But your true lover of the Arctic prefers autumn, when the Northern Lights illumine sky and icy hill, or early spring, when the air is windless and the sunshine on the snow sheds a celestial radiance. Then, clad in the cloth tunic of the Lapps—warm, convenient, and unburdensome—in a sleigh with skins and furs for covering and hay and cushions for mattresses, they drive and sleep and drive again with never a night in a bed. With reindeer the long white road from Rovaniemi to Liinahamari may be traversed in less than five days and nights. But to drive a reindeer sleigh, which holds only one person, requires special technique, and so horses, with a sleigh accommodating two passengers and luggage, are more often used.

However, the trip in the comparative warmth of summer in the comparative comfort of a bus has "all soft delight that shadowy thought can win." The trees grow scarcer and

smaller; the rolling, rocky fell grows more extended; the sky grows vaster until, like that other rosy sanctuary of wide quietness, the whole untrodden region seems wreathed with buds and bells and stars without a name.

But even novelty can become a weariness and, at last, a little stiff and a little stunned by the monotonous vibration, and by the day-long staring at rolling scene, we come into Alaluostari and halt near the one-time Russian church whose bleakness even its red onion towers cannot relieve. One church? There are three more, growing smaller and smaller like the trees, in the almost houseless vicinity. Well, whoever lives here amid this stark forlornness needs all the consolation he can get from religion or anything else. . . .

We deliver one bag of mail and pick up another and begin the last lap. No more buds and bells and stars without a name; no more evergreens. They gave up quite awhile ago, and now the stunted birches seem considering abdication. The sun is hidden and the wind is blowing and Petsamo is forbidding enough as we drive up to the harbour with its fishing nets and fishing boats and fishermen. A steamer is just leaving Trifona for Kirkenes in Norway: a chill and desolate harbour, a grey and desolate town—yet here men live and work and hold on somehow as the meagre grass holds to the pebbles and sand. Why? Probably for the same reason that the grass clings: because they were seeded here, and are merely following the first command of nature to struggle to survive.

So this is Petsamo—an area of sixty-five hundred square miles with a population of twenty-three hundred. So this is Petsamo, for whose possession nations quarrelled for centuries. Why? And why, at the end of interminable discussion, when it was united to Finland by the Dorpat Treaty, did the Finns

rejoice? Lapland, we have heard, is a land of mysteries. This is the first.

But even although we have reached Petsamo we have not finished our day's journey. We must again cramp ourselves into the bus. There are five miles more to go. We came to see the end of the world and we are going to be shown it. Five miles more of windswept sands and bald-topped hills and a million miles more of lowering sky. And then suddenly the inn of Liinahamari, steam-heated, electric-lighted, with soft rugs and softer beds and hot open fires and hotter baths, opens its door to us. We are on the edge of the Arctic Ocean and in our room is a great bowl of golden trollius and blue anemones!



## CHAPTER V

# DISCOVERERS OF THE ARCTIC

**P**ROFESSOR FRIIS, in an out-of-print book called *The Monastery of Petschenga*, tells of finding a millstone by the Petsamo River, where no corn ever grew. It was probably a relic of those missionaries who, under the Russian monk Trifon in 1550, founded a Greek Orthodox Church, planted trees, contended with Lapp wizards, cleared meadows, converted Lapp men and women, bred cattle, built subsidiary chapels along the coast, salted fish, built boats, worked mines, and established a mill.

For twenty years this extraordinary mission was the centre of civilization for the whole Arctic region. The monks traded with Archangel, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. We read that a certain Dutchman named Andrew Neick contracted to take all its red salmon for six years. In 1589 the Swedes, who owned Finland and south Lapland, celebrated Christmas Eve by routing out the monks and burning the monastery.

Thus began the long contention for territory which, with each transference of ownership, acquired added desirability.

The Danes and Norwegians dispossessed the Swedes. Russian and Norwegian sailors and fishermen waged unofficial war and made unofficial treaties among themselves. No one knew who owned this forlorn expanse of tundra, rivers, and mountains. And it was referred to as Fælledsdistrikt or Common Land. However, they all wanted it and they all sent tax collectors thither. The Lapps, bewildered but unbelligerent, paid taxes to Russia and Norway and sometimes to Sweden as well.

When Sweden ceded Finland to Russia (1809) the regions almost to the Arctic coast were included. When the Russian frontier was delimited (1826) Petschenga Monastery marked the limit of Russian advance, and a narrow strip, between Finland and the north coast, was given to Norway. This deprived the Finnish Lapps of their summer pasture and both Finns and Lapps of their rights of seasonal fishing in the Common Land.

The site of the Monastery of Petschenga remained deserted for three centuries. Then in 1890 another Russian monk, Ionafan, redeemed it, and again meadows were drained, brick-yards opened, and dairies established. This time electricity was introduced for light and power. Finally by the Treaty of Dorpat (1920), Russia ceded to Finland the narrow strip which included Petsamo, and Finland started to build a highway to the Arctic.

Today, as we stand on the sun-splashed, purple rocks at Liinahamari, and are told that, because of the Gulf Stream, these waters are never frozen, we suddenly grasp their economic and military significance. Fifteen hundred miles to the south, ice-breakers are necessary to keep the ports open in winter. This northern port is accessible the year around by boat and for six months a year by bus and lorry. Now we under-

stand the reason for the telegraph wires, for the post offices, for the government-maintained road and the government-assisted inns. The mystery of why Finland wanted the Petsamo area is solved.

Here at Liinahamari one senses a genuine pioneer feeling. Initiative is vigorous. Climb any hill and look down on this frontier town whose boundary is an arm of the Arctic Ocean. You will see the factory which is powdering dried fish into fertilizer and chicken feed, and the docks which are loading this for export. You will see the steamer from Kirkenes in Norway coming in as it does every day in the year. You will see clay being dug from the hillside for making bricks and red granite being quarried and timber being unloaded from boats for building. You will see motor-cars and buses and bicycles and horse-drawn cars and a lorry coming up the great highway bringing visitors and supplies. You will see the blue-and-white Finnish flag blowing over the inn which, with its cottages and annexes, can accommodate seventy-five guests and is usually full and never empty, even in midwinter. You will see the Custom House and the gasoline station which offers its service to cars from South Africa and England, from the United States and Scandinavia, and from practically every country on the Continent. Before it stand cars that have been brought by boat from Norway and cars which have motored up from Helsinki—mostly the latter, for the Finns are the chief visitors to Petsamo.

They are profoundly, almost emotionally, appreciative of the absolute quietness, of the air blowing straight from the North Pole, of the sky aflame with the colours of sunrise or sunset, of the hillsides aflame with daisies and buttercups, pansies and nasturtiums, calendulas and anemones.

With spy-glass and camera they hunt gulls and owls and Arctic terns and the black-throated and occasionally the red-throated divers. For in Lapland noisy greenshanks fly backward and forward over the tarns. Bramblings flit through the stunted birch trees and pine grosbeaks nest in the juniper bushes and whimbrels nest in the marsh. Among the bare rocks wheatears and by the rivers sandpipers trip. By the waterfall are dippers. Sometimes a redwing sings in the valley and golden plovers pass whistling overhead. There are ducks on the Bird Islands whose eider down is gathered by government agents, and other islands are set aside as bird sanctuaries.

The inn at Liinahamari, a model of good taste and good management, needing no screens at any season and steam heat at all seasons, accommodates others than Finns on a holiday or foreigners anxious to see the Arctic.

It accommodates men interested in the American-owned Nickel Monde Company; engineers, architects, steamboat, and Custom House officials; men supervising the improvement of the highway, the post offices, the telegraph communications, and the observation towers—there are twenty-eight of these in the Far North District—from which a watch is kept for forest fires. During the dry season an aeroplane is also used for this purpose.

Although there has never been any speculation or land "boom" in Petsamo, the various industries are growing rationally and steadily, bringing with them people who must pursue their business even during those two months when the sun does not appear above the horizon and one can see to read only for an hour or two at noon and then by a curious twilight.

It is not cold in Liinahamari, for the Gulf Stream tempers

the air as well as the water. In summer mushrooms and berries grow in the meadows and lettuce and spinach are raised in gardens beside the bright streams. The horse, man's servant, is as plump in Lapland as in southern Finland; the dog, man's friend, is as cheerful. The cat, who considers herself man's superior, wears a slight air of discontent. In a land of fish and open fires and humane tradition she secures her comforts, but Lapland is not really elegant enough to satisfy the fastidious feline. As a matter of fact Finland is not elegant enough. She hankers for unearned luxury and she does not find it, and when, like other aristocrats, she would occasionally indulge in a debauch in the slums, there are no slums.

Even since the time when our old acquaintance, Mr. Clarke, conceived the idea of attracting the nomad Lapps by launching a balloon (he was successful beyond his most sanguine dreams), this Arctic region has been sought by tourists in general and fishermen in particular.

The state owns the fishing rights and game-fishing is open to anyone at a moderate fee. Trout and grayling, pike and perch, may be caught with rod and line in almost every lake and stream, while the princely salmon which are the fisherman's sport and the epicure's delight are so common that a contract between an employer and servants sometimes stipulates that the latter must not be fed with salmon more than once or twice a week. British anglers long ago discovered Virtaniemi, and the Tourist Association has built one of its attractive and well-managed inns to accommodate them. At Kolttaköngäs (Boris Gleb) there is another.

The settlement of Kolttaköngäs has more than salmon to commend it. On a long river, almost fiord-like between its banks, is an ancient Greek Orthodox church, taking the place

of one more ancient, and named like its predecessor in honour of two martyred Russian princes, Boris and Gleb. The cemetery is near by, set with three-armed wooden crosses painted indigo, yellow, and white. The wooden graves are above the ground and decorated by an axe or a paddle of the man who lies beneath. When the Russo-Norwegian boundary was delimited in 1826 a little wedge was projected westward to retain this holy site "and a verst around" on the Russian side of the frontier.

Here a village of Greek Orthodox Lapps has grown up and it is a Lapp who rows the angler out and holds the boat against the stream and, after the fish is hooked and played and reeled in, guides it to still water where the sportsman may "grasp at last the bright funambulist!"

It is the Lapp who leads the tourist to Kolttaköngäs waterfall—as fascinating as any the traveller is likely to see not only in Finland but in any land—with smooth cascades tossing iridescent foam into the air. No power plant as yet diverts these waters or defaces the untouched scene.

The river by which we reach Kolttaköngäs twists between hills and is broken by other rapids at Jänisjärvi, where the boat has to be dragged on wheels by a horse while the passengers trudge behind on foot, which seems entirely suitable in a country where logs from the land are always in the water and boats from the water are frequently on the land.

The boat trip to Kolttaköngäs across the lake holds in it the epitome of Lapland's strange beauty and the epitome of Finnish character: the beauty of grey rocks around the rim of hushed waters, of grey crags above, of an immense grey sky over all. The small birches, light in form and colour and texture, give an airy quality to the banks that is refreshing after

the heavy evergreens that wall the Arctic highway. So close to the water, so close to the shore, we can see the small mosses of many tints and tones that clasp the rocks and creep down over the edge of the sandy slides, can see the sun glinting on white rocks turning them to patches of snow.

*"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?"  
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,  
"Where you will never win."*

The boat glides past the airy banks drenched in golden light and, in the bow, three Finns sit side by side: a woman with a handkerchief tied around her seamed face, a young man, labour-hardened, and an ageing one, gnarled as the staff he carries. Behind them the fairy-like greenery slips and slides as noiselessly as the green water. At this hour all is warmth and delicate peace. But the three sit stiffly, not lolling in the indulgent sunshine, not relaxing in the indolent air. The softness of the season finds no reflection in those faces which are battle-fields where have been waged, since childhood, continuous combat with winter and with a soil responding grudgingly to summer's persuasion. Such stern features, such work-battered hands, are saddening when we think how short the time since youth brushed its bloom across them. But as our eyes are drawn again and again from the ethereal background to the three motionless forms, they deepen into symbols of triumph; the bleak faces quicken into a significance almost sublime. Before our eyes the tired flesh becomes the incarnation of a courage and fortitude that make human beings more extraordinary than we dare dream. "Say not the struggle

nought availeth. . . .” No, not so long as we believe not what they possess of earth’s riches but what they become in their own stubborn souls is the ultimate triumph for the children of men.

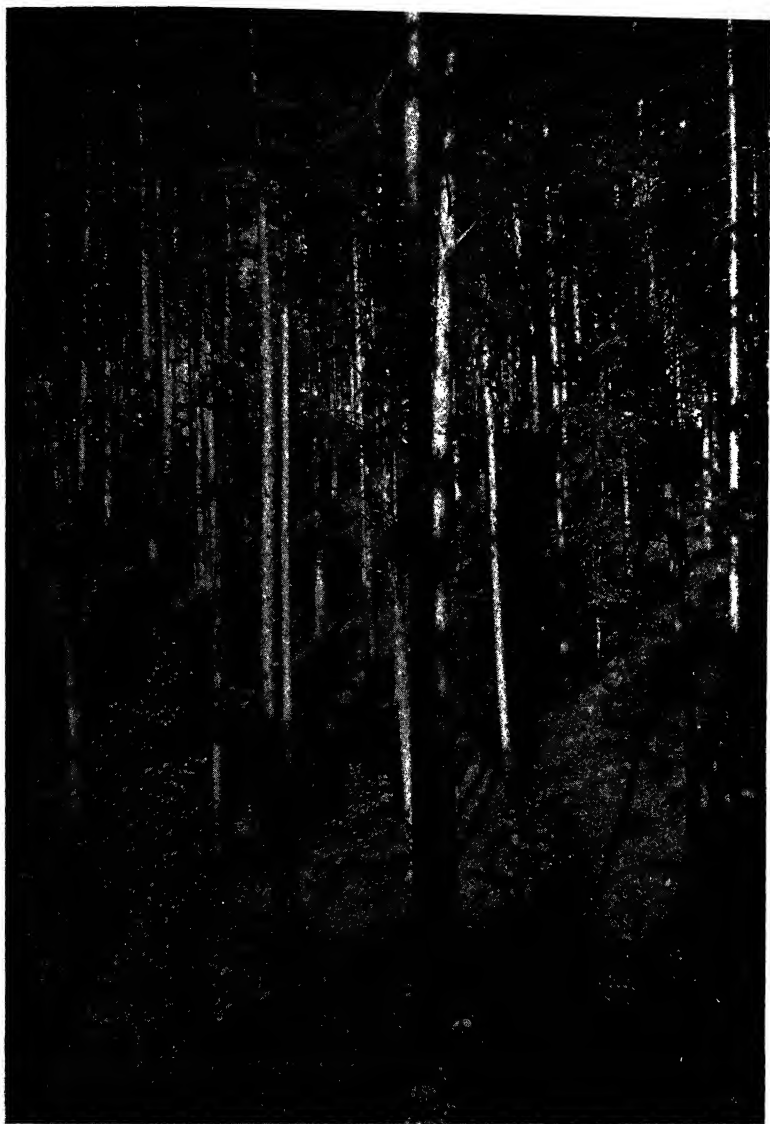




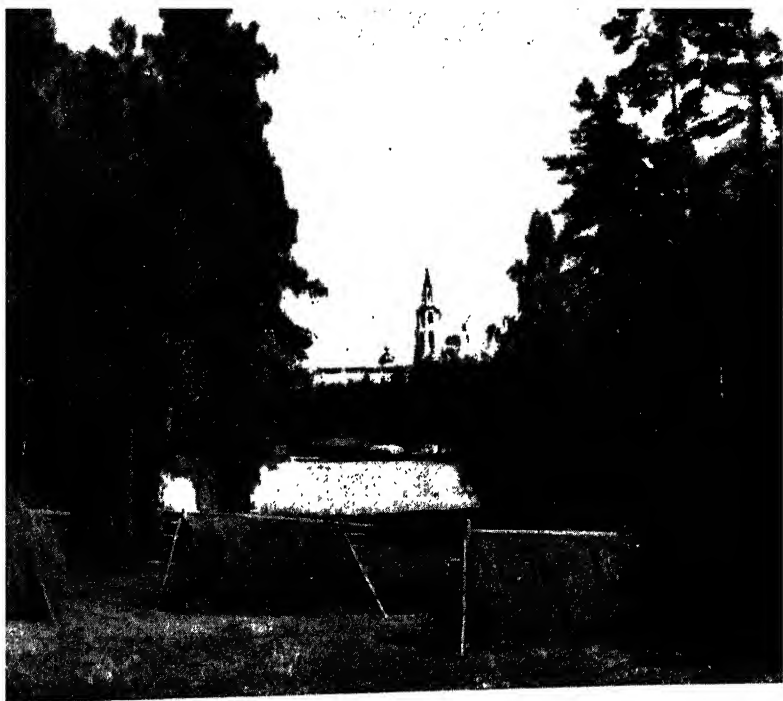
## Part III

### *Breath of the New Nation*





The forests of Finland are her main source of wealth, covering three fourths of her territory.



Almost half the arable land area is given over to hay.



The manufacturing city of Tampere boasts ideal working and living conditions.



Finnish women vote, sit in the Diet, and enter the professions; but most are home-makers. Their daughters, well-groomed and vivacious, brighten every scene.



CHAPTER I

NATIONALISM AND THE  
MAGIC WORD

**F**INLAND, with the voice of Sweden in the west and south; with an echo of Russia on the east and Lapland in the north—what is Finland? And who are the Finns? Are they Scandinavians? Are they Asiatics? Are they Lapps? The Finns themselves declare that they are none of these things.

Anthropologists, believing physical traits the most reliable basis, trace a west-European genesis. Archæologists argue the middle and lower Volga districts as the probable cradle of the strain. Geographers and geologists and economists emphasize the Fenno-Scandia classification. Philologists dispute linguistic affiliation with German, Russian, and Latin, and ethnographers steer a middle course through these various theories. As for the Finns themselves some, while admitting an infusion of Scandinavian—or Nordic—blood, believe that their dominating racial element is East Baltic. Others prefer to be known as members of the Finno-Ugrian branch of the Finnish race.

Only two facts emerge with any definiteness from this con-



flicting and complex problem. First, that all Finns unite in their demand to be considered not Scandinavians, not Slavs—above all, not Mongols—but Finns, and a western, not an eastern people. This second fact is that the data are still too scanty and the emotional factors, as well as the racial, are too confused for any definitive statement or any general theory to be universally accepted. All arguments, whether they place the origin of the Finns in Asia or in Europe, begin with the date of 2500 B.C. and wander through place names like Ob and Irtysh, Omsk, Tobolsk, and Tobol, and associate with people like Tcheremissians and Siryanians which, although they might have delighted Vachel Lindsay, do little to clarify the migrations of the Finno-Ugrian people for the average reader.

If the ethnic situation is not proved—or provable—the linguistic situation is of such interest and so connected with the Nationalist movement that even the most casual tourist must pause to consider it.

The intimacy of the issue is apparent on every sign-post with its names printed in Finnish and in Swedish—the position of priority determined in accordance with the population ratio—on every menu card and railroad schedule. It penetrates all social relationships; it is modifying school and college curricula; it influences a man's business, political, and artistic aspirations, and is bound to affect Finland's association with the whole outside world. The historical background may be briefly outlined.

During all the centuries when Finland was a part of Sweden, Swedish was the official language, used in the schools, the courts, the churches, and in the homes of all educated people. While both Finnish and Swedish were the official languages during the last part of the Russian rule, the former

is so absolutely autochthonous that a Swedish-speaking Finn could not understand a Finnish-speaking Finn and vice versa. Although the Finnish-speaking Finns were in the majority—seven-eighths of the population—although their language was not forbidden, certain injustices were inevitable since the Swedish-speaking minority had most of the wealth, practically all of the administrative and political power, and indubitably all the social prestige. Bitterness was born when a Finnish-speaking Finn was forced to conduct business or legal dealings through an interpreter; when a Finnish-speaking woman, coming to Helsinki to shop, could not find a clerk who could wait on her. Between 1850 and 1860 no books, except religious and agricultural, were allowed to be printed in the Finnish language.

Although Michael Agricola—a pupil of Luther and a Finnish-speaking Finn who had learned Swedish in school—had translated the New Testament into Finnish in 1548 (it may be seen in the university library), to Professor H. G. Porthan, of the University of Turku, must be given the credit of trying to arouse an interest in this speech of the soil. He published his *Dissertatio de Poesi Fennica* in five parts in 1766, and it was from his manuscript that the first Finnish-Latin dictionary was compiled and published in 1826.

However, this scholarly approach was not sufficient to launch a popular campaign. That remained for Lönnrot, one of the gentlest souls that ever precipitated a cataclysm.

As an unassuming lad, barefoot and in homespun, with a flute dangling from the buttonhole of his coat, a knapsack and a shotgun on his back, he used to tramp through the primitive regions of Karelia and north Savo, making friends by playing and singing old songs. In return the people sang

him other old songs, ballads, sorcerer's charms, marriage hymns, funeral dirges, magic verses, riddles, and short lyrics which had, since time immemorial, been part of their folklore and concealed from priest and policeman. These songs he wrote down. Even after he became a country doctor he kept up these expeditions, making long journeys each year and leaving his work in charge of a locum tenens. His first published work (1831) was three small volumes of short poems called *Kantele*, which is the distinctive musical instrument of Finland. The *Kalevala* (1835) came next in two volumes of twenty-five runos or cantos, and Finnish literature was born.

No one could foresee the future of this momentous event. Lönnrot himself could not possibly foresee it. He was editing a Finnish newspaper in Oulu, compiling the first dictionary of the Finnish language, and preparing new editions of the *Kalevala*. He now had seven assistants and was interweaving new material with old, amplifying the stories, changing the sequence of events, rearranging the charms, and interpolating short songs.

At this time not half a dozen educated families in all Finland spoke Finnish. Even Lönnrot preferred to speak in Swedish. But captivated by this fascinating material, carried on and on by a pursuit in which he was the pioneer, he retrieved old Finnish words, and with his knowledge of dialects spliced vocabularies, inflexions, and idioms of East Finnish to West Finnish and invented scientific terms on the principle that language should create its own forms and not be dependent on Latin and Greek roots. He lectured at the university. He made tremendous trips by ski and reindeer sledge to northern Lapland. He worked on his dictionary for eighteen

years, remaining simple and pious, wearing homespun and mending his own socks to the end of his life. "Love of men, of linguistic science, and of—tea. These are the three ingredients of which Lönnrot is made up," said a Norwegian scholar.

Lönnrot loved the gentle lyricism, the magic and the romance of the Finnish folklore. He felt there was immense beauty and significance in the Finnish tongue and that the *Kalevala* was part of the heritage of the Finnish people. He hoped that the language of the majority of the inhabitants of Finland would, ultimately, be given equal rights and recognition with Swedish.

And now J. V. Snellman approached the subject, not as a professor like Porthan, not as a poet like Lönnrot, but as a patriot. With him it was not so much the appreciation of the literary and musical riches of the Finnish language, as a philosophical conviction that language is the expression of the spirit of any people. "One language, one nation," he said. He believed the Finnish peasants would never share vitally in the life of the country so long as its official language was one foreign to them. He lectured. He published the first political journal in Finland—incidentally, written in Swedish so that the Swedish-speaking Finns could read it. He disseminated propaganda in season and out. Although he believed the educated classes would continue to be bilingual he was firm in his conviction that Finnish should be the national language.

And now the Nationalist movement gathered impetus. Lönnrot, who dreamed of the recognition of the Finnish language, and Snellman, who campaigned for its rights, were followed by radicals demanding that Swedish be abolished entirely and that Finnish be made the sole official tongue. For them "the earth could not bear two suns, nor Asia two

kings," nor Finland two languages. Some of these agitations have tended to obscure the fact that the movement was primarily undertaken not to destroy the Swedish culture but to educate the Finnish-speaking masses.

By 1841 Finnish was taught in all the lower schools. By 1902 equality with Swedish as an official language was established. The Constitution of 1919 expressly recognizes the existence of two national languages, and assures to the Swedish minority complete linguistic equality. The constitution was written by K. J. Ståhlberg, the first president of the Finnish Republic and a Fennomans patriot, and it was approved by the Finnish Parliament. This legislation is the most liberal of its kind in the world, when one considers that the Fennomans possessed an overwhelming majority and could have abolished the rights of the Swedish language.

Nevertheless at the present moment there are two absolutely opposed extremes: the "Real Fennomans" who refuse to speak or listen to a syllable of Swedish, and the Svecomans who, with equal stubbornness, scorn to use what they call a "dialect" and disdainfully relegate it to peasants. Between these two, splitting the ears of the groundlings and making the judicious grieve, is every possible compromise, combination, logicity, and illogicity, every conceivable shading of resentment and every conceivable concession to expediency.

It must be emphasized at this point that the issue is not primarily racial but linguistic. The Swedish-speaking Finns do not consider themselves Swedes, but Finlanders. With the exception of the Åland Islanders they have never contemplated a reunion with Sweden. In the Swedish-speaking group are not only aristocratic die-hards, but peasants and fishermen. These also feel entitled to their linguistic rights and representation

These also love Finland as their country and birthplace.

That the cleavage is not racial, but purely linguistic, is further exemplified by the fact that in 1906 sixteen thousand families changed their Swedish names to Finnish, some in sincere approval of the Nationalist movement, some for political reasons, some merely resuming the original Finnish family name which, during the Swedish regime, had been changed to Swedish. Today blood brothers may have different names, and one brother may be a Swedish-speaking Finn—a Finlander, as certain members of this group call themselves—and the other a Finnish-speaking Finn. Neither do the terms Fennoman and Svecoman represent political parties; the Fennoman included several groups; the "Swedish People's Party" was formerly the Conservative Party. The "Real Fennomans" have succeeded in electing one or two representatives to Parliament.

It is not possible—or necessary—for any foreigner to understand all the details of this situation. However, no foreigner can avoid some of the bilingual complications. At present, although Finnish is gaining and Swedish declining (only about one tenth of the population speaks Swedish), both "accents flow with artless ease" to the confounding of the stranger. Sympathetic as he may be with the nationalistic aspirations of Finland, he is completely baffled by the appearance, sound, and syntax of the Finnish language. And no wonder. For should such a visitor speak Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish; should he speak English, French, and German; should he speak Russian, Dutch, and Polish; should he speak with the tongue of angels and had not Finnish, it would profit him nothing.

For this full-vowelled language does not bear the slightest

kinship to any other on the globe except Estonian and Hungarian. It possesses fifteen cases, no article, no gender, and it bears this complex burden on an alphabet lacking b, c, f, q, and w. It does not hesitate to use words like *puunjalostusteollisuuden keskusliitto*, and is aware of no cruelty to tourists in calling its tourist bureau a *Matkailijayhdistys*.

For the convenience of foreigners and for international intercourse the Svecomans stress the advantage of having Swedish retained as a secondary language, and the great Finnish political parties recognize and admit this point. By doing this Finland would continue to enjoy the literature of its classical period—Runeberg and Topelius, and even Lönnrot and Snellman, wrote in Swedish—and would maintain its unbroken connexion with Swedish culture, and be able to communicate with all the Scandinavian countries. They would enjoy the same advantages as the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes who are able, despite the difference in their different languages, to communicate socially, to exchange ideas in Scandinavian congresses, and to carry on business without interpreters. The “Real Fennomans,” not believing that Swedish is a world medium, would meet the problem by having English, German, or French as a secondary language. They believe that the time now spent by the Finnish-speaking Finn learning Swedish could be better spent learning one of these languages, and that it would be of greater cultural and commercial advantage for the Finns to communicate with one of those larger language groups than with the Scandinavian.

And in the meantime, the English-speaking stranger stepping into a self-service lift and pressing a button marked both “vestibul” and “alas” wonders if he will be shot to the roof or precipitated to the basement. He sees the letters “kuk-

kakauppa" over a shop and, like the Irishman, reflects that although he cannot pronounce it he might attempt to play it on his flute. He is relieved that "pankki," over the door of a bank, is not preceded by "hanky," and makes no effort whatever to say "Rautatiekirja" but merely points to the railway news-stand. He finds his only satisfaction the malicious one that all of this is just as difficult—as impossible—for the German, the Frenchman, the Chinese, and the Turk as it is for him. However, the convenience of the stranger within his gates is not the primary concern of the "Real Fennomán." In his determination to make Finnish the sole and official language of Finland he scorns expediency, and it would be interesting to argue that his determination is derived from a mystical conviction in "the power of the word," which conviction goes directly back to the childhood of the race.

The mythology of the *Kalevala*, unlike that of the Scandinavian sagas, springs from shamanism, which is the common heritage of all the Ugrian tribes—shamanism, which has little conception of a Divine Being, but faith in wizards, or shamans, to influence events by "the word of origin." To control or banish an evil power all that is necessary is to know and speak its true name and to recite the history of its creation—a fascinating idea familiar to all readers of Algernon Blackwood's stories of Dr. Silence.

The shaman, usually by beating on a drum on which magic signs have been inscribed, threw himself into a trance, during which he left his body and visited the world of the dead. Here he learned "the magic word" which he needed and which was the basis of all spells or exorcisms. In Finland "the magic word" was developed into an incantation, and every means was used to make the incantation easy to learn and to



remember: rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, repetition—all became part of “the magic word.” The kantele took the place of the magic drum and the incantation became part of the runos.

In the *Kalevala*, Väinämöinen, the magician, wounded by an axe, seeks to stanch the blood:

*Then his magic spells he uttered,  
And himself began to speak them,  
Spells of origin, for healing,  
And to close the wound completely.*

As the blood continued to flow he cried:

*Stemmed before were greater torrents,  
Greater floods than this were hindered,  
By three words of the Creator,  
By the mighty words primeval.  
Brooks and streams were checked from flowing,  
Mighty streams in cataracts falling,  
Bays were formed in rocky headlands,  
Tongues of land were linked together.*

It was not until an old man repeated the proper incantation and uttered the true “word of origin” that the blood was stopped.

While the twentieth-century Finn may not consciously believe in “the word of origin,” nevertheless his folk-lore was born of magic and music and it is possible that his heart recognizes something sacramental in “the power of the word.”

Soberly considered, the Finnish Nationalist movement, convinced that a national language and national culture are indispensable to any independent nation, has consistently held as its aim the strengthening of patriotism and the education of the masses. As a youthful nation grows older, radicalism on

both sides softens. After a hundred years it is interesting to reread the words of Snellman:

Those coming generations will transmit their inherited culture to the Finnish nation in a form which will allow that nation to share it, and in which it can be recognized as belonging to the nation. That class of society which through history has handed down all the power in this country [the Swedes] will then become what it ought always to have been but has not been, the natural leader of the Finnish nation; and it will have gained what it now lacks, the strong backing of the millions.

CHAPTER II

NATIONALISM IN FOREST  
AND FARM

*On the heath there grew a pine tree  
On the hill there rose a fir tree  
And the pine had silver branches  
And the fir tree golden branches.*

**G**OLD mines and silver mines and veins of coal—such precious deposits, fiercely sought for and fought for, are wealth for the country in which they are found. And wealth is desirable, or why should its attainment drive nations to war and excite individuals to dig frantically through danger, darkness, and dampness, paying with their lives for minerals and gems?

Finland has no such mines buried in the ground. A little nickel in the north, a little copper in the southeast, a little lake iron in the east—these are hardly enough to consider. Her wealth is spread out under the sky. Her silver is in her pine trees, her gold is in her fir trees, and one may go the *Kalevala* one better and add that her coal is in her birch groves. For fifty-two per cent of the wood consumed in Fin-

land is for fuel, and it is the birch which furnishes the heat for her buildings and the power for her factories and railroads—quick heat coming from logs packaged in immaculate white bark.

In this wealth Finland is richer than any other country in Europe excepting Russia alone. Furthermore it is a treasure that continually replenishes itself, thanks to nature, which does not leave this northern soil, as it does certain southern soils, barren after deforestation, and thanks also to men who have been wise enough to supervise proper cutting and encourage natural regeneration.

Three-fourths of the land area of Finland is covered with pine, spruce, and birch. Almost a third of her people depend for their living upon this land. Ninety per cent of her exports are wood and products derived from it. Her wealth indeed! It stretches out on every side as far as the eye can reach or the foot can travel. It clothes a terrain which is neither too hilly, which would complicate felling and carting, nor too level, which would encourage swampiness. The terrain, in its turn, lies upon a geological structure—loose deposits covering primeval rocks, and peat areas that can be drained—which is peculiarly conducive to healthy forests, and in a climate which, despite its severity, is favourable to coniferous growth.

In further contrast to the product of mines, which must be excavated and transported by painful and filthy toil, the riches of Finland are so located that their handling and transportation afford occupation which is health-giving and alive with manly adventure. For in the winter the snow levels the forest floor to crystal smoothness so that sledges can be used to move the cut timber to a frozen lake or river. In the summer these

innumerable waterways—65,000 navigable miles of them—carry the floating timber to the sawmills, situated by the rapids which provide power, or to the harbours from which they are conveniently loaded for export. (Russia, although she has greater forests, has no such means of transportation within or exportation from her borders.) In final contrast to the hideous communities in which miners are herded and blackened human bodies are thrown aside like slag, the winter labours in the forests and the summer activities on the lakes and rivers are so filled with rugged beauty that artists never tire of writing about or painting them.

Finland appreciates the importance of this extraordinary endowment and she has no intention of permitting her national prosperity to be exploited by private ignorance or greed. Since the middle of the nineteenth century she has organized her policies of administration in both publicly and privately owned forests with greatest foresight. But although her legislation and her educational and research programmes have been so excellently worked out that they are respectfully studied by experts from all over the world, she herself, with the modesty which so often accompanies genuine success, feels there is room for improvement, and believes that their production might be nearly doubled by bringing forests into better condition. She has, of course, tabulated and classified every detail of this wealth and its ownership, its laws and management.

The species are estimated as pine 55 per cent, spruce 25 per cent, birch 17 per cent, and the remaining 3 per cent half to various other kinds of trees and half to treeless areas. The ownership is divided among five different groups. Private individuals own 50.9 per cent, the State 39.8 per cent, cor-

porations 7.6 per cent, eccles (fief lands) 1 per cent, and communities 0.18 per cent.

Private ownership, then, accounts for more than half of the forest area, which is readily understood when we see that practically every farm has its adjoining woodland, which furnishes it with building material and fuel and also, by the sale of lumber, brings in a cash income. Under the heading of private ownership come church forests and forests owned in common by a group of farmers. Although these private woodlands are rarely very large they must observe the laws: mature growth may be felled only in such a manner as to encourage natural regeneration, and young growth may be cut only in accordance with reasonable thinning. These laws are enforced by forest conservation boards which inspect every felling and which also employ trained foresters to give advice and expert assistance.

The State-owned forests, under the management of the Department of Forestry, being mostly in the north, are naturally less productive and necessitate greater transportation expense than the privately owned ones which are mostly in the south. They are divided into four districts—of ninety supervision areas—and represent one of the most important assets of the Finnish Government.

The eccles, or fief lands, which were originally perquisites of certain military and naval posts but are now leased to private individuals, are more favourably located, and they, too, are administered by the board of forestry.

Forests owned by woodworking companies as reserve sources of raw material, although chiefly situated in barren watershed areas, have been so expertly managed for so many years that they rank with the best-cared-for forests in Fin-

land. These include land owned by two woodworking companies in which the State has the bulk of the shares.

So much for ownership.

The administration is divided into two departments under a director-general with an assistant director. One department is concerned with State forests and comprises five sections. These are the woodworking section (which includes mapping and stock-taking), the land utilization section (dealing with colonization matters), the engineering section (dealing with timber-floating and other transport conditions), the swamp-draining section, and the business section (including sales of standing forest and timber deliveries).

The other department is concerned with private forests and is divided into a management section and a supervision section.

Naturally such a preponderating industry calls for trained men and there are five forestry schools with two-year courses established in different parts of the country—one of them Swedish-speaking. The University of Helsinki gives a three- or four-year course and both master's and doctor's degrees. It also has its own special management area where the required two summers of practical training are given under university teachers.

In addition to these schools, the Society of Forestry—a voluntary society founded almost thirty years ago—with the Forest Research Institute, which is State-maintained, are of great practical value. The institute attacks only such problems as cannot be undertaken by individual enterprise. Its work includes the classification of forest soils, the drawing up of growth and yield tables, the survey of national forest resources, and investigation of the consumption of wood. The

experimental forests, under the Forest Research Institute, in various parts of the country furnish practical workers. The publications of the institute appear in its *Communicationes Instituti Forestalis Fenniae*. The Society of Forestry has three publications.

Finland cannot take any chances of her great national asset diminishing: yearly consumption must be kept below yearly regrowth and, so far as possible, the latter must be increased. Since more than half of the country's wealth is in forests which are privately owned, legislation from the seventeenth century has been directed to their problems and has been steadily amended and improved. While it deals somewhat with the utilization of forest land, its most important stipulations have to do with cutting. The Private Forest Law states:

Forest shall not be destroyed; forest shall therefore not be cut in such a way or the land left after cutting in such a state or be so utilized as to endanger the natural regeneration of the forest.

Further, there shall be regarded as the destruction of forest, the cutting of young growing forest in a manner conflicting with the rational thinning of the forest, and the burning for crop-cultivation purposes of land within an area growing forest of this description in such a way that the burning cannot be regarded as being in conformity with a rational utilization of the area.

The State does more than enact negative legislation. Through the local forest boards and the central forest society it gives positive encouragement to the private forest owners by dissemination of seeds, information, and silvicultural assistance. And, finally, it apportions large sums for the benefit of these private owners. Private forests and forest schools receive twenty-five million marks yearly from the government. Research receives two million marks and government forests



a hundred and forty-five million marks. Besides this, about fifty million marks are apportioned yearly to allied work, such as draining the swamps. Of this, one half is for government-owned and one half for privately owned forests. Private forest owners can also get from the government up to sixty per cent of the whole cost of any new instalments.

This, then, is an outline of the way the national wealth is conserved and increased. These policies and supervision are behind all the logging which gives winter employment to men who, in summer, are busy with agriculture or fishing or are employed on the lake steamers. They are behind the transportation of logs by sledge—or nowadays sometimes by motor—across the snow-levelled ground to the nearest waterway, where they are piled on the shore or on the ice ready to float in the spring.

On a river the logs float singly. If the river is narrow, men on the bank with steel-pointed hooks push them along. In wider reaches long booms, made by chaining logs together, keep the floating logs in the fairway. When they reach a lake they are sometimes towed, floating inside the boom, but more often the logs are chained up in faggots of twenty or thirty and these are lashed together in rafts of about six. Sometimes a train of these rafts may be four or five hundred feet long and contain forty thousand logs with lumbermen living in huts built on them.

Steered around curves like a train on a steel track—perhaps broken up at certain river stretches and assembled again—it may take years for a log to travel from its original starting point to the sawmill or the sea. The whole picturesque process is one of the characteristic sights in Finland and has given plot and colour to many native pictures and much native

literature such as Linnankoski's *Song of the Blood-Red Flower*.

Wherever you see water—and that is almost everywhere—you see logs or rafts floating or being towed. Whenever you see a forest—and that is almost all the time—you see the employment, the wages, the customs that affect a third of the population of the country.

If anyone ever thought that man cannot live by wood alone he only needs to look at Finland.

Although the forest apparently covers all of Finland that is not water, yet the farm is equally vital and, perhaps, more intimately dear to every man and woman and child. Wherever it is humanly possible to make a clearing, to drain the swamp, to pry out boulders and stumps, to master clay and gravel, there one sees hay or rye, a log house, a garden.

The soul of every Finn is impregnated not only with an ideal of patriotic love of his country but with a passion for her actual soil: for turning back the furrows under a plough, for planting and reaping. This profound attachment for the earth which is the basis of so much of Finnish literature, painting, and her most highly sophisticated as well as her simplest music, animates the peasant ditching his field and the country gentleman picking a pear in his greenhouse. The farmer would rather hold on to his farm and wring a scanty living from it, than make more money elsewhere. And, since this passion for the soil is identical among them all, the law-makers, the bankers, and the merchants understand and are sympathetic with the farmer.

It is identical not only among the rich and the poor but among men and women, young and old, so that it is not unusual for the daughter of a wealthy landowner, after she has

completed her finishing-school abroad, to return home and take the agricultural course at the University of Helsinki. And she takes it to such good advantage that she is able on graduation to assume complete control of thousands of acres, and complete management of all livestock and employees. A young girl who may have been presented at the Court of St. James and is quite at home on the Rue de la Paix will be entirely conversant with the chemistry of the soil, the breeding of cows, pigs, and horses, with silviculture and agriculture.

Progressive as such large landowners are, and eager as their sons and daughters may be to carry on the inherited estates, it is the individual small farmer who seems peculiarly typical of Finland, and there is something profoundly affecting in the way such a man will labour to prepare the ground for crops which may not have time to ripen in the short summer or which one "iron night" in June may destroy so that even the root crops will have to be replanted. But labour they do, and eighty-seven per cent of the population lives in the country, silently grateful that since Finland became independent it has been increasingly possible for the farmer to own his land.

Under the Russian regime such ownership by a man of small means was impossible, and at the beginning of the present century most of the peasants were tenants. Even as late as 1901 the leased holdings were sixty per cent and the independent holdings only forty per cent. By 1929 the independent holdings had increased to over ninety per cent and the leased holdings had dropped to a trifle over nine per cent. This widespread acquisition of the land by those who were formerly propertyless was made possible by the Lex Kallio (1922), a law which forced the great landowners to sell property to those who wished to buy it, and to sell it at pre-war prices. This

extraordinarily enlightened legislation created a substantial middle class, so assured of its independent land holdings that it was immune to communism. Malbone Graham pronounces the Lex Kallio—named after its framer, Kyosti Kallio, leader of the Agrarian party—"unquestionably the most far-reaching and important piece of legislation which Finland has enacted since the establishment of her fundamental laws." The small farmer has not only been assisted to acquire land. He is still constantly encouraged by the State both with credit and with information, so that the conversion of the tenant into a land-owner with the heightened morale and widened social consciousness which accompany such ownership has steadily and wholesomely increased.

The area of cultivated land has also steadily increased, although such land can never be continuous for great distances since it is constantly blocked by forest, bouldery soils, or swamps. Even with all the toil expended on it, it amounts to only about six per cent of the country's area, and Van Cleef figures that this could reach no more than twelve per cent even under the most extensive programme of peat-bog reclamation.

What can be raised in such a limited area, in a country lying farther north than any other in Europe except Norway? Some cereals (half her wheat, nearly all her rye, and some barley and oats), some root crops (sugar beets, turnips, and potatoes), and hay. To this last is given over almost half of the cultivable land. It is not only easy to raise, since it does not require as much heat as the grains, but is essential to the dairy industry.

Briefly, then, the farmer gets from his farm nothing but a portion of the food needed for himself and his family. He

must depend upon his dairy for other food and also for cash. He must depend upon his piece of woodland for his fuel and building materials. He must often depend upon employment in winter by a privately or State-owned forest. From this it is evident that neither the Finn as an individual farmer, nor Finland as an agricultural country can ever be self-sustaining. The former will always have to supplement his income from the forests and the latter will have to import certain fodder, seeds, and foods. For this reason the industrially minded argue that if Finland is to maintain herself in the world of modern nations she must continue to develop her industries.

In his passion for the soil the farmer is too often reluctant to admit that the forests and their products are a necessary part of his agricultural programme. He is more willing to consider dairying under this heading. For years butter and cheese have amounted to about ten per cent of the total value of national exports, and the exportation of meat and eggs is increasing. There is no country in the world where co-operative dairying has been carried out with greater success, a subject discussed in more detail in another chapter.

Most of the farms in Finland are small and those in eastern and northern Karelia are still primitive. But the farmers are remarkably open-minded in regard to modern equipment and methods. In many instances an expensive modern tool or piece of machinery is owned by a group of farmers who use it in turn. As an illustration of their readiness to accept new methods, a system for preserving winter fodder, discovered by Professor Virtanen of the University of Helsinki, has been adopted all over Finland. Into a hole dug in the ground is piled the last crop of hay—that which comes too late to dry—and also any tops of root crops such as used to be thrown

away. A liquid chemical is sprinkled on top which not only keeps the hay moist but preserves about ninety-five per cent of its nutritive value in comparison to the sixty to sixty-five per cent lost in dried hay. In the old-fashioned silo, harmful microbes are active and the silage has such a strong odour that it sometimes affects the milk. Fodder preserved by this new method is odourless and the cattle like it as well as fresh grass. So successful has this system proved that it is being introduced abroad under the name of A.I.V. nutriment.

The State spares no effort to improve and promote agriculture. It supports schools of gardening, cattle-farming, dairying, horse-breeding, agriculture, and domestic economy. The central research institute sponsors experimental stations for the cultivation of plants, for dairy work, and the reclamation of swamp land, while practically every farmer belongs to one or more of the farmers' societies, some of which receive State support.

All of this progress, all of this general agricultural activity, is based, fundamentally, upon the small individual farmer, who today as a hundred years ago—two hundred years ago—a single-handed pioneer, unconscious of heroism, sets himself to make a clearing in the forest and to plant and build upon it.

Juhani Aho in his "Pioneers," one of the stories in Squire Hellman, tells the tale which, in its simplicity, comprises the saga of the Finnish farmer.

A young man, who is the coachman at the parsonage, and a young girl, who is a housemaid there, determine to marry, to leave their comfortable security and to establish their own home. Their only capital is hope; their only resource is youth. A few years later an enfeebled man is pictured driving towards the churchyard. In the cart, as wretched as the man and the

horse he drives, is the coffin of his wife. Frost, debt, child-bearing, overwork have conquered. The cottage is untenanted and desolate. All around it are the signs that the struggle has been too great. Although they had worked valiantly, cleared the land for grain, cut down birch-wood, and converted groves of alders into meadows, before them stood the dark pine forest like an unsurmountable wall. There they had been obliged to stop.

The first pioneer has fulfilled his task; the man can do no more good there now. His strength, his energy are gone; the fire of his eye is extinguished, and the self-confidence of his marriage morn has forsaken him. Another will certainly come after him and take over the cottage plot. He perhaps will have better luck. But he will have a lighter task to begin with, for before him no longer stands the savage forest quite untouched by man. He can settle down into a ready-made hut, and sow in the plot of land which another has ploughed up before him. The cottage plot will, no doubt, become a large and wealthy farm, and in course of time a village will grow up around it. Nobody thinks of those who first dug up the earth with all their capital, the only capital they possessed—their youthful energies. They were merely a simple lad and lass, and both of them came there with empty hands.

But it is just with such peoples' capital that Finland's wildernesses have been rooted up and converted into broad acres. Had these two only remained at the parsonage, he as a coachman and she as a housemaid, then perhaps the course of their own lives would have been free enough of care. But the wilderness would not have been cultivated, and the foreposts of civilization would not have been planted in the midst of the forest.

When the rye blooms and the ears of corn ripen in our field, let us call to mind these first martyrs of colonization. We cannot raise monuments upon their graves, for the tale of them is by thousands and their names we know not.

*CHAPTER III*

NATIONALISM IN MEN  
AND MARKETS

**A** CITY with spotless, cobbled streets on either side of a clear river. The three- and four-story brick office and factory buildings on one bank are so pleasing that they in no way detract from the handsome hotel directly opposite on the other side.

The well-built, modern centre of the town is ringed about with the spires of churches and the stacks of factories. Beyond this quiet compound of brick and tile and stone, of bridges and parks, are apartment houses, co-operatively or privately owned, single villas, two- and three-family houses with hedges and gardens and raked front walks. Still further beyond are the omnipresent evergreens—that line of dark and living verdure which, wherever we look, binds Finland to the sky. This is not Manchester, England, although some ambitious Finns like to make the comparison. It is not Lawrence, Massachusetts. This is Tampere (Tammerfors), the Finnish expression of a manufacturing centre.

If you want a whirl in a metropolis of lively cafés and pic-



turesque slums do not come to Tampere. If you want to see a city packed as close as berries in a basket with textile mills, machine works, boot and shoe factories, cotton and spinning and paper mills, factories for wood pulp, linen, roof-felt and broadcloth—and yet remaining clean and quiet and without squalor, come to Tampere. Pace its practical, scoured streets; sit in its cool, manicured parks; watch the unhurrying, punctual buses and the hosts of bicycles bringing the office and factory workers from their homes in the country. You will get a picture of what a modern industrial city can be, when built and managed by high-minded and sober-minded men and populated by industrious and civilized workers.

A hundred years ago the first mill in Finland was built in Tampere, using the water-power of the river. In 1860 the process of making wood pulp was discovered and pulp mills began to spring up. A visitor to Finland who wants a graphic exposition of how the forests are converted into pulp, plywood, planks, and paper, can follow such transformations step by step from the moment when the logs are lifted out of the river down which they have floated to the final operation when the finished product is crated for export.

It is not necessary to travel to Tampere to see these processes, for mills of all sorts are scattered throughout the smaller cities and towns everywhere. But Tampere is the largest, and typical of them all. Here you can see many kinds of work and many kinds of workers, and find yourself thoughtfully considering the labour situation as it has been handled, and is being handled, in a country where few are very rich and none are very poor and all feel entitled to a standard of decent modern living.

The most immediate and obvious fact that presents itself

is the Utopian environment of the labourer both at work and at home. In factory and mill—everywhere—are cleanliness, ventilation, progressive methods, and proper conditions. There is an eight-hour day and vacations are liberal—one week's holiday with pay for all office workers the first year; two weeks the second year; three weeks the fifth year; and after ten years one month with full pay. In factories at least one week's holiday is given yearly. Unemployment is negligible, ranging from fourteen to fifteen thousand in the entire country, many of whom are among the intellectuals. Sweatshop conditions are unknown except in a few surreptitious clothing trades. Child labour under fourteen is unknown, and only four hours' work a day is permitted between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

When he is out of the factory, the working man fares equally well, whether he owns his co-operative flat in the city or whether, when the factory is in the country, he rents a house from the company. This latter arrangement is usually temporary, as in a short time the average worker in a country factory owns his own cottage with a plot of garden. Very seldom is there a "company store" with its insidious dangers. The co-operative movement broke that evil long ago.

However, since Finland is on the terrestrial and not the paradisiacal plane, there are strikes, although these are rare and usually occur not in bad but in good times, and there is a more or less constant dissatisfaction with the wage scale. The factory worker can survive on what he earns, but although survival is "all perhaps that man acquires . . . 'tis not what our youth desires."

Ever since the depression, when wages were lowered, often as much as a half, the industrial worker and the labourer have

been complaining—a vocal privilege they share with the majority of the population of the world. In Finland workmen in certain factories situated in the country also complain that their employers exert unfair political influence over them. Workmen in the cities do not have this problem. However, to those who are familiar with the hideous economic chaos in most American, English, and European cities today, the attitude toward labour throughout Finland appears extraordinarily enlightened.

The reason may be found, at least in part, in the fact that the Industrial Revolution occurred here late enough for the new nation to learn from the mistakes of other countries. Her period of exploitation and misery was probably as cruel as elsewhere, but it was shorter. Before the establishment of factories and mills, practically everyone lived on the land, and poverty and starvation were familiar spectres. In 1867 the summer was so cold that more than half of the entire harvest was destroyed and a hundred thousand peasants died during the following winter. Those who could were eager to get into the factories and were in no position to argue about wages. There were no laws to protect them and men, women, and children worked fourteen hours a day.

But ideas coming in from Germany soon changed all that. Workers' unions were formed in the towns, at first not political and often listing employers as well as employees among their numbers. They became more and more socialistic, with all the attendant dangers of too rapid growth and too violent an uprooting of the peasant from the land. In 1899 the Labour Party was founded, and published its programme, which demanded equal franchise, an eight-hour day, and the prohibition of alcohol. In 1930 and 1931 the trade unions suffered

various setbacks and the Social Democrats founded a new organization which is increasing steadily. Only thirty thousand are registered, but since it has four hundred and thirty thousand votes it is far from negligible, politically speaking.

One of the difficulties the Industrial Party has ever with it is the opposition of the Agrarian Party. The Industrials not only champion the manufacturer's interests but believe that Finland's prosperity is as dependent on its timber reserves and various woodworking industries as upon its agricultural development. The Agrarians are anti-industrial, sponsoring the farmer and emphasizing the products of the soil and excluding the forest from that classification. So there is sufficient friction to keep everyone from stagnation.

Of course the primary manufacturing industries are wood products. Timber, paper, cellulose, wood pulp, ply-wood, bobbins—forty-five per cent of the people engaged in industry find employment in the manufacture of wood products.

But forester or farmer, financier or housewife, industrial worker or day-labourer—no matter what his job or his geographical location, practically every Finn is a believer and active participator in the principle of co-operation.

There never was such a country of co-operators! The entire land is peppered with co-operative shops from one end to the other. The entire social fabric is permeated with co-operative societies.

The farmer sells his butter through the Butter Export Co-operative Society ("Valio") and gets money to extend his dairy buildings through the Rural Banks Central Credit Institute, Ltd., and buys his agricultural implements through the Agricultural Co-operative Wholesale Society ("Hankkija"). His wife shops for the family wardrobe in an Elanto co-operative

shop. His small son at school uses ink manufactured by the Finnish Co-operative Wholesale Society ("S.O.K."). Even his little daughter, picking whortleberries in the wood, disposes of them through a special co-operative society.

The principle and practice of co-operation is the same in Finland as elsewhere—a shareholders' plan, with only members buying the shares, each member sharing in the profits and also assuming a liability risk, which is fixed and based on the cost of each share. The notable point about the system is its universality and its success, particularly its success with central co-operatives. One reason for this is that the majority of Finns must struggle to meet the cost of living. They early saw the necessity of helping one another and early approved of the principle that profits should not be used for individual speculation but for the maintenance of common good. Another reason is that they had the opportunity to observe the methods of co-operation in the British Isles, Denmark, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and had system and sense enough to begin by educating and to continue by supporting honest and intelligent leaders.

From the middle of the nineteenth century attempts were made to organize co-operative societies, but it was not until 1899 that the Pellervo Society—named after the god of fertility in the *Kalevala*—was established and the movement was launched. The Pellervo set itself to educate and advise and also to act as a link between the various societies. It is a characteristic of the Finnish people that they are willing—in fact eager—to read about, to consider, and discuss informative pamphlets, books, and editorials (undoubtedly one reason they were willing and able to adopt the metric system with a minimum expenditure of time and argument). They sup-

ported the Pellervo so well that in time the government saw fit to contribute financial aid to many of its educational services, and today Pellervo may be compared to state university extension divisions or to the Department of Agriculture in the United States.

The co-operative stores, which began with three in 1901, have increased until now over seven thousand co-operative organizations of various types are registered, and practically one half of the population is directly or indirectly connected with them.

This was not done without mistakes, wasteful duplications, and differences of opinion, but each failure revealed a weakness and suggested an improvement. One of the major weaknesses was lack of proper co-ordination among the diverse of societies. This was remedied in 1915 by the establishment of five central organizations, and it is these which have helped to make the whole programme so efficient. They are:

1. The S.O.K. Through this tremendous organization the "neutral" co-operative stores buy their food stuffs, hardware, and miscellaneous merchandise. S.O.K. also manufactures matches, brushes, underwear, paper, bricks, bicycles, and lumber. It preserves fruit, roasts coffee, and has built a water-power plant to generate electricity for lighting and manufacturing. It also imports machinery, and for this reason has offices in North and South America, London, and the Continent.

2. Hankkija. This society buys agricultural machinery of all kinds, fertilizer, seed, motor-cars, oil, cement—everything the farmer needs—and sells them to farmer co-operative buying societies and even to individual farmers who are non-members. It works for agricultural legislation and owns experiment stations, a nursery, a seed-cleaning station, a flour mill, and machine shops.

3. Labour. This is the Farmers' Co-operative Wholesale So-

ciety and differs from Hankkija in the constitution of its membership.

4. The Rural Banks Central Credit Institution, Ltd. This extends credit to rural banks which, in turn, grant loans to their members for the improvement of their agriculture or other means of livelihood carried on by them.

5. Valio. This is the butter export society which is discussed in more detail later.

Beside these five primary societies five more have been added as follows:

1. The Finnish Cattle Trade Co-operative Society, Ltd.
2. The Export Society Muna, Ltd.
3. The Enigheten Society—a dairy co-operative which is Swedish speaking.
4. The Forest Owners' Central Timber Co., Ltd.
5. The Co-operative Wholesale Society—"O.T.K.," an offshoot of S.O.K.

The name "Elanto" which one sees above buildings all over Finland is the name of a retail distributing organization which started in 1907 as a bakery and is still the largest bakery in Finland. It has, however, extended until it includes dairy products, groceries, meats, a brewery, drug and department stores, and restaurants, with a membership of fifty thousand.

To those who wish an authentic and detailed history of the co-operative movement in Finland is recommended *Finland: A Nation of Co-operators* by Thorsten Odhe, translated from the Swedish by John Downie and published by Williams and Norgate, London, 1931.

The average visitor to and the average reader about Finland will probably be chiefly interested in Valio, the butter export society, as it graphically exemplifies many co-operative

principles and through it co-operative dairying has been carried to unique success. The Finns have always been milk drinkers. In the *Kalevala* we read of a prayer for the cows that

*. . . the milk may flow in rivers,  
And the streams of milk be loosened,  
And may foam the milky torrents,  
And the milk-streams may be silent,  
And the milk-streams may be swollen,  
And the milk be always flowing.*

Butter, too, was highly valued. Aino's old mother urges her daughter to

*Eat a whole year long fresh butter,  
That your form may grow more rounded,  
Eat thou pork the second season,  
That your form may grow more charming,  
And the third year eat thou cream-cakes,  
That thou may become more lovely.*

Leaving mythology, we find that in 1260 the Finnish peasants paid part of their taxes in butter. By 1560 butter exported to Danzig, Lübeck, Denmark, and Holland was half the country's total export. At the present time fifty per cent of the country's farm land is given over to dairy farming, and dairy products are only second to timber and timber goods in the export trade.

The production of milk has always been in the hands of many small farmers. Before the present high standard and efficient organization were reached it was necessary to improve the primitive breed of cows that roamed the marshes and moors and produced a low-grade and uncertain staple. Therefore cattle-breeding societies began to busy themselves with shows, awards, and selection of pedigreed bulls. Pasturage



improvement became a matter of constant experimentation. The reason Finnish milk and butter today are so good is because the farmer was first made to understand the importance of a uniformly high grade of milk, and was then taught how to obtain that standard. For this purpose Valio has an institution for training teachers and managers and also organizes classes in creamery management in different areas.

After establishing the standard of milk and butter it was necessary to work out a system by which the small farmer could transport his dairy products to a central co-operative creamery and by which that creamery could export it to markets abroad. A co-operative creamery is based upon the compulsory delivery of all the milk of each member except that needed by the household, with heavy penalties for any infraction of this rule. Today, at the port of Hanko, Valio has a modern warehouse and laboratory. All butter shipped to this point is sampled and tested for odor, taste, and quality—not one keg in every lot, but every keg. Then it is either stamped for export or returned to the sender or sold in the domestic market at a price in accordance with its grade. Only perfect butter is exported. Prices are adjusted according to a world-market basis and proportional returns made to the farmer. It is not chance or luck that Finnish butter holds its own beside Danish butter, and Finnish cheese stands beside Dutch and French. Nearly ninety per cent of all the butter exported from Finland is sold through Valio and six per cent through Enigheten, its Swedish competitor. Only four per cent reaches the world through private firms. The method works to the advantage of both producer and consumer.

Valio has extended its field lately to include the sale of margarine, lard, cocoa butter, canned meats, fish and dairy

accessories such as salt, paper, and casks. It publishes a periodical, *Cattle Products*, and an annual report including statistics, results of tests and analyses, a review of the year's work, and a discussion of such national legislation as affects the dairy industry. Valio follows the plan of other co-operatives in regard to cost of membership and division of profits except that after a dividend of six per cent has been paid the shareholder, the remaining funds are distributed among the dairies in ratio to their sales to Valio during the year.

Thus it may be seen that co-operation in Finland concerns itself with agricultural production, with manufacturing, with wholesale and retail buying and selling, and with educational work. S.O.K. also lists a pension fund for members and employees, a fire-insurance society, a savings bank to encourage thrift, and the central institute, which extends credit to rural banks which, in turn, grant loans to their members for the improvement of agriculture. While the government has given liberal encouragement to this movement, and while some Finns believe that all such co-operative credit organizations should have government support, the opposite side may be argued from the fact that many of them function successfully without such assistance.

Co-operation even applies itself to the utilization of water-power, realizing that Finland must specialize in those industries which depend on electrical power, in which she is potentially rich, rather than on those primarily dependent upon minerals, in which she is poor.

The volume of swiftly running streams throughout the country is large. The height from which they fall is small. The falls at Imatra, which are the largest in Europe and the pride of Finland, are only eighteen metres high. But they have

been harnessed to a station which supplies power to all south Finland. While such diversion of its original force takes something away from its spectacular attraction, there is still enough spray and foam and thunderous rush at Imatra to satisfy most sightseers. These are further accommodated by a hotel placed, as those in English cathedral towns, within inescapable earshot of perpetual clangor. There is, however, another waterfall about five miles away, Vallinkoski, undefaced by any concrete dam or highway bridge. This is reached only through forest foot-paths, and the music of its racing water reverberates only through the trees sounding, to those who are seeking beauty rather than horsepower, more agreeable than Imatra's clash.

Co-operation has not done all it can do in the utilization of water-power. But it is working on the problem and will in time extract the utmost from a national asset whose volume is second only to the forest.

With its thousands of co-operative societies which serve the producer and the consumer—which affect export, industry, manufacturing, forestry, agriculture, dairying, and the utilization of water-power, it is evident that co-operation in this country has its basis in the economic necessity of the Finnish people and owes its success to the honesty and intelligence of the Finnish character.

*CHAPTER IV*

NATIONALISM AND DEBTS,  
DEMOCRACY, AND  
DEFENCE

THE fact that twice every year Finland, alone of all the countries who owe money to the United States, sends interest and part of the principal, always rouses astonished and admiring comment in the American newspapers. Finland herself takes the transaction as a matter of course. "We owe the money," they answer laconically when the subject is mentioned.

The reason Finland is able to pay her debts, and the reason she is willing to do so, are based, not on a complicated system of finance, but on something far simpler and, paradoxically, more complex. They are based on the Finnish character. Thrift, prudence, and good management distinguish the Finn's handling of money, private and public, domestic and foreign. The frugality of every man and the genius of one man have created a sound economic system, by which a country—poor in all natural resources except wood and water, few in

numbers and young in national independence—has already paid off sixty per cent of its foreign indebtedness and expects to pay off the entire amount by 1940.

Strikingly modernistic in architecture, strikingly progressive in labour legislation and in social reforms, Finland is strikingly old-fashioned in her economic policy. She regards speculation, holding companies, and investment trusts with the same disapproval as our grandfathers regarded them—as always dangerous and frequently dishonest. On the bourse in Helsinki men buy stocks and bonds as investments. There are no booms, no buying on margin; briefly, no speculation. Such a policy—extraordinary in our disordered age—was not acquired painlessly.

During the war and immediately after it Finnish financiers borrowed and speculated and gambled, just like American financiers. However, when they had lost enough money and got into enough trouble, they stopped, returned to the ways of hard work and simple living, spent less than they earned, and found themselves solvent. There are no Insulls in Finland and no Kreugers. It was one country where Kreuger could never get a match monopoly. Now, in spite of prices being almost ten times what they were before the war, and with wages not risen proportionately, at present the government assets are ninety billion marks and its liabilities are three.

An outline of the so-called war debts is almost equally simple.

This was not a war debt, in the strict sense of the word, but a post-war debt for food delivered by the United States in 1919. Finland paid for this food in cash. Later when the United States extended credit to certain other countries, she made this credit retroactive and gave back to Finland nine

million dollars in cash. Finland thereupon took her position with other debtors to the United States.

When these various debtors were summoned to pay, Finland came forward first. However, as England came forward almost immediately afterward, and as the United States preferred to place England's name at the top, England signed first and Finland two days later. Since then Finland has never missed a payment. She is able to make it and she does make it. The fact the other countries could also make such payments and do not in no way affects her attitude. "We owe the money," they say.

The first foreign loan made in the United States after the new negotiations was made to Finland and handled by Risto Ryti, head of the Bank of Finland and one of the most astute financiers in Europe today.

The Bank of Finland, founded in 1811, with head offices in Helsinki and with branches in thirteen other cities, is autonomous, working in co-operation with the government and controlled by supervisors elected by Parliament. It is managed entirely by a directorate appointed by the President of Finland which directorate does not interfere in details of actual management. It does supervise to some extent the question of raising or lowering discounts. While the Bank of Finland may be compared to the Bank of England, it corresponds more closely to the Bank of Sweden.

Since 1860 Finland has had its own monetary system. From 1877 to the Great War the currency maintained its stable gold value, and despite the disturbances caused by the war, since January 1, 1926, has maintained a gold standard. The unit of currency is the mark, consisting of one hundred penniä, and is equal to a little over two cents.

Besides the Bank of Issue with its thirteen branches there are nine joint-stock banks, six mortgage banks, four hundred and eighty-two savings banks. There is also the Central Credit Bank with its thirteen hundred and forty-two co-operative credit societies.

Finland has not developed the capitalistic system, and has deliberately kept the standards and tastes of her people as simple as possible, and for this reason her import duties on luxuries is high. She is one of the "cheap" countries and intends to remain so. The majority of her people regard a livelihood as something to be won from the land and from the labour of their hands and not by speculation on the bourse. They have the advantages and only few of the problems of industrial development. Distributing organizations, both co-operative and private, are excellent. In a special section the constitution safeguards the annual budget the balancing of which is declared to be a fundamental principle. "All outstanding national obligations must first be met before other expenditures can be undertaken by the government."

A country which has worked out and accepted this type of finance and banking has, naturally, worked out a form of government equally suited to its taste and temperament.

Since 1919 Finland has been a republic, with universal suffrage, its legislative power vested in a single-chamber Diet and its executive power in a State Council of Ministers responsible to the Diet and the president. The latter is elected for six years by an Electoral College, the term of the present chief executive, P. E. Svinhufvud, expiring March 1, 1937. The president's salary is 50,833 marks a month, or a little over a thousand dollars.

The Diet comprises eight parties organized somewhat along

agricultural, industrial, and linguistic lines with representation in the following proportion: Social-Democratic Party, seventy-eight seats; Agrarian Party, fifty-three; Swedish Party, twenty-one; Unionist Party, eighteen; Patriotic Nationalist Party, fourteen; Progressive Party, eleven; Small Farmers' Party, three; People's Party, two. This brings the membership to two hundred.

The Diet building, one of the most beautiful modern structures in Europe, is impressively and centrally situated in the capital city. As impressive, in their own way, are the parish halls conspicuous in every parish. For these are miniature parliaments, with surprisingly extensive rights, and in them the individual citizen may speak his mind.

The Finns stubbornly resisted Russia's efforts to make them into Russian soldiers and paid twenty million marks yearly to be free of compulsory service in that hated and alien army. An attempt, in 1901, to extend compulsory military service into the Grand Duchy of Finland was thwarted by individuals who, thus inducted, were recalcitrant or passively disobedient, and by the Finnish judges who promptly acquitted them. To be sure, most of the judges were removed from office for this attitude, but they had made their point. After the outbreak of the World War, Russia did not dare to levy Finnish recruits for her armies, but used Finland as a place to garrison reserves and as chief purveyor of dairy products and timber for the Russian forces. The grand duchy, although oppressed in other ways, went militarily free, and furthermore had the advantage of war industries, although these were accompanied by the disadvantage of thousands of workers sent over from Russia to assist in the manufacture of munitions and army equipment. When the Diet proclaimed Finland neutral in



the World War it was a significant indication that she had cut the last remaining tie with the Russian government.

It was not that the Finn is unwilling to fight. But he will fight only for Finland. Their own army being disbanded in 1905, two thousand young men left the country to get military training elsewhere. Returning, they formed a central military organization with branches in every community, all of them secret societies with camouflaged names in order to deceive the Russian gendarmes.

Thus the Civil Guards had their inception.

When the Bolsheviks were victorious in Russia, certain Finns hoped for advantage by banding with them. These Reds, working for a communist coup in Finland, at first dismayed but then unified the Civil Guard, who firmly formed themselves (1918) into an organization of about thirty-seven thousand. These patriots were without arms and without training. They were dependent upon a few weapons which were smuggled in and a few young men who had taken part in the World War and were therefore appointed as instructors and commanders. There were also a few officers left from the disbanded Finnish army, but their training was antiquated. A military college for two hundred men was founded, but it was barely finished before the civil war broke out. It was an heroic struggle whose culminating day of triumph, when Mannerheim, the general of the White forces, entered Helsinki, gives some colourful pages to *A Fool of Faith*, Jarl Hemmer's recent prize-winning novel.

After the civil war, during which the Civil Guards fused with the regular army, there were various reorganizations of the former. They now number a hundred thousand—volunteers, with their own commander-in-chief who is immediately

subordinate to the President of the Republic, who is commander-in-chief of the armed forces of Finland.

With their own school for instruction of officers, with their splendid athletic training under competent instructors, the Civil Guards compose a reserve military force ramifying into every city, hamlet and village, ready at a moment's notice to supplement the regular army.

As for the regular army, since 1922 military service has been compulsory. All men are called at the age of twenty-one to serve for a year in the infantry and for fifteen months in a special division. On leaving active service every man belongs for seven years to the reserve and for twenty-four years to the territorial army. Those who wish to become reserve officers serve fifteen months more.

The navy is not so strong as the army although it can claim patrol boats, torpedo boats, and submarines. It is rather with her coast guard and commercial fleet that Finland upholds her seafaring reputation.

Boat-building has always been practised in a country where tall straight timber grows conveniently close to the water's edge, and where so many of the population are engaged in fishing and trading. The Finnish navigator holds his own beside any other in the world, as Russia discovered when she used to recruit from them her best sailors both for her navy and her merchant marine. Finnish fishermen find their way all over the Baltic Sea wherever international agreements permit.

However, it was in the era of wooden ships that Finland was ship-builder and carrier of goods for others as well as herself. Although small wooden boats and large wooden barges and lake steamers are as thick on the inland waterways and in

the ports and harbours as automobiles in an American city; although the Finland Steamship Line maintains a regular freight and passenger service to England and important Baltic ports; although the A/B Finland-Amerika Linjen O/Y connects Finland with the eastern ports of South America, and the Thorden Line hopes this year to launch a new seven-thousand-ton motor-ship to carry freight between New York and Helsinki, nevertheless, since the advent of iron and steel construction of vessels, Finland has been obliged to depend on foreign countries to carry the bulk of her overseas freight.

Her harbours are many, and strategically spaced, practically free from tides and with ample room and depth for whatever ships are likely to use them. Their docking facilities and quays are being expanded and the government is doing all it can to encourage ship-building.

In one marine department Finland leads the world, and this is with her ice-breakers, which were first used in 1890. With these vessels, constructed upon the principle not of cutting through the ice, but of gliding up on it and crashing through it by sheer weight, thus opening a navigable channel, it is possible for vessels to come and go throughout the entire year to the open ports of Turku and Hanko.

## CHAPTER V

# NATIONALISM AND THE ATHLETIC IDEAL

THE unbecomingness of the white cap, the ubiquitous and proudly-worn badge of the student, is counteracted by the intelligence and youth of the face beneath it. Won only by genuine endeavour, it signifies genuine achievement. That it appears in such numbers is due to Finland's respect for education—a respect so sincere that she willingly appropriates for it twelve per cent of her State budget. She begins with demanding that every single child, no matter in how isolated a place, shall be taught to read and write, and she carries the youth of the country through elementary and higher schools and, in surprising numbers, to and through the university with a thoroughness reminiscent of German methods.

School buildings are conspicuous in every hamlet, town, and city: public schools, private schools, co-educational schools, technical schools, normal schools, domestic and agricultural schools, schools for adults, vacation schools, Finnish-

speaking, Swedish-speaking. If the English epigram that the object of education is to make a man as unlike his father as possible is not endorsed in its entirety, nevertheless the Finnish system produces men and women who are definitely competent. They are competent in mind and body, for their education includes physical as well as academic grounding, training, and accomplishment.

In the *Athenæum* is a painting by Gallen Kallela showing a smoke-stained cabin with a gnarled peasant directing his little daughter's difficult progress across a page of the Bible. The child, clad only in a shift, is kneeling on a bench by the tiny window, her pig-tailed back expressing her absorption and diligence. The man is strained in equal concentration. The humbleness of the scene, the mutual endeavour, the belief in the printed word—all are in this peasant cabin as they are in similar isolated cabins throughout Finland. For although today there are school buses to gather up the children from rural districts, and although the new school buildings are epitomes of modern efficiency, there are still plenty of boys and girls who are cut off from attendance by distance or temporarily by the spring floods, and who must master their three Rs like the child in Gallen Kallela's picture. The Lutheran church will not confirm anyone who cannot read and write—another reason why less than one per cent of the population of Finland is illiterate.

The organization of the school system is along familiar lines. There are the free and elementary schools, supported by the county, co-educational from seven years to thirteen or fourteen. There are also private schools for this age called preparatory schools. The higher schools, with pupils from ten years to seventeen or eighteen in eight classes, are State sup-

ported and not co-educational. Some of the private schools of this rank, however, are co-educational.

There are three universities, two in Turku and one in Helsinki. The one in Helsinki is much the largest and most complete in its departments and is therefore influential in making uniform the curricula of all the lower schools.

Here, as in all universities, are the usual problems of classical versus scientific degrees; of the radical students versus the conservative. But the special problem of the University of Helsinki has to do with the language. Originally all courses were given in Swedish; then certain courses in Finnish; then certain courses in both tongues; and now the most ardent of the Fennomans are campaigning for Finnish only. The controversy is accompanied by a bewildering number of compromises and alternatives. According to the constitution Finland has two official languages. This means that every Finnish-speaking child shall be taught Swedish and every Swedish-speaking child shall be taught Finnish, so a certain amount of every student's time is immediately requisitioned. But this is not the only language requirement. English, French, and German have their claims, and pressing ones. At least one of these is absolutely essential if an educated Finn would communicate with the world. Besides there are always Greek and Latin as basic considerations. The load was lightened a little when Russian ceased to be obligatory, but it is still disproportionately heavy and constitutes one of the most vexed educational problems.

After the wasted motion, argument, and controversy which have attended the language struggle for over a century it is refreshing to come to the world of sport, in which all Finland is united and in which she has achieved a distinction which

may, without exaggeration, be compared to that of Greece during the fifth century B.C.

It was not until 1906, when Finland for the first time sent representatives to the Olympic Games, and four of them returned from Athens with one bronze and two gold medals, that the world began to take notice of the athletic achievements of a hitherto little-known country.

In 1908 in London three wrestlers laid the foundation for Finland's future reputation as the foremost wrestling country of the world. This was carried still further four years later in Stockholm when she obtained in wrestling more points than all the other nations together. It was at this time that her comparatively small teams of track and field athletes proved themselves the strongest in Europe: that Hannes Kolehmainen achieved the world record in long-distance running, and that, when all the points of the different sports combined, Finland found herself in fourth rank among the nations.

It was in these 1912 games that the Finnish flag was for the first time displayed on an Olympic stadium, in spite of the protest of Russia who, although granting complete autonomy to her grand duchy, was definitely opposed to her appearing in any international arena except under the Russian flag. The Finns, however, appreciated the opportunity for winning recognition as a separate and distinct people, and from that moment sports have been for them not only sport, but an expression of patriotism.

In 1920, at Antwerp, Finland entered the Olympic Games for the first time as an independent nation. Her achievements were astonishing. Her athletes won second place. Only the United States was ahead, and the United States had fifty-eight men compared to Finland's twenty-six. Hannes Kolehmainen

won the Marathon. The four Finnish javelin throwers won the first four places. The discus and shot-put and pentathlon medals were captured by Niklander and Pörhöla and Lehtonen. In the wrestling events Finland was overwhelmingly the victor. The ten-thousand-metre race and cross-country run were won by the greatest distance runner in the history of the world—the twenty-three-year-old Paavo Nurmi.

The enthusiasm which these victories roused in Finland can be compared only to ancient times when athletes were received as heroes and honoured as patriots. Finland, as an independent nation, stepped into her place in the sun of international sports.

She stepped into it and stayed in.

In 1924 in Paris she was again second only to the United States in the number of athletic successes. Nurmi broke all previous records and created new ones for distance running and helped the Finnish team to victory in the three-thousand-metre run, and cross-country team competition. Two other runners—Ville Ritola in the ten-thousand-metre and the three-thousand-metre steeplechase, and Albin Stenroos in the Marathon—completed the score of Finnish success. Again the javelin throw and the pentathlon and Græco-Roman wrestling were won by Finns.

The record continues with unbroken brilliance through the succeeding Olympics. In 1928 at Amsterdam she retained her position as second only to the United States in track and field events, her runners and wrestlers (Nurmi, Ritola, Loukola, and Larva in the former and Kokkinen, Mäkinen, and Haavisto in the latter) winning gold medals, while her record in gymnastic contests began to soar. She was second in the apparatus event and fifth in the total contest.



By the end of 1930 Nurmi held thirty-seven world records for distance running, while Matti Järvinen created a new world record for javelin throwing. Meanwhile Ludovica and Walter Jakobsson had become (1911) world champions in figure skating, a title they retained at St. Moritz (1914) and Oslo (1923).

In the tenth Olympiad, held in Los Angeles in 1932, Matti Järvinen broke the world's record for the javelin throw and the second and third places were also won by Finns. Volmari Iso-Hollo won the steeplechase, Lauri Lehtinen the five-thousand-metre run, and in free-style wrestling Herman Pihlajamäki won the featherweight and in Græco-Roman wrestling Väinö Kokkinen the middleweight.

The Nationalists rejoice in this popular method of presenting Finland to the outside world. Voluntary subscriptions for the preparation and dispatch of the Olympic team are prompt and generous, different localities competing for the honour of collecting the largest sum. The young athletes, inured to hardships from childhood and contemptuous of indulgence and soft living, willingly undergo the most rigorous training and unbrokenly maintain the most austere restraints. In the steam bath they use their bath whisks almost like instruments of flagellation. They submit to the strictest diet and make no murmur if, with their meatless, coffeess meals, they ask for bread and are given what would certainly seem to any American, a stone.

It is impossible to be in Finland any length of time without catching something of the universal patriotic enthusiasm. As in ancient Greece the effect of athletic training on the national physique may be judged from the art it has inspired. Väinö Aaltonen's larger-than-life bronze of Nurmi—his spring-

ing figure entirely supported by the toe of the right foot—holds a central position in the Athenæum. The famous architects, Jäntti and Lindgrén, have designed the new stadium in Helsinki which will hold forty-five thousand people and will be ready by 1938 or 1939. There are hopes for the Olympic games in 1940.

Patriotic fervour alone, however, would not be sufficient. As in ancient Greece when a clumsy body denoted lack of culture quite as much as did an uninformed mind, so in Finland physical education has long held its place beside scholastic. The extraordinary achievements at the Olympic Games have been based upon a solidly established triune of character, physique, and education.

The long, stubborn struggle against foreign domination, the unrelenting combat with the elements has strengthened the moral and physical fibre of the whole nation. Sport is merely a new expression of an old necessity.

It is not strange that in a country where skiing has always been practised no foreigner within the country has ever won a ski competition (the topography of the country has favoured distance skiing rather than jumping). It is not strange that, strongly built and used to hard work, the Finn should be the perfect wrestler. It is natural that men whose eye and aim have been trained by hunting, whose back muscles have been developed by wood-chopping, should excel in javelin-throwing. It is significant that since Finland became independent she has won several world championships and set several world records in rifle and pistol shooting, and that after the first indoor swimming pools were opened (1928), a world's record in swimming was set by a Finn.

Physical prowess and activity have developed an instinct

for sport of every kind and this instinct has been strengthened and directed by scientific methods.

While organized work for the development of athletics did not begin until the present century (the Finnish Gymnastic Athletic Union was founded in 1906), there has been a department of physical training since 1830. The first director was an Italian and a pupil of Ling, and his method was, naturally, based upon the Swedish.

It was not until Viktor Herkel, having studied the systems of Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, and England, came to the university (1876-1911), that the system of Finnish gymnastics was evolved and introduced. Herkel's method, as he explains in his book *La théorie de la gymnastique (Voimistelun teoria)*, combines what he considered the most valuable principles of ancient Greece, of England, Germany, and Sweden. From the ancients he took the principles of multiplicity and harmony; from the English, games of sport; from the German, the best elements of free movements, the use of the wand, the practice with apparatus; from the Swedish, the knowledge of anatomy and physiology. The system of Finnish gymnastics, resting upon this broad foundation, has two objects: first, physical fitness in strength and resistance and suppleness of the body and the harmonious development of all its members; second, moral fitness, by which is meant discipline, courage, energy, and a sense of duty.

As the Swedish system of Ling for boys has been largely superseded by the Finnish one of Herkel, so has the Ling system for girls been superseded by the methods of Dr. Elli Björkstén, also a professor at the university (her book *Kvinnogymnastik* appeared in Swedish and Finnish in 1918 and 1923). In order to keep the body supple and free she used

broader rhythmical movements than those of Ling, and paid greater attention to naturalness of posture, to rhythm, to imaginative interpretation, and to the musical quality of the command.

Mrs. Elin Kallio founded the Gymnastic Society of Helsinki (1876) and Miss Anni Collan, inspector of gymnastics and hygiene on the board of education, did much for games and sports, so that in 1891 Finnish women appeared for the first in an exhibition of gymnastics at an international festival in Stockholm.

Since 1894 women have been eligible for a three-year training course at the Gymnastic Institute at the University of Helsinki. There are also other schools, three of them giving summer courses. In certain schools for girls folk dancing is included, and there is a Finnish and also a Swedish association teaching folk dancing to both men and women.

Since 1913 this gymnastic and sport programme has been under a State inspector, and since 1919 under an inspectress also.

All children, throughout their entire school life unless excused by a physician's certificate, are required to give in the elementary schools three hours a week, in the higher schools two hours a week, in the training schools for teachers six hours a week, which time is divided between gymnastics and athletics. The girls, following Sparta rather than Athens, have the same programme, under different instructors, as the boys.

Everywhere one sees ball grounds, tennis courts, running tracks, and golf courses. The course at the club on the old Ramsay estate claims the distinction of being the only one in the world where golf can be played twenty-four hours a day—at least on that particular day when the sun doesn't set!

Here, too, one sees girl caddies as well as boys. On Wednesday evening during the summer there is folk dancing at the open-air museum at Seurasaari. At Vierumäki, an institute for sports, with a hotel for guests, will be complete in another year. Boy scouts gather in camps and go out on cross-country runs, remembering that Nurmi, at fifteen, used to spend his holidays perfecting that peculiar rolling stride that "eats up the long miles like fire." This style of circular leg motion, in which the foot first touches the ground not on the toe but on the heel, was not understood by Americans when they first saw it. They merely thought the Finns lacked form. They were to learn that much of the success of the Finnish runner was due to this stress of the Achilles tendon and to the slight lift of the shoulders and the arm motion. Now Americans no longer talk of the Finn's "lack of form." Instead, athletics directors from American universities journey respectfully to Finland to study her methods, and gymnastics teachers from England, the Scandinavian countries, and the rest of the Continent come to take courses in the excellent summer schools.

One of these, Tanhuvuuri near Viipuri, with its buildings set amid the trees near the water, seems more a rendezvous for Brünhildes and Britomarts than a mere school. In bathing suits, in practise costumes, they troop through the sun-splashed woods. One sees them dancing on the beach and playing handball against a background of water, quite as decorative as Proust's frieze of girls at Balbec—and rather more wholesome! In the outdoor pavilion and indoor gymnasium they apply themselves from eight until eight to a training that exhausts an American merely to watch for an hour.

How straight and vigorous these Finnish girls and women are with their slender waists and strong shoulders and their

shining heads, "one hair gold, another copper, and the third . . . all of silver." In long ranks or in an immense circle they bend, twist, stamp, and leap. Surely the children these teachers will teach will outrun Nurmi! The children these young women will bear will throw javelins to the moon.

*CHAPTER VI*

NATIONALISM AND  
FEMINISM

**E**VEN those women who most energetically demand that they be appraised for their mental and executive abilities are not averse to appreciation along traditional lines. And Finnish women, who were the first in Europe to be granted the franchise, are no exception to a rule older than any suffrage system. Blondes or brunettes, with features which reveal the mingling of diverse races, their figures are invariably strong and straight, their carriage excellent, and their step energetic. They dress trimly and with taste and contribute definitely to the pleasing effect not only of the city streets and shops but of the lake shore and countryside where bright native costumes are still to be seen.

In a country whose oldest document—a parchment preserved in the archive building (1316)—refers to the position of women, and whose customs-duty gallantly exempts a bride's trousseau, every occupation except the army, navy, and ministry are open to the feminine members of the popu-

lation. As a matter of fact, seventy of them have passed the church examinations at the University of Helsinki, with the privilege of sitting on the church council.

They are in offices and factories; they are in teaching and secretarial positions; they are in the professions, women architects and engineers being conspicuously present. The splendid fire house in Tampere is an excellent example of the work of a woman architect whose plans won the prize in open competition. They have even won the dubious right to be street car conductors, dock labourers, barbers, and brick carriers, and even to work on the roads, and as they have physical strength they may be seen in all such employments. Women in neat dark uniforms sit with their wool and glittering needles beside the trolley lines, being very efficient switchmen for one moment and very feminine knitters for two.

In 1906 the Finnish women won the right to vote. In 1917 they acquired complete local suffrage and now they have their place in the Diet beside the men. Although they have entered every field of business—twenty per cent of the industrial workers are women, and so are eleven per cent of the owners of drug-stores and eighty per cent of the employees in them—they are old-fashioned enough to grieve for the death of their husbands and feminine enough to admit such grief becomingly, in the long black veil which, more than any other accessory in the world, makes its wearer a figure of romance.

It is difficult to say how much of the legislation for which they have been responsible is due to their being women, and therefore natural reformers, or due to their being Finns and therefore inclined to regard life seriously. The women cam-



paigned for prohibition, which ran the same course in Finland as in the United States, and the sale of alcoholic drinks is at present regulated by the government, administered under a similar system. For nearly fifty years they have made child welfare their special concern. Baroness Mathilda Wrede devoted her life to prison reform; Minna Canth wrote propagandist novels. Mrs. Vera Hjelt founded the remarkable Social Museum in Helsinki which, with exhibits for the protection of workers, instruction of housewives and mothers in care of the sick, and so forth, forms an integral part of Finnish education. In all social, industrial, and educational activity women have attained equality, even to a rich woman who is the guilty party in a divorce case paying alimony! In this connexion it may be mentioned that although divorce is neither difficult nor expensive to obtain, the figures are low.

The history of the Woman's Movement, which began in 1830, follows very much the same course of oppositions, successes, and failures as the movements in other countries. The present situation is also similar. There is the same protest against unequal pay for equal work: unmarried women teachers, for instance, get less than men teachers. Although male and female piece workers in factories are paid the same, those women who work by the hour receive less than men. There are the universal modern problems of wage-earning husbands and wage-earning wives going "fifty-fifty," which usually means that the woman pays half the rent, half the grocery bill, and then, because women are domestic, does most of the cleaning, cooking, and mending, and because women are maternal, does all the child-bearing. The psychological adjustments between a wife who earns more money

or is more successful in her profession or business than her husband are quite the same in Helsinki as in Hollywood.

Emphasis on the emancipation of women in Finland should not obscure the fact that the great majority of them are not in cities and are not wage-earners, but live in the country districts and are occupied with their homes and children. Therefore what has been done for these housewives is of fundamental interest.

The Martha League is a vital agency in every community, agricultural or industrial. This is an organization of housekeepers—forty-three thousand Finnish-speaking and several thousand Swedish-speaking—with ramifications over the entire country. Founded in 1897, it began its work by lectures on domestic economy. Now its teachers enter thousands of homes and its members meet together in groups of various sizes. Its central committee represents it at English and Scandinavian congresses and exhibitions. Competitions and a monthly magazine infuse life into its most remote branches.

With twenty-one ambulatory counsellors who have degrees from schools of home economics, a hundred and forty advisers who have passed the middle school, and fifty teachers of cooking and sewing, the Martha League gives advice, practical help, and demonstration courses. These last include planning gardens, dressmaking, cleaning, laundering, child training, care of linen, making mattresses and pillows from straw and feathers and felt, raising of poultry, handicrafts, cooking, weaving, the use of flowers and herbs for dyeing—in short, every conceivable subject of interest or value to housewives. In Lapland the teachers give out berry bushes and fruit trees and help the women to plan their gardens.

They offer these courses to League members who gather in private houses or on large farms. Every year the League has a special campaign as, in 1935, to inculcate the principles of ventilation and teach the value of fresh air. In 1936 the subject is water, the instruction to include the cleaning of wells, and so forth. From the head office members may obtain, for a nominal sum, plans, working-drawings, colour schemes, and explicit directions for making and decorating houses and furniture. Membership in the Martha League is three marks yearly, about eight cents, and has proved its value so effectively that the government now contributes three hundred and twenty-five thousand marks annually.

Another association of women which is supported with enthusiasm is the Lotta Swärd (its name taken from Runeberg's heroine), an association of almost a thousand branch organizations and almost ninety thousand members. This complement to the men's Civil Guard is composed of women of every station, of all political parties, of all ages over seventeen, Swedish- and Finnish-speaking, from country districts and from cities.

It grew up during the Liberty War when the Finnish women displayed a spectacular personal prowess the story of which is yet to be written, and owes its vitality to the patriotic fervour which is such an ever-present thing in all Finnish hearts. For it is an organization for defence and in case of war is under the Civil Guard, which, in turn, is under the army. Every active member of the Lotta Swärd has to take a two-weeks' course to determine which of the four departments she wants to join. She receives the training free, but pays for maintenance. These departments are the field kitchen, nursing, sewing and caring for linen, and office

work, which includes raising money. Whichever department she chooses she works for with a will. The nurses have collected eight field hospitals, and the money-collectors contribute three million marks yearly to the Civil Guard, raising this according to the ways of women the world over, by running lotteries, and by the city women selling hot pea soup in the market places and the women in the country making coffee, packing it on sledges, and selling it to the men working in the forests. The women of Finland do not spare their strength. Some of the Lotta Swärd nurses, trained in a seven-months' course, are also Red Cross nurses. Some of the women in distant villages will walk twenty-five miles with their babies on their backs to attend meetings, and not infrequently on the Karelian border a whole family of a dozen will belong to the Lotta Swärd and the Civil Guard.

So well organized are these women that they serve for a model in Norway, Sweden, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, although in countries farther removed from obvious war danger such an organization appeals more to the intellectual than to the practical worker.

As in other countries where women were thrown into the wildest excitement over the discovery that they were "people," the feminists in Finland have become less and less self-conscious with the passage of the years. The realization that life for the average woman must be and should be bound up with the home and the child is admitted with increasing rationality and sympathy. This is shown not only by the Martha League but by excellent schools of domestic economy, and the introduction of sewing and cooking courses in certain of the lower grades.

The Finnish housekeeper needs all the help she can get,

for her problems are difficult: problems of proper ventilation in the bitter and prolonged winter; of proper food in a land where vegetables are few and dear. Certain things have always been preserved for winter. The huge mushrooms of fantastic shape, red, orange, and brown, are salted down in casks in the cellar, and spinach is treated in the same way. Potatoes, cabbage, and turnips can be stored. The red whortleberries which are found everywhere, pungently perfumed by the pines under which they grow, are also put into casks, covered with water, and dipped out as they are needed in the winter. No cooking, no drying, no salting or sugaring is necessary if they are kept in a temperature of proper coolness. But these items provide only a limited variety to a diet composed too exclusively of fish, meat, and bread. Small model cottages where peasant girls are taught to preserve other berries and fruits, to raise and can other vegetables, to plant their gardens to best advantage, to care for poultry and dairy products, are part of the newer education.

The things that contribute to domestic health and happiness are of special importance in a land where over eighty per cent of the people live in the country and are dependent upon their homes in a way impossible for city dwellers to appreciate. All the festivals of the year are centred in the home, culminating with the Christmas preparation with its traditional lutfisk, boiled ham with peas, rice pudding with one almond in it—for the next bride—and plum tart. The Finns have always been fond of good food, and since *Kalevala* days there have been among them

. . . *very skilful women,*  
*All of them accomplished housewives.*

Recipes are handed down or guarded with true feminine tenacity: recipes for distilling the Arctic berries into a peculiar and delicious liqueur, for brewing mead, for salting and spicing fish, for making cheeses of extraordinary excellence.

In the cities one finds pastries and little cakes and sweetmeats as delicate as anywhere on the Continent. In the country are served dishes so substantial and savoury that one never forgets them: pea soup with mustard in it; a pancake, very thin, stuffed with spinach; a red soup of cabbage, meat, and spices. The menu may be limited for those who are confined to it for twelve months a year, but in all places where the traveller buys food—hotels, railway stations, market stalls—it is sure to be well cooked, well seasoned, and absolutely clean.

For cleanliness is carried to the *n*th degree in Finland: the cleanliness of floors and table tops scoured white as snow, of copper kettles blazing like suns, of cotton bleached like damask, of linen polished like ice. Everything looks clean, smells clean, feels clean, *is* clean.

This passion for sweeping and scouring and straightening passes beyond being a trait of character and becomes character itself. Watch a housewife or a chambermaid at her routine morning tasks. How she wipes and polishes and rubs the floors and doors, the sills and ceilings, the rungs of the chairs, and the legs of the tables! Watch a woman in some primitive wash-house or even out of doors beside a lake: boiling, rinsing, bleaching every napkin, sheet, and towel—every garment, rug, and scrap of cloth she can pile into her great basket, into her iron kettle hanging over the fire! There is no shirking here. This instinct, which expresses itself with the drastic purification of the steam bath and is prevented only by the lack

of a long enough ladder from burnishing up the moon, is a fundamental part of the Finnish nature and definitely makes the Finn uncongenial with less cleanly nations.

Women may vote, enter the professions, work shoulder to shoulder with men in the universities, offices, factories, and hold their own in hardest manual labour. But as long as Finland is Finland there will be no dearth of

*. . . maids of fair complexion  
. . . whose feet are always nimble.*

In every dwelling, from the largest caravansary to the smallest log house, will always be a wise-eyed, middle-aged woman whose skin is positively parboiled from years of steam baths:

*She shall dust your chamber for you,  
Sweep the flooring with her besom,  
Keep the milk-pots all in order;  
And shall wash your garments for you.  
Golden fabrics she shall weave you,  
And shall bake you cakes of honey.*

CHAPTER VII

NATIONALISM AND THE  
WORLD

TO stroll along the waterfront of Helsinki at any hour and at any season and watch the boats bringing fruit from Germany and business men from Estonia, taking wood pulp to the United States and butter to England, gives one a momentary impression that Finland is an island. Her imports, her exports, her visitors, her emigrants—most of these come and go by water, in spite of the fact that more and more travellers enter from Norway and Sweden by motor, and more and more travellers proceed to Russia by train, and in spite of the fact that the *London Times* is on the Helsinki news-stands only a day after it is shouted by newsboys in Piccadilly.

But plane and auto and train notwithstanding, boats are still Finland's chief means of communication and trade with the outside world, and to watch her steamers and freighters and barges loading and unloading is to watch everything we have seen throughout the country—the farms, the forest, the fac-



stories, the people—taking their places in an orderly pictorial review.

The commodities which Finland is shipping overseas are an easily readable index of her social, industrial, and agricultural life. The list of those she shipped centuries ago is a fascinating outline of her history.

Of course it was not the harbours of Helsinki and Hanko which saw the most of that early activity. Their importance dates from the time when Helsinki became the capital and Hanko the official winter port. Viipuri in the east and Turku in the west were the great centres of overseas commerce during the centuries when Finland was part of Sweden. Viipuri, close to the head of the Gulf of Finland and at the entrance of the Viipuri-Leningrad corridor, was strategically important. Novgorod in Russia was the objective of the Hanseatic traders, but Novgorod was frequently inaccessible because of the rough roads and the rougher brigands who haunted them, and Viipuri was hospitable and safe. Sometimes as many as twenty Hanseatic boats lay at anchor at one time in her harbour, and their fees were no mean item in Viipuri's exchequer. From Tallin, too, came trade, for reciprocal privileges were arranged between the two cities. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries merchants from Hamburg, Lübeck, Stockholm, and Moscow in their furred cloaks and gold chains were familiar figures on the streets of the busy, handsome Finnish town.

Meanwhile, in the west, Turku found itself in an equally advantageous situation. Here came trading ships from the Baltic; here passed goods from Sweden to Russia. It is interesting to note, that, in those early days, Finland was exporting very much the same articles she exports today although in

different proportions. Fur and fish came first, and then butter, rawhides, and tar. She imported chiefly rye, vegetables, wines, and salt.

As we read that in the sixteenth century finished wooden goods were being sold abroad, we realize that manual skill was increasing. When we read that toward the end of the eighteenth century coffee and sugar were being brought in, domestic and social amenities are suggested.

Up to this time most of the trade had been carried by German vessels and a few Swedish merchantmen. Now Finnish ships began to carry goods across the seas, which implied less dependence upon foreigners and also a retention of transportation revenues within the country.

When Russia obtained ascendancy, she tried to force all Finnish trade toward herself and to eliminate western association. Finland countered by smuggling; and a coast line of ten thousand islands and inlets and creeks defies policing, as prohibition officers were to find out a century later. The involved and irksome tariff regulations imposed by Russia succeeded in ruining her grand duchy's foreign trade and it was not until Finland became a republic that she was able to re-establish it.

The export lists today are again an index to her social and economic life. Furs and tar are farther down the column (one recalls that Rovaniemi is now a fur centre, and that the rapids boats are built on the old tar-boat models); timber and processed wooden goods lead: pulp wood and plywood, poles, logs, props, deals, battens, boards, bobbins, and furniture. Second in importance are the products of the paper industries: wood pulp, sulphite and sulphate, newsprint, and other paper.

As our eye runs down these lists we find ourselves visual-

izing the forests which unrolled and unrolled and unrolled during the long days of journeying through the north; visualizing the logs floating down the rivers or chained into rafts bearing the loggers across the lakes. We remember the clean scent of the sawmills, not exactly lifting themselves by their own boot-straps, but supplying their own power from their own waste. We remember those unpainted, untenanted villages whose long streets were lined by buildings which were not buildings at all, but immense edifices of stacked lumber. We remember plywood factories where the white birch logs were shaved by revolving machines into sheets almost as thin and white as parchment, and these were dried, glued, pressed together and reappeared as strong, glossy boards. We remember another factory near by which utilized all the plywood waste, making paint-brush handles, backs of mops, and tiny Christmas-candle holders, and another which was turning out a million spools a day, and another which was converting birch sawdust into linoleum. And we remember factory store-rooms piled with rows of paper and cardboard boxes.

Now as we see shipments of wood pulp, crates of plywood, thousands of feet of boards and battens being swung onto ships which will carry them to the markets of the world, we can appreciate the statement that Finland is the largest timber exporter in Europe; and recalling her wise policy of forest conservation, we can see why wood and wood products are likely to remain her most vital export.

We pause to watch a passenger vessel taking on casks of butter, which will be unloaded in Hull on Sunday and be on English breakfast tables Monday morning—five days from now. And we see in our mind's eye the red-and-white Ayrshires and black-and-white Holsteins grazing in the meadows in the

south; the native cows standing in the farmyards in the north; a herd of fawn-coloured Jerseys on a certain gentleman's estate and, in his model barn, an imported, monumental prize black bull, pawing and snorting as if impatient to make a dash back to Holland with a Finnish Europa on his back. We see the glinting milk pans that are part of every farm, large or small, near a city or remote and isolated, waiting by the side of the road or on a landing stage to be picked up by a bus or boat and carried to the nearest co-operative dairy.

The whole, well-worked-out system of co-operation reviews itself in our memory, and beside it walks the farmer with a single cow, and the tall girl who, having finished her schooling abroad, and having completed her agricultural course at the University of Helsinki, is now to take full charge of the thousands of acres which belong to her father and which belonged to his father before him. And we see why the precious, the delicious butter is bought and sold and shipped in ever-increasing volume.

With three quarters of her land suited to forests and grazing, it seems reasonable to suppose that wood products and dairy products will continue to be Finland's basic exports. That they may be augmented and varied is the hope of the industrially minded.

These economists emphasize the potentiality of the country's water-power, and argue that the climate is conducive to efficient work the year round. Therefore they believe that it should be possible to import more and more raw material and finish it at home and export it, thus gaining a service profit and also encouraging the factory as well as the farm. Finland has already done a good deal along this line with metal goods of imported material.

Her agricultural implements go to China and Japan; her nails travel to the East and West Indies and South Africa; her cream separators and famous hand-forged sheath knives and safety locks find buyers everywhere. As a matter of fact, Finland has a number of unexpected items of export. The Arabia porcelain factory—the largest of its kind in Europe—is busy shipping gaily painted dishes to the Argentine, Spain, and Italy, and others, not so gaily painted, to Denmark and Sweden. Skis, whose fashioning has been an art, a science, and a business from time immemorial, and other sporting goods are assured of a special and steady market. Liqueurs, made from both wild and cultivated berries which grow only in the north, and the secrets of whose distillation have been known for generations in a country too cold for the grape, are delighting the palates of connoisseurs. Glassware—an industry more than two hundred and fifty years old—casein products, matches, and textiles are all gaining foreign customers with England and Germany and the United States leading and with the Netherlands and Sweden following. England takes most of the dairy products, the United States twenty-five per cent of the wood pulp, and Finland is making a special effort to cement all relations—commercial, social, and linguistic—with Estonia and other Baltic countries.

As for Russia, the trade which disappeared after the Liberty War is coming back. For although the northern natural resources of the two neighbours are so similar that they eliminate that trade basis, Finland can sell to Russia certain goods manufactured from her own or from imported raw material and in return she can buy and use Russia's southern products, such as cotton, metal, and cereals.

For just as Finland's exports are conditioned by her climate

and topography, so are her imports more or less fixed. In a climate where frost may occur every month in the year, she will always be obliged to buy certain foodstuffs and fodder abroad. A country poor in minerals, she must purchase certain metals and manufactured articles in foreign markets.

And so in the future the boats will come and go, load and unload, very much as they do today. And it seems probable that visitors a hundred years hence along the waterfront will see practically the same cargoes we see: the products of forest and farm going out and the products of mines and manufacturing coming in.

But boats carry something besides wood and butter. They carry people, both to and from Finland. Last year so many foreign visitors came to get acquainted with this hitherto little-known land that the country's revenue from them was greater than from butter! As for those Finns who have frequently journeyed to distant shores, one recalls Sibelius, Saarinen, and Nurmi—the greatest composer, the greatest architect, and the greatest distance runner of our time.

These three distinguished visitors stand out conspicuously from the procession of men and women which, as long ago as three hundred years, began to find its way to the New World. Immigration rises and falls according to conditions in the home country and those in the adopted country, and that of Finland, composed almost entirely of simple labouring folk, follows the usual laws.

The first ones came with the Swedes in 1638 to colonize Delaware. The California gold rush of 1849 drew several hundred to the coast and they settled there. In 1855, during the Crimean War, some Finnish sailors who had enlisted under the Russian flag remained in America to avoid being taken by

the English on the high seas, and stayed on in New Orleans, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. In 1861 over a hundred Finns entered the United States navy and served during the last years of the Civil War. These settled afterward in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. However, immigration on any considerable scale did not begin until 1864. Then a number came to the copper country in upper Michigan with the Norwegians who had been engaged by the Quincy Mining Company of Hancock to work in the copper mines. Their number was augmented in 1870, 1871, 1872, and 1873 by groups of a hundred or so.

These first immigrants left home for two reasons. Their own country, being undeveloped industrially, consisted chiefly of large families and small farms, and it seemed easier to break up the former than the latter. So the younger members set forth for the New World. Their decision was strengthened by their hatred of the Russification of their native land.

They came to America hoping to get a farm and to live by farming as they had done at home. They discovered that before they could do this they had to earn money, and promptly set to work wherever labour was needed. On the railroads that were being pushed across the continent; in the coal mines of Pennsylvania; in the logging camps and sawmills of the northwest and the far west; in the quarries at Cape Ann and then in the mines in Quincy; in the textile mills and chair factories in New York; in the steel and tin plate mills in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Illinois; in fisheries and canning factories on the Columbia River; as longshoremen on the docks of Lake Erie—wherever there was a job and ready pay, the Finn was willing to work, and to work hard, having physical strength

and mechanical ability and habits of industry and, above all, ambition.

For he never lost sight of his determination to own a piece of land and build a house upon it. And it is noteworthy how frequently he accomplished this.

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to tabulate the exact number of Finns who have migrated to the New World, or to fix the dates of such immigration. This is partly because when they entered the country via Norway they were frequently classified as Norwegians. The same sort of misnaming happened if they came in Swedish or Danish boats or entered the United States through Canada. There are something over three hundred thousand of them, including native and foreign born, in the United States at present. Present immigration laws permit only six hundred a year to enter—a quota based upon the number already in the country. This quota has not, lately, been taken up, since entrants must guarantee that they will never become public charges—a difficult promise in the world today, and one which might cause even millionaires to falter! As a result, Canada now receives more Finns than does the United States.

The number of Finns in America has always been small compared to immigrants of other nationalities. It was only a trifle over one per cent of the total foreign-born population in 1920. But the Finn's characteristics have remained curiously intact throughout the centuries, and his tastes and individuality have persisted across vast distances.

First of all he has always sought the regions most like Finland. Although there are Finns in every state in the Union, three quarters of them are in the extreme northern part—



Massachusetts, north Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan—and more than half live in rural districts. Even although they must serve for a time in the factories in large cities, or in mines, as soon as they have saved enough money to purchase a piece of land or claim a homestead, they leave the city and make the farm their permanent home and their source of income.

Although they retain many of their native traits, since these traits are consistent with American ideals they make excellent citizens. In America, as in Finland, they are passionately eager for education. The children attend day schools and the adults attend night schools and all are devoted to reading. They are still inveterate co-operators, and their co-operative creameries in Minnesota and their co-operative shops in New England testify to their ability in establishing and their habit of maintaining this system of production and distribution.

Politically the Finns are either members of the Socialist or the Temperance—or Progressive—party. Van Cleeef traces the reason for this radical tendency—twenty-five per cent of them are Socialists—to the days of Russian oppression. Many of the Finns who immigrated during that period were filled with bitterness against all established order and receptive to any propaganda of discontent. As they become more securely established upon their own land in the United States they tend—true to human nature—to become conservative.

The Finn in America retains another national trait: his love of nature and of northern nature. All arguments to attract him to the southern part of the United States where he might enjoy a two-crop year have failed. The snow and ice, the long winters, the cool nights of the summer, the lakes and forests of the upper Great Lakes region or New England are what he loves.

Here, as in the home country, he uses sentiment more than science in selecting a spot for his house. The lonely cottage by a lily pond on Cape Cod; the cabin with an evergreen forest vista in Minnesota—it is characteristic of the Finn to discover and decide upon such sites, despite practical inconveniences. He wants a view and he wants to be sufficiently far away from neighbours, even from good neighbours—even from other Finns.

He wants to farm; he wants to read; he wants to sell his produce and buy his necessities at a co-operative store; and he wants to be alone in the forest and by a lake. Although he is far from his native land he can feel that

*God's bright sun is ever shining,  
On the world in other regions,  
Shines on other doors and windows  
Than your father's or your brother's;  
Berries grow on every mountain,  
Strawberries on the plains are growing,  
You can pluck them in your sorrow  
Wheresoe'er your steps may lead you;  
Not alone on father's acres,  
Or upon your brother's clearings.*



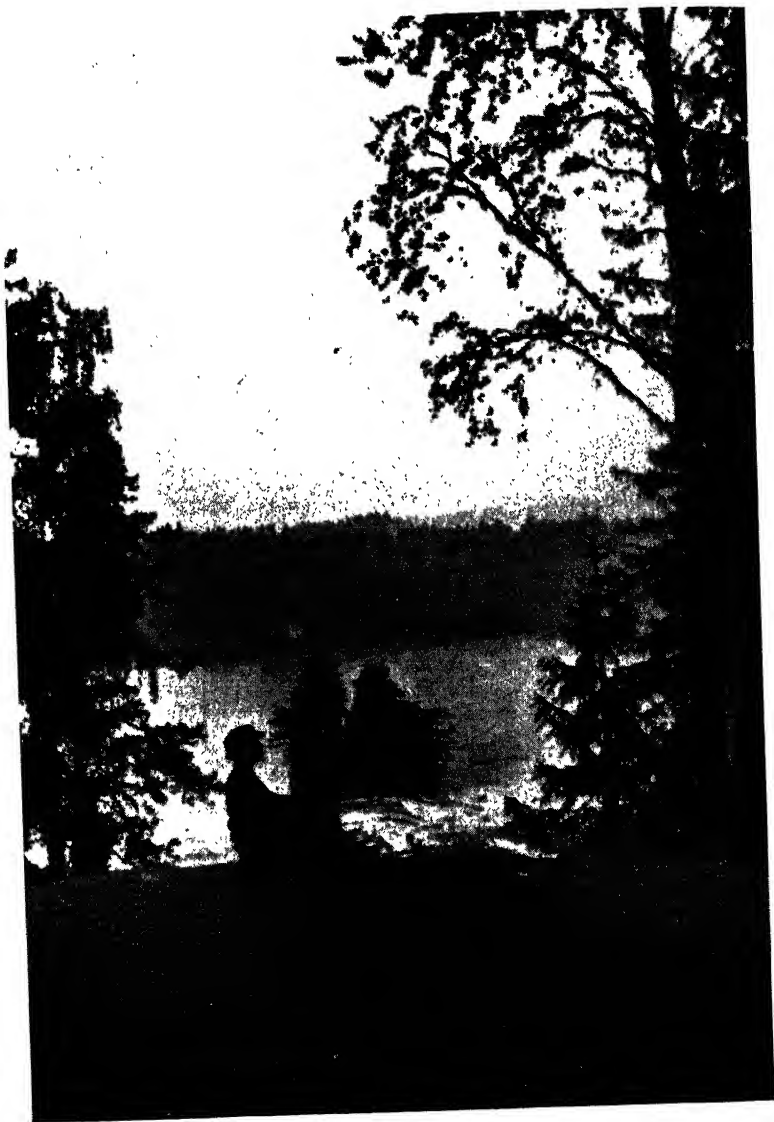
Part IV

*Soul of the New Nation*

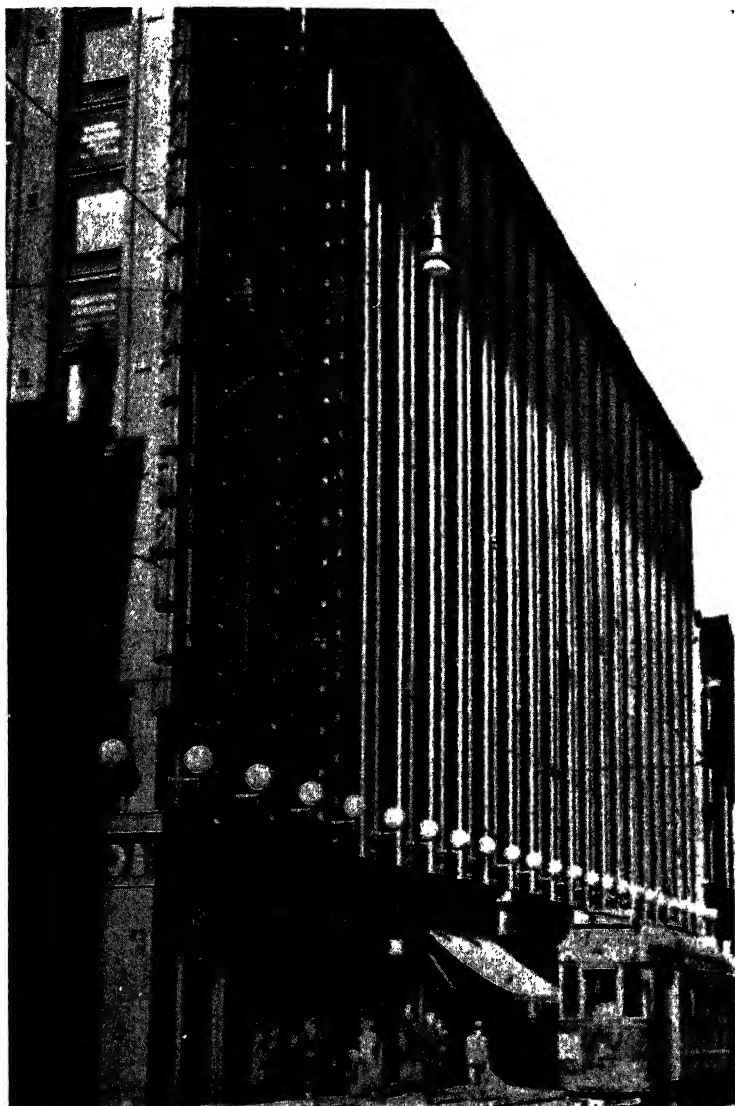




Castles from the Middle Ages provide a rich contrast with  
Finland's modern architecture.

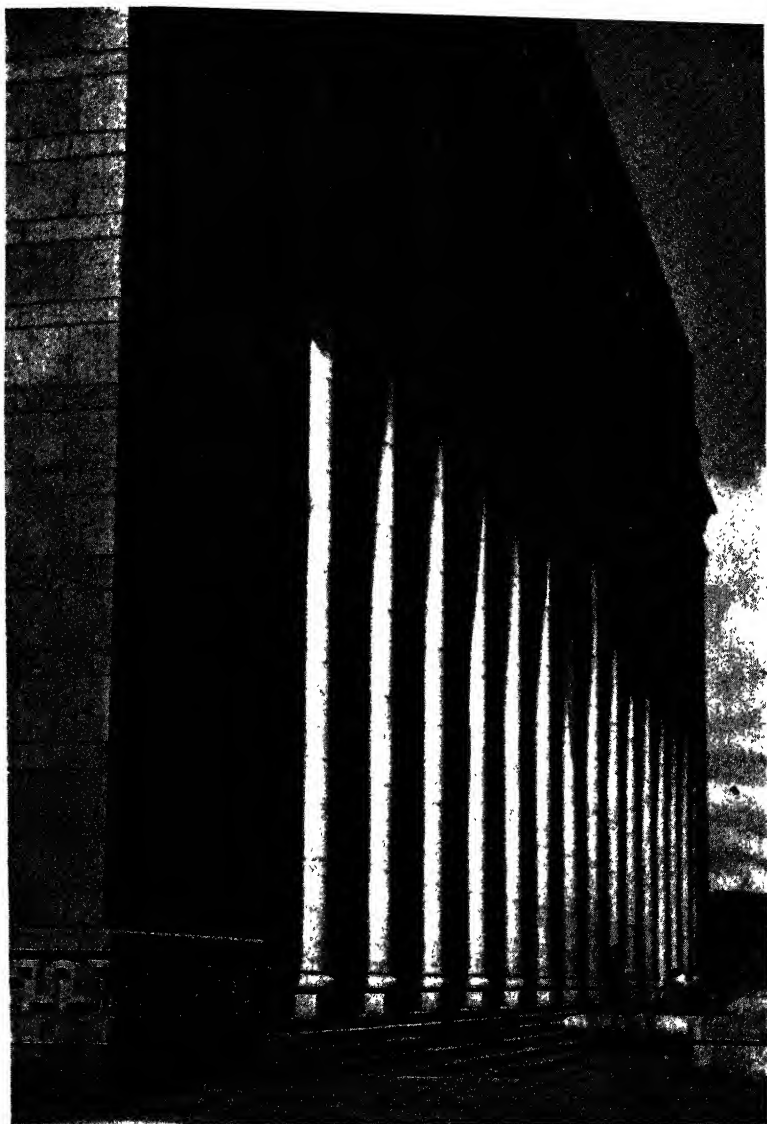


The racing rivers of Finland are not only the tourist's delight,  
but a rich source of power.



The Finns are such great readers that it is not strange that Europe's largest bookstore is in Helsinki.





The perfect proportions of the Diet building combine the solidity of ancient Egypt, classic Greece, and modern Finland.

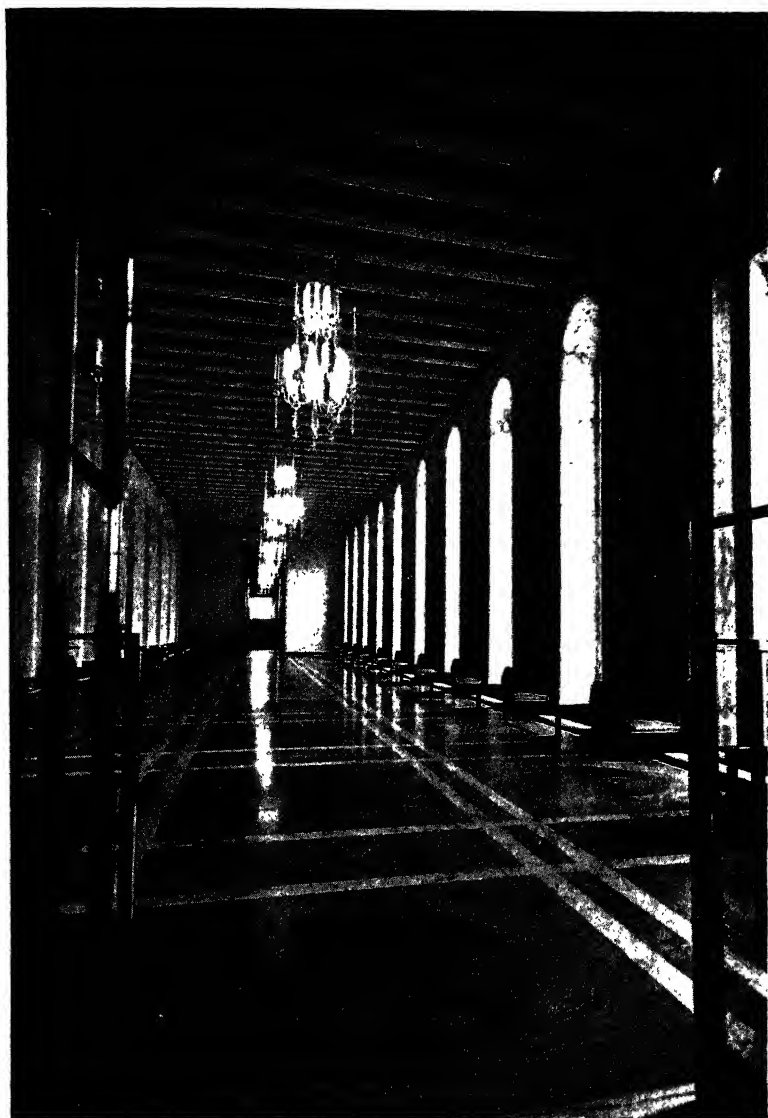


PHOTO BY SUOMEN-MATKAT

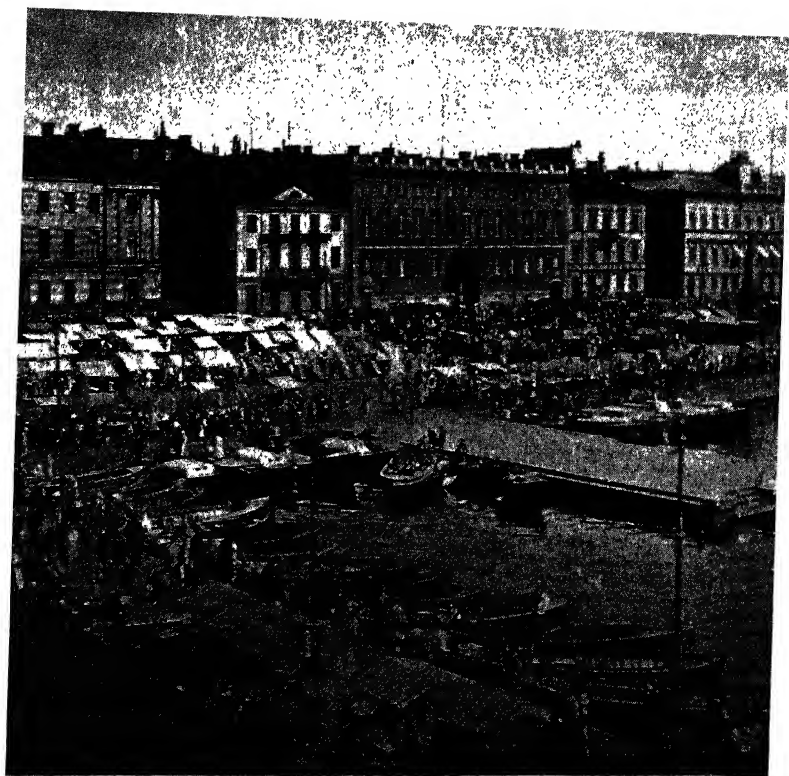
The interior of the Diet building is infused with a crystalline radiance, and its corridors are like tunnels cut through clear ice.



This outdoor theatre reflects the national hunger for the drama which is fed by thousands of "little" theatres and workingmen's theatres in addition to the regular theatrical profession.



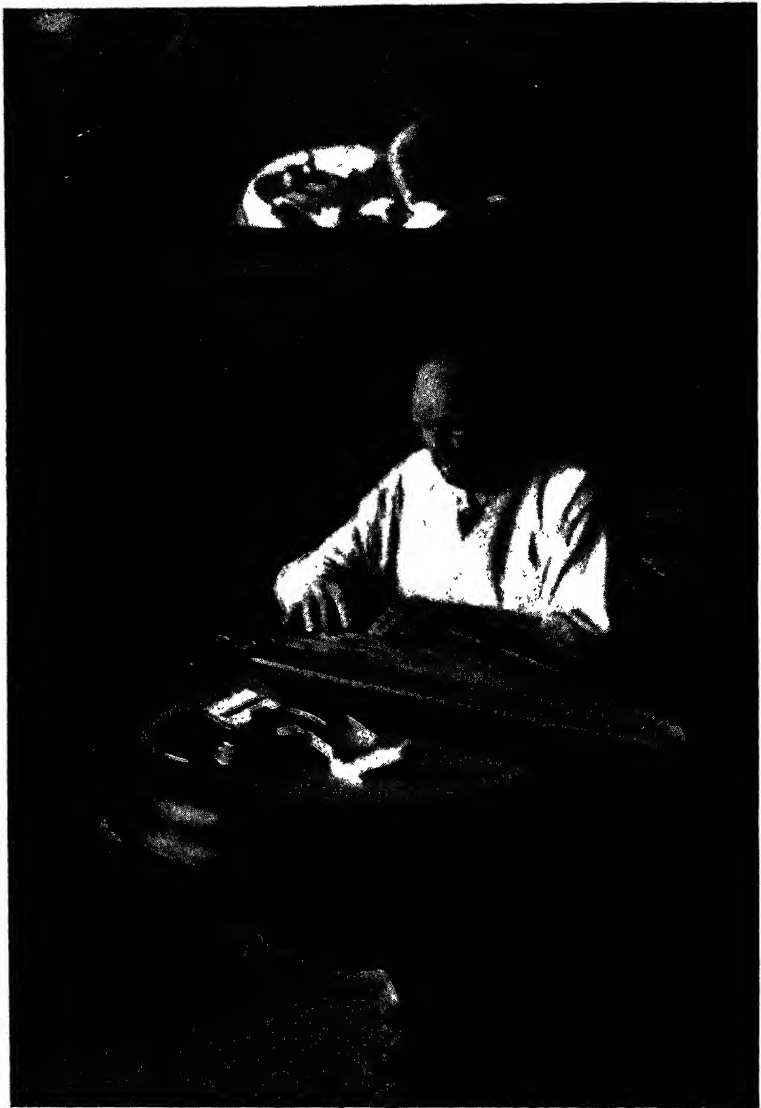
Even the lowest-priced co-operative apartments for workingmen embody a high standard of convenience and attractiveness.



The waterfront of Helsinki almost gives the impression that Finland  
is an island.



The railway station at Helsinki is symbolic of Finland's position  
as a bulwark of the West.



The “magic drum” of Finland was replaced centuries ago  
by the kantele.

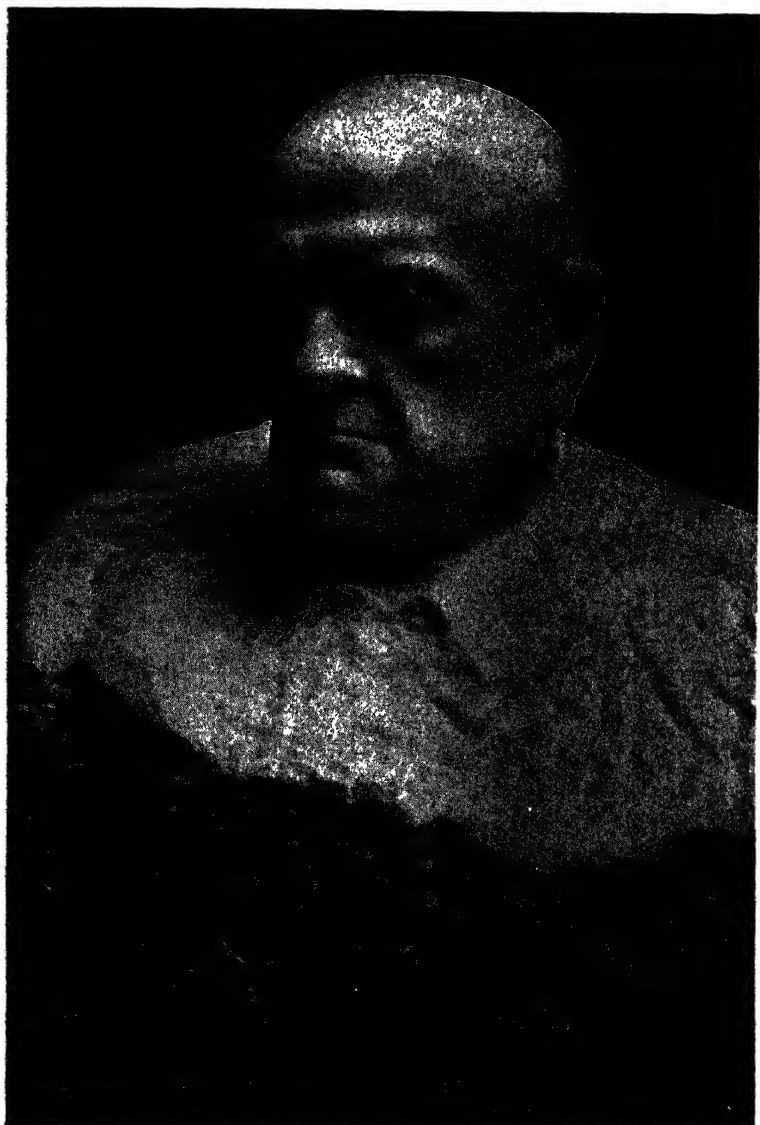
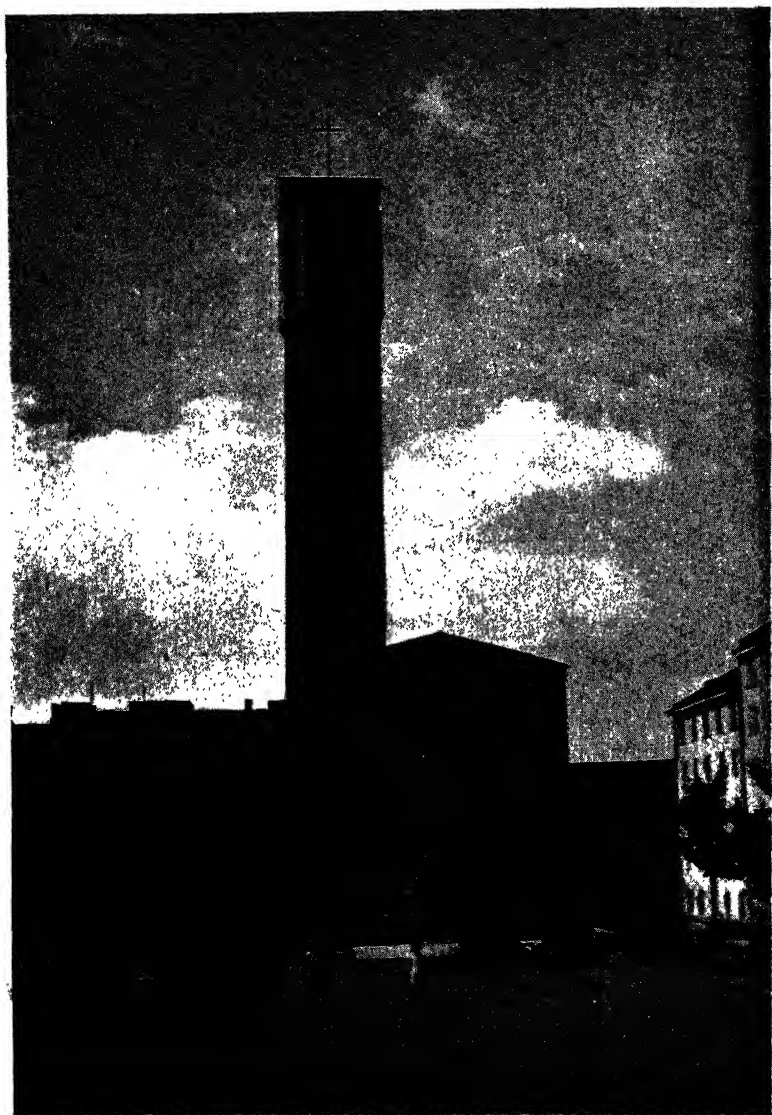


PHOTO BY PIETINEN

Bust of Sibelius by Aaltonen.





The new architecture is peculiarly suited to the climate of Finland and the taste of the Finlanders.

## CHAPTER I

### MORE STATELY MANSIONS

THE station at Helsinki, like a range of mountains, barricades two sides of the cobbled desert which is Railway Square. Hewn out of red granite, a black roof outlining its moulded masses, with the four genii of light which guard the main entrance sculptured out of the same stark and magnificent material, its dignity is tremendous. In it Eliel Saarinen, without resorting to any of that exaggerated brutality by which lesser architects struggle to express power, has created one of the most impressive monuments in Europe. As a symbol of Finland's position—the last bulwark of the West and gateway to the East—and of her aspiration to be an immutable integrated nation, it is profoundly affecting.

It is also immensely significant. For a building is not a sporadic outgrowth from the soil on which it stands, or an irrelevant item in the era which saw its inception and completion. Architecture is an expression of a people—of an epoch—and nowhere in the world today can we see more striking proof of this than in Finland.

This is partly because the country achieved its independence

at one of the most interesting periods in history, coming in full and fresh vigour to the problems of modern civilization. And it is partly because with the exception of a few churches and fewer castles there was, architecturally speaking, little in the country worth preserving, and so the new ideas had plenty of opportunity to express themselves. There is a saying that as late as 1890 there was not a corner in the whole city of Helsinki where four brick edifices met. This means that in less than fifty years a new city has been built. And, finally, the architecture has a worthy individuality because of its utilization of native materials and its adaptation to peculiar climatic conditions.

Of course there are still commonplace one-story wooden buildings left in Helsinki; there are others which reflect foreign tradition. Engel, who planned the city when it became the capital, was fond of the neo-classic and Nyström of the Renaissance style, while the Russian church is frankly Byzantine. And there are some unfortunately substantial survivors of that period when local architects, in an effort to be autochthonous, carved stone to suggest wood, and other importations whose mission was evidently to teach Finland what not to do. But, despite these relics, there are a sufficient number of modern new buildings to give a national imprint not only to Helsinki but even to distant provinces and cities.

However, Finland is not new in the same way as a boom town on an American prairie. Although her ancient monuments are scattering and few, nevertheless the Middle Ages give a background. The modern and busy waterfront of Helsinki is approached past a massive stone fortress built in 1769 on seven islands in the harbour. The tower of the city's only "skyscraper" contrasts with the low silhouette of this ancient

pile, which has been besieged by Russia, bombarded by England and France, and finally (1918) surrendered by Russia to Finland, on which occasion it promptly had its hundred-and-fifty-year-old name of Sveaborg changed to the Finnish Suomenlinna.

However, it is in ecclesiastical architecture that antiquity is chiefly suggested.

The crusades of the thirteenth century symbolized their mission by building churches, but they were perishable wooden affairs and all that is left of them are a few references in folk songs. Architectural history begins with the stone churches of the Middle Ages which were of archaic simplicity, with their decoration confined to the interior. The exterior was severely compact, with a high pointed roof and its only embellishment in the gable. Imported brick was frequently used for this, so patterned as to give light and shade and colour. The cathedral at Borgå has an excellent example of such a handsomely decorated gable. The interiors blazed with the wall paintings, with the carvings and the embroideries of the Roman Catholic Church at the height of its effulgence. The Reformation wiped out ecclesiastical art and architecture. In the old churches the altar gave place to the pulpit, and coats of red ochre or lime wash effectively prevented the paintings from distracting the attention of the congregation from the preacher. The new churches were rectangular, single-naved wooden structures, poor in materials and simple from necessity—valuable only as expressions of the character of the people for whom and by whom they were built: Protestants repudiating the inspiration of Rome; peasants, burghers, and priests ignoring bishops and nobles. There was, until the end of the eighteenth century, a modest attempt to paint pictures,

in lime wash, on the uncovered logs, and the artist best known in this medium came from East Bothnia—Mikael Topelius, the grandfather of the writer.

The medieval religious art, while splendid—as may be seen in the Church Hall of the National Museum—was not indigenous and would probably, under any circumstances, have undergone a simplification in a land of few materials, severe climate, and a people of austere temperament. The powerful Byzantine architecture never really penetrated a land which, although in touch with the East in war and peace for centuries, has steadily and insistently resisted all oriental influence.

These various expressions of the national temperament lead up logically to the present national architecture.

Characteristically much—perhaps most—of the new architecture has been applied to practical buildings for practical purposes, with the labouring and middle-class family particularly in mind. There are museums, churches, stations, town halls, and libraries which are, in a sense, also for the people. But handsome public buildings have always been part of every country's programme. The specialized study of the needs and income of the average man, the determination to make his living and working conditions convenient and pleasing, belong to a newer social programme.

Töölö, a residential section of a hundred and fifteen new buildings, mostly co-operative apartment houses, dating almost entirely from 1920 and augmented at the rate of eight hundred new rooms yearly, is typical of this determination. The severely plain exteriors are by no means displeasing, primarily because they are so well proportioned and well built and secondarily because what might be monotonous austerity

is relieved by an occasional recessed window, by vividly painted casement frames, by the amenities of window boxes and even roof gardens or balconies. The interiors, with their well-lighted halls and corridors, with their self-service lifts, are arranged in flats of varying sizes with modern conveniences of every kind, usually including a dumb-waiter from the central kitchen, from which residents may order hot meals at a price which brings such a convenience within their salary range.

The working men's sections, with their various co-operative houses, are remarkable. The high standard of order and cleanliness immediately apparent in the sidewalks, entrances, and inner courtyards is repeated inside where, although the occupant may have only two rooms, those rooms are properly lighted, ventilated, and scrubbed. He has running water and electric lights, and the beloved steam bath is within easy reach both literally and financially. People who speak of the low standard of living in Finland may be interested to learn that not even in the poorest section of the city, not in the most desolate hamlet of the provinces, are there the squalor, destitution, and filth such as disgrace most countries with a "high" standard of living. A working man in Helsinki may have to work hard and so may his wife and all his children. They cannot afford a car; they cannot afford table luxuries or fine clothes or paid entertainments. But they can live in cleanliness and quiet and self-respecting decency, and they do.

It is interesting to note, in this connexion, that the first municipally built, owned, and managed housing project in the United States was opened in December 1935.

In summer their children can play in parks which, in winter, are flooded and frozen for skating. During sunny days in

warm weather one half the population of the city goes to the municipal bathing beaches, of which there are seven, all made from sand dredged from the ocean floor, since the natural shore is rocky. Here one can check the littlest children in a nursery on the sands and use the most scientifically sanitary bath house for the price of a mark, which is less than three cents.

With all these aids to thrifty and healthful existence one is reluctant to admit that there are also hospitals, charitable institutions and, alas, prisons. But even Helsinki is still on the sinful earth, and old age and misfortune, death and disease, must still be reckoned with. The reckoning is handsomely met.

The poorhouse, with architecture and a standard of maintenance superior to many an American college, is almost an inconsistency in the social scheme. Should working people be taxed so that non-working people, even if they are old, may loll in rose gardens like guests at a fashionable resort? Should unfathered children be nurtured in such a way that when they leave the orphanage with its immaculate play rooms and open-air galleries and up-to-date equipment they are unprepared for sterner simplicity? Should hospitals be so excellent and so cheap that patients come from England and even from across the Atlantic to enjoy their advanced treatment and their moderate prices and incidentally add to the city's statistics of sickness and mortality? One answer to these questions is that the board of directors for the city of Helsinki manages these multifarious things so efficiently that they usually emerge with a surplus. In 1934 the surplus was five hundred and seventy million marks.

Neither are all the charities supported by the central gov-

ernment or the city. There are many private bequests. One of these is the Flower Foundation, a home for aged gentlefolk, which was started and is being continued by contributions of money which would otherwise have been spent on funeral flowers. This idea, which began to appeal to people about fifteen years ago, is materializing in a house which will accommodate forty people—to the disgust, it must be granted a justifiable disgust, of the florists.

The consideration of the city board and the genius and ingenuity of the architects are not confined to purely utilitarian projects. To be sure, the sewage disposal plant at one end of the city is of the most advanced Imhoff design, but at the other end of the city is another building in recognition of other needs. In the Lallukka House musicians and actors can obtain the kind of quarters they should have both for working and for normal living at about a third the rent they would have to pay elsewhere.

This admirable block, founded by nine million marks left by Mr. Lallukka, is arranged with forty-six studio apartments plus certain common rooms—not only a central kitchen, club dining-room, assembly hall, and garden courts, but also with carpenter shops where the painter may make his own frames or the sculptor his own stands, and suitable storage rooms for marble and clay and canvas. That it is charming, in its rose-and-grey hallway, in its apartments, some with balconies opening into the living-room, some with ingeniously placed skylights, might be taken for granted. That it is so convenient and so inexpensive is characteristic of a city which decorates its parks more frequently with statues of poets and writers of fairy tales than with those of soldiers and politicians.

For sentiment is as much a part of the Finnish nature as



practicality, and to it they have dedicated one of the rarest sites of their capital city. Nowhere in northern Europe will one find a more idealistic location or a more tender feeling for the last dwelling place of all.

The terraces of the cemetery overlook the sea, and such exquisite care enwraps every grave, rakes and patterns every walk, binds up every fern and flower, that even those who come there with aching hearts must feel that

*Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast. . . . Nothing but well and fair  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.*

How shall one define the calming rationality of this place? Such rich lilies and fuchsias bloom in many a graveyard; grass is clipped and raked and swept, sanded paths are pressed into designs in many a necropolis. But in this high sanctuary nothing suggests the ostentation of the world or even its grief. The monuments are to the dead; to them belongs this last terrestrial holding. Upon their headstone a star followed by a date symbolically marks their birth and, with equal symbolism, a cross, with a date, their death. Upon many stones are engraved the profession—doctor, engineer, chemist, soldier—acknowledgment of the life work as well as the life span of the one who is buried below. It seems the righteous if not the religious appraisal.

And if, in summer, emotion is heightened by flowers of tropical size and colour, how must it be on Christmas Eve when, as soon as it begins to grow dusk, thousands of candles are lighted on hundreds of trees, and those who are still busy with the affairs of this life leave them for a few hours to gather in memory of those who have finished with such affairs?

Perhaps it is sentiment which gives the place its atmosphere. Perhaps it is the sober realization of each individual that to his name will also be accorded the same pious and perpetual care. Perhaps it is the deep moral consciousness that neither flowers nor candles are the brightest illumination of any grave, but that

*Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.*

It is inevitable that any discussion of the architecture of Finland should include mention of civic policies, popular sentiment, municipal organization, and so forth, for what makes the present-day building so good is the practical adaptation to the present needs of the people. The co-operative shops and mills and factories and warehouses are obviously and successfully functional. But their function is conditioned by the whole system of co-operation. These buildings of poured concrete, of brick and granite, which might appear coldly impersonal and baldly utilitarian are, in reality, as intimate an expression of a twentieth-century race of frugal and industrious workers as Versailles was the expression of seventeenth-century French taste and civilization.

When Saarinen won the second prize for the Chicago Tribune Building in 1924 with a design which was to affect subsequent skyscraper architecture in America, the committee on award's statement is more than an encomium on one man. In a sense, it sums up Finnish genius at this point of architectural history. "Only one foreign design," said the committee, "stands out as possessing surpassing merit, and this truly wonderful design did not come from France, Italy, or England, the recognized centres of European culture, but from the little northern nation of Finland. . . . The Finnish designs

express a unity of composition, a grasping of the problem as a whole, which was not achieved by any of the other foreign competitors nor by any of the American ones, but this unity of composition and truthful expression of the plan have been qualities which have brought about the unanimous decision of the Jury."

One well-developed phase of the functionalism of the new architecture in Finland is its adaptation to the climate. In a land of heavy snows, roofs are a serious consideration. Windows tend to contract their icy expanse of glass. A building which has forty days more of freezing weather on one side than on the other must plan its balconies accordingly; dark colors wear better in the snow. Finally, the use of native materials gives characteristic distinction, especially the superb granite—grey, pink, and rose—lending itself to the various treatments of rough quarrying, hammering, and polishing.

It is easier for conservatives to admire functionalism in a sulphate pulp mill than in a church, for tradition has a way of biasing taste. But there is one building in Helsinki which incorporates all the requirements of a new age as regards use of native materials, adaptation to climate, and the practical housing of a democratic body, in such a way that offends no inherited sentiment and satisfies the most modern necessities. The Diet Building, designed by J. S. Sirén (1931), is unquestionably one of the most beautiful modern buildings in Europe, and to see it is, alone, worth a trip to Finland.

A little to the west of the railway station, more elegant in form and in the coursing and finish of its paler granite, it concedes to ornamentation in a shallow colonnade, throwing interesting shadows across the façade. The perfect proportions of the exterior—a granite cube upon a block of living

granite—are set forth with the solidity of ancient Egypt, classic Greece, and modern Finland. The interior, with its State Hall, its committee rooms, offices, lobbies, coffee- and smoking-rooms, and restaurant is the ultimate word in practical modernity, even to the electric voting button on the desk of each member of the Diet. But the extraordinary quality of the building is a crystalline radiance which infuses it from the polished marble of the floors to the translucent ring of glass in the dome of the assembly hall. Corridors like tunnels cut through clear ice; ceilings enamelled with the glittering blue-green of the frozen sea; chandeliers pendant like dripping icicles; frosty traceries of chromium and brass balustrades—these are as imaginative as *Kubla Khan*, although how such wildly poetic analogy is suggested by a building pruned to utmost severity is Sirén's secret.

In the Diet Building we have the supreme example of the new architecture of Finland: practicality concentrated in an icy magic—a magic like that of the moon when she “walks the night in her silver shoon,” glancing on the “silver fruit upon silver trees,” on doves in silver-feathered sleep, on silver fish motionless in silver streams.

CHAPTER II

SIBELIUS AND THE MUSIC  
OF FINLAND

IT is as impossible to think of Finland without music as to think of it without pine trees and lakes. The power of harmonious sound and rhythm to recreate life was symbolized as long ago as the *Kalevala*. There is no more hypnotizing passage in the whole epic than that which describes how the hero, whose magic was the magic of melody, sang so enchantingly that he transformed his gilded sledge into a lake, his whip into a reed, his horse into a stone.

*Then he sang his sword, gold-hilted,  
To a lightning-flash in heaven,  
And his ornamented crossbow,  
To a rainbow o'er the water,  
And he sang his feathered arrows  
Into hawks that soar above him;  
And his dog, with upturned muzzle,  
Stands a stone in earth embedded.*

*From his head, his cap, by singing,  
Next became a cloud above him,  
From his hands, his gloves, by singing,*

*Next were changed to water-lilies,  
And the blue coat he was wearing,  
Floats a fleecy cloud in heaven,  
And the handsome belt that girt him,  
In the sky as stars he scattered.*

If Finland's mythological hero metamorphosed actual objects by song, a living magician has reversed the process quite as miraculously. For the songs in Finland's brooks, the tongues in her trees, the symphonies in her stones, and the orchestral colouring of her Northern Lights have been immortally embodied in the purest music created in our generation, composed by the greatest symphonic writer since Beethoven.

While genius refuses to acknowledge geographical or racial boundaries, while it transcends any definition of nationalism, nevertheless it is fitting that the composer who is most highly honoured in the world of music today is from a country which has centuries of musical tradition behind it, and is in the most creative stage of its cultural ambition.

Jean Julius Christian Sibelius, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated on December 8, 1935, still lives in his quiet Villa Ainola in the parish of Tuusula, thirty miles from Helsinki, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, his wife and neighbours of a lifetime. Villa Ainola is built of logs, as are so many country houses in this region, and it is as unpretentious as any other comfortable and cultivated Finnish home. Neither it nor its master is accessible to all the world all the time. But when they are accessible, they extend a friendly hospitality unaffected by Olympian airs. For Sibelius has no need of the idiosyncrasies which lesser men create to extend their reputation or bolster up their personalities. His private life, with a gifted and devoted wife, with his grace-

ful daughters, with the friends who have loved him since boyhood, is really private. Neither does he care to discuss his music, leaving it to speak for itself. For Sibelius is a man's man, toiling at musical composition with an artist's dedication to perfection and with none of the egotism of a bohemian or the vanity of a *matinée* idol.

The facts of his life are easily ascertainable. He is well born, all of his ancestors for the last one hundred and fifty years having been physicians, lawyers, merchants, or landowners—four Finnish, nine Swedish, eighteen Finnish citizens of Swedish extraction, and one German. His childhood was fortunate: in the winter living in town, in the summer in the country. His grandmother's house typified the old culture: the white sofas and chairs and gilt-framed mirrors of the Gustavian era, and the spinet on which his grandmother and her two sisters played Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. In the country he became acquainted with Finnish speech and Finnish customs, and he attended a Finnish school at Hämeenlinna. One of his aunts taught him to play the piano, and he began early to compose childish pieces. He was given a violin and was so enamoured of it that after passing his examinations for the university (1885) he went to the Academy of Music with the idea of becoming a violinist. However, after studying in Berlin and Vienna for several years, he definitely concentrated upon composition, and at the first concert he conducted in 1892, only his own works were performed.

While he was still a young man the government pensioned him so that he could devote himself to composition. The pension was not large, and Sibelius has had his share of thin living. But he has had the extraordinary satisfaction of knowing

that what he was doing was appreciated by his own people. And he has been enabled to continue in it.

Sibelius's music is heard everywhere in Finland. His picture is everywhere. It is odd to hear a name destined to be included in all future musical history spoken by neighbours and kinsfolk with the affection of long association. "He is such a dear," they say simply. It is impressive to see the living man with whose head and face and figure we are familiar through portraits in oil, through busts in bronze and granite, as if he were already an immortal. What a head it is! Massive, dome-like! What eyes—large and grey, childlike and kindly! A mobile mouth and a personality that is immediately winning, so blended in it are strength and delicacy and disarming humanness.

But agreeable as these personalities are, the thing about Sibelius which is of legitimate and permanent interest is what he has done. What has he done? He has produced a prodigious amount of music—more than any other modern composer—his compositions bearing opus numbers already running to more than one hundred and twenty-five in addition to some fifty works without numbers, published or in manuscript. Altogether they include every known form of composition. Besides the symphonies—by which he is, properly, best known—there are songs, symphonic poems, piano and violin pieces, an opera, which was not a success, and the incidental music to several plays, notably the musical illustration for *The Tempest*, which was first performed in 1926 in the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen.

It is difficult to classify his works, for besides their volume they have followed each other not in self-conscious develop-



ment and logical succession, but pell-mell—the “Valse Triste,” which has suffered too great popularity, following the second symphony, and the fourth symphony totally underivative of the third. Trivial pieces tread on the heels of masterpieces, so fast they follow, and unlike a timid man, too unsure of his reputation to sign and publish some pretty trifle, Sibelius flings them forth with the prodigality of genius oblivious to pedants and critics.

It is, however, in his symphonies that his greatness is revealed.

When Theodore Thomas in Chicago and Wilhelm Gericke in Boston introduced Sibelius's second symphony in 1904, it was received without enthusiasm. When Karl Muck introduced the first symphony in 1907 the cordiality of the audience was tempered by reservations. Today audiences are sufficiently educated to enjoy the second and to accept the first as an epochal creation. But the five later symphonies, incomparably superior and the fruit of Sibelius's mature genius, are still incomprehensible to many concert-goers. The originality of the composer, and the simplification which he has steadily developed in opposition to over-lush orchestration, have inevitably placed his most abstract works beyond contemporary popularity. However, thoughtful and perceptive musicians have recognized that Sibelius took up the symphony where Beethoven left it and has carried it forward into the twentieth century by right of direct succession.

His first two symphonies belong to the nineteenth century just as Beethoven's first two belong to the eighteenth. Both men, in their later development, although one hundred years apart in time, have held to the same conception of the scope and genius of music. Their symphonies defy analysis, refusing

to be translated into the foreign medium of descriptive prose. The matter, the substance, and the form are indistinguishable, being an infinite expression of transcendental mysticism guided by a fine craftsmanship. They stand as perfect examples of pure music, analogous to pure mathematics, to be sensed and understood only by those who understand or intuitively grasp the language of pure music.

For years writers have played up the fallacy that the music of Sibelius is sombre and gloomy in the extreme, full of morbid introspection, shot through with Nordic inhibitions crying out, with Oswald, for a glimpse of the sun. Although Brahms said that "writing a symphony is no laughing matter," the symphonies of Sibelius, especially the third and the fifth, are full of laughter and the refreshing gaiety of the ice and snow and the sports of winter. If Sibelius has been called the "saga-man" of the symphony, it should not, therefore, be denied that often we feel in his music the excitement of another figure older than any "saga-man" who, seated in his sleigh drawn by reindeers with bells tinkling, races down the frozen lakes and through the Christmas-tree forests of Finland, his face aglow with the light of the stars and with enough laughing matter aboard for all.

In a world racked and divided by nationalistic movements, music remains blessedly international, and this is peculiarly true of Sibelius who, although he has used the literary themes of the *Kalevala*, has never consciously used folk songs in his compositions. What national idiom he has employed is based upon a profounder source: nature itself. Finland can be proud of him because, embodying the spirit of his native land and honouring its national epic, he transcends provinciality.

And she can be proud of herself for her attitude not only in

regard to this one conspicuous genius but to music and musicians in general. For Sibelius is not an isolated phenomenon in a void. He is the chief figure in a worthy procession of composers, in a land exceptionally responsive to music and exceptionally well endowed with musicians and audiences of cultivated taste.

Of the musicians certain names are well known to concert-goers outside of Finland. Selim Palmgren was at one time the head of the piano department in the Eastman Conservatory of Music in Rochester, N. Y., and his choral songs and piano concerti and other piano pieces are favourites with many Americans. Armas Järnefelt, of that gifted family whose name appears and reappears in any mention of Finnish painting, literature, and diplomacy, was for years operatic conductor at the Court of Stockholm, and is now conductor of the Finnish opera in Helsinki. His choral pieces and songs, written in a gentler, more lyrical strain than those of Sibelius, and his warmly coloured orchestral works, are loved by many besides his countrymen. Although Oskar Merikanto was associated with the Finnish opera both as a conductor and composer—he was the first to use a Finnish libretto—he is more familiar abroad through his popular songs in the folk-song idiom. Erkki Melartin has worked in every form, from the fairy play music of his youth to opulent orchestral composition—operatic, symphonic, and chamber music. Ilmari Krohn is the accepted authority in scholarly matters as well as a composer of choral works and songs and of the first Finnish oratorio *Treasure Everlasting* and the opera *The Flood*.

Behind this procession of admirable composers and musicians, which extends backward to the German-born Frederik

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Pacius (1809-91), who composed the national anthem and is referred to as the father of Finnish music, and forward to Otto Andersson, whose singing society in Turku is famous throughout Scandinavia—and which is crowded by dozens of present-day composers and performers of talent—hangs a richly woven tapestry of historical background.

For the Finns have played on the kantele for two thousand years, their tuneful *joiku* have rung through the air of immemorial winters, and their folk songs, spirituals, and dance melodies have become an inextricable part of their musical heritage.

The study of Finnish folk music was taken up by the Finnish Society of Literature which commenced a complete publication of folk melodies (1892-1912). Those with doric sixths and æolic sevenths are well represented, but the work, unfortunately, was interrupted and those melodies of which the majority end on a dominant have not yet been published.

Interesting as the investigation and gathering of folk songs has been, Professor Ilmari Krohn points out that Finnish music derives more definitely from sacred than from secular sources. In fact, elements of style in many of the folk melodies may be traced to medieval church music. This does not mean that the church was the sole origin of these elements. Undoubtedly the knight songs and dance songs which secular minstrels brought to the castles of the nobles and to the rural festivities of the peasant have affected Finnish folk music—particularly the dance-like metrical rhythm which characterizes the popular composition. But it does mean that with the manuscript of Neumes, from the end of the eleventh century, up through the Roman Catholic hymn books of the medieval

period, the history of Finnish music definitely begins. The ritual of the church was brilliant, and its effect upon the music-loving Finns was profound and vivifying.

The *Piæ Cantiones* (Latin Songs of the bishops and heads of churches in Finland) were printed in Finnish translation in 1616 and lived on the lips of the people until the close of the eighteenth century. They were sung in the original Latin in certain schools until the middle of the nineteenth. The conversion and martyrdom of the English-born Saint Henrik seems to have provided inexhaustible literary and musical material, and in the latter half of the thirteenth century a complete Latin officium in the liturgy was composed in his honour. This was performed on the day of his death (on his "birthday," in the ecclesiastical language of the Roman Catholic Church). On the basis of this officium a more comprehensive Henrik legend was written at Turku toward the close of the fifteenth century, and afterward Finnish folk poesy took up the story.

These ancient relics are preserved in manuscripts similar to late medieval manuscripts on the Continent and elsewhere. The Gothic minuscule style changes to the missal style and to the cursive in the larger liturgical works. There are letters in red and blue and green and occasionally yellow, with decorations and miniatures and illuminated initials.

Even after the Reformation, which wrought such havoc in other fields of art, a love of the old church music persisted. This interest was not confined to the ordinarium, which has been liturgically preserved to the present day. The proprium was also rescued, and an introitus collection of 1605 contains scores and melodies adapted to the words of the Finnish translation.

This tapestried background, in which the warp of folk song is woven across the web of medieval sacred music, hangs behind not only the procession of Finnish musicians, living and dead, but also behind the musical life of Finland today.

That life is an exceedingly flourishing one. The opera, housed in the old Russian theatre in Helsinki, from September 1 to June 1; the annual Summer Musical Festival at Savonlinna; the concerts every other Sunday afternoon in winter in Conservatory Hall in Helsinki; the Wednesday-evening popular concerts given by the Municipal Orchestra—all of these are enthusiastically attended and supported.

They are supported not only because the Finnish people are "naturally musical," but because for centuries they have been educated to contribute to music, either by performance or appreciation. As long ago as 1556 Duke John maintained a small orchestra, and by the seventeenth century Turku had town musicians who formed a guild. In 1640 the University of Turku gave courses in music and sponsored musical research. Concerts have been fashionable since Gustavus III started them, and festivals of song have been popular for half a century.

Tradition, taste, and training have led logically to the present power of those who create music in Finland and to the enthusiasm and discrimination of those who listen to it.

CHAPTER III

WRITERS, READERS, AND  
ACTORS

TUOMAS. And now to reading, now a-b-c book in hand and the alphabet in our heads even if it has to be hammered there with a mallet.

JUHANI. Hard work conquers even the worst of luck. Ay, if we once start on the job, we'll stick to it with clenched teeth. But the matter needs thinking over, wisely and from the roots upward.

AAPO. We're going to try, for it is a mighty matter. Note: If we cannot read, even a lawful wife is forbidden fruit for us.

—*Seven Brothers*, by Alexis Kivi.

NINE years before this scene, the seven brothers—their age already ranging from eighteen to twenty-five—all of them as stout as stumps, had chanted the alphabet as it was read aloud to them in the parish clerk's day room, and then, their a-b-c books in their paws, strove until the sweat of effort poured down their round heads, to read even a single word. Only five of the seven sat on the benches around the table. Juhani and Timo stood in the corner of shame with their hair, which had been recently

clutched and yanked by the parish clerk's muscular fist, sticking up in tangles.

For two days the exasperated parish clerk had roared at them and pummelled them, and in spite of it all Juhani and Timo were still at the letter A while the others were not much better. Only Eero, the youngest, had left the alphabet and was working at spelling. It was evening and they were all nipped by raging hunger, for the parish clerk had, as a last desperate measure, locked their lunch bags away from them. At last he broke off the lesson with a shout:

Stop now and eat, you wooden horses, champ like browsing goats in a garden. But remember, after this meal not a crumb of food shall pass your lips until the alphabet is in your heads, you hard-headed bulls.

But if the parish clerk's system of pedagogy was hardly according to Montessori, his pupils' response was equally untrammelled by modern notions. The minute they were left alone they smashed the window, leapt out and ran.

The pebbles rattled in the ditches, clumps of soil flew high into the air, and soon one after the other they were lost to view in a dense grove of alders. Then the parish clerk, the picture of awful rage, burst in, waving a stout bamboo stave. In a high-pitched, screaming voice he called the truants, but in vain. Out on the other side of the alder-grove dashed the brothers; onward over a stony, rock-bestrewn strip of ground they ran, onward through a thick belt of juniper, onward through the rectory's big, reed-edged meadow, over a wide, echoing clearing, until they stood on the sandy road under Sonnimäki's sloping side. Up the cobbly slope they strode, and reaching the ridge, decided to pitch their camp at the foot of some pines, on ground covered with heather; and soon the smoke of their fire was wafted among the tree-tops.



For nine years the seven brothers hunt, fish, tell each other long stories, drink and bellow and roar and whack each other as they sweat and shout in their primitive steam bath. Their robust adventures fill one of the most gorgeous books that has even been translated into English. Not until they have learned to wrest their lives from wild animals, their living from the stubborn land, and their own natures from barbarism do they return to their a-b-c books, determined at last to "take the manly step" even although they still occasionally become so enraged with the business that they thrash their teacher, who is no other than Eero the youngest. All of this enters into the galloping, gigantic novel of Alexis Kivi, the greatest literary genius and humorist Finland has produced.

Whoever wants an introduction to the lusty laughter, the savagery and poetry of the elemental Finn will find it here.

Alexis Kivi died a hundred years ago, so the story deals with the strength, the sternness, the rough jokes, the lovely allegories of a pioneer era. The seven brothers are blood kin to Cadmus and Beowulf, Tom Jones, and Huckleberry Finn—shaggy, roistering heroes subduing untamed forests and wild bulls and finally their own wild hearts. The translation of this unique classic by Alex Matson is a triumph in itself, retaining the fun and colloquialisms so difficult in translation.

The *Seven Brothers* was the first fiction of any importance to be written in the Finnish language. Its author had not been a success at the university. Ignoring the Swedish poets, he read Cervantes and Shakespeare, and went back to a one-room cabin in the country determined to write in Finnish about Finnish peasants. His magnificent *Seven Brothers* was the result. There were other results, one of them being that he died in poverty in a madhouse, and the other that an im-

pressive monument to him which has just been completed by Väinö Aaltonen will probably be placed in the Railway Square.

The same translator, Alex Matson, has shown the same admirable artistry in his translation of Sillanpää's *Fallen Asleep While Young*, to give it the title under which it appeared in England, a title more expressive than its American one, *The Maid Silja*.

Sillanpää's story of Silja, a lovely and young country girl, is one of those exquisite novels in which the elemental heats of Nature, rising like steam, gradually radiate into ethereal mists. The raw commands of life, the smells and sensations of the flesh and the earth which nourishes it, dissolve in spiritual ecstasy. Other writers have evoked this vapour, but it is Sillanpää's distinction to have distilled it into the moony rays of a Finnish summer night, into the resignation of a Finnish maiden's soul. As we turn the pages of the poignant chronicle, the rays so pierce our hearts that we cannot be quite sure whether we are being agonized or assuaged. The opening pages of this masterpiece give the pitch and tenor of a book which should delight many more readers than have yet discovered it.

Death came to Silja, a young and beautiful country girl, a week or so after Midsummer Day, when summer is still fresh and new. In view of her station in life, she died a fairly decent death. For although she was but a fatherless and motherless farm-maid, with no other relatives either, to whom she could turn for aid, and although she had had to be cared for by others for some time, at least she had not been dependent on charity. Thus her life escaped even that slight tinge of ugliness. On the Kierikka farm, where she was then in service, a tiny room adjoined the bath-house. There she was allowed to take up her quarters and thither her

food was brought, the scantiness of which was well justified in that she never ate it all. This humane treatment was in no way due to any special love for their fellow-men on the part of the Kierikka family, but rather to a kind of shiftlessness; the farm was in general not very well managed. Perhaps they had Silja's savings in mind. At any rate she had plenty of good clothes, which of course became the perquisite of the person who nursed her. The mistress had already shown a tendency to borrow Silja's clothes.

Silja, taking after her father in this, was particularly neat in her habits; she made that wretched hovel quite pretty. From it emerged the faint coughing that sounded through the ramshackle window as far as the grass of the yard, where the drab-faced Kierikka children spent their days. It was one of the little things that, with the grass and flowers, went to the making of life that summer in the Kierikka farmyard.

There, towards the end of her days, the girl was able to taste the incomparable joy of solitude. As her mood, according to the wont of consumptives, remained light to the end, this spring solitude was an admirable balm for her somewhat excited love. She was solitary only so far as human beings were concerned; sympathetic company, speechless, it is true, but all the more devoted, she had in abundance. The relative sunniness of the room and the twittering of the swallows nesting in the bath-house eaves gave her finer instincts admirable material for the creation of bright and happy fancies. Dread visions of death kept away until the end; indeed she hardly realized that it was the death so often heard of in life that now came to her. Death itself came at a moment when the speechless delights of her surroundings were at their tenderest and strongest. It came in the morning, just before five, the crowning moment of the sun and the swallows. The new-born day further chanced to be a Sunday, and at that hour there was nothing in the surroundings to spoil it.

Seen from the moment of death, the life of Man is like a brief, petrified vision, a kind of symbol evoking melancholy. Thus, Silja was twenty-two years old; she was born yonder, a score or

so miles to the north, and during her life she moved ever farther southward. From the incorporeal image that death always conjures forth as it were in the air near the scene of its presence, from that picture all inessential features are shed, until one might almost declare all patterns of human fate, in the light of that moment, to be pretty much of like value. In the after-death image of this maiden, which, to be sure, there was no one to absorb with his consciousness so early that Sunday, there was not much to shed. From its secret timeless beginning onward, the whole of her being, as life went by, had grown harmoniously together. A pure unbroken skin held it with elastic bonds in its own dark fastnesses, whence, to the close-held ear of a lover, had carried the beating of a heart, and his seeking eye caught a reflected glance. During her life she had not had time to be much more than a human being who smilingly fulfilled her fate. All that concerns Silja, now lying dead in the Kierikka bath-house, is for the most part ravishingly insignificant.

True, in the distance represented by the time around her birth, events are dimly discernible in which natural Fate moves on a bolder scale, having to set the luck of this dying breed on a new foundation for its closing phase. For Silja, be it remarked, was the last of her family. The extinction of such breeds of small fame is indeed observed of none; yet in the process are repeated the same melancholy main features as in cases of greater consequence.

It is fortunate that these two books, which are available to English readers, are so really excellent, for the list is short. Some of Johannes Linnankoski (Vihtori Peltonen) had been translated, but he has been more appreciated in France, where the language lends itself well to his clarity of emotion. To turn the pages of *The Blood-Red Flower* or *Fugitifs* (this latter is not available in English) is to smell the fragrance of the pines, to see the lakes dreaming under the moon, to hear the wheat fields rippling in the summer wind. Trees are felled; logs float down the river; men and women hope and suffer and

accept their destiny like the rocks and the trees, like the very earth itself, permeated by the sad sublimity of Nature's changing seasons and unchanging laws.

Jarl Hemmer's *A Fool of Faith*, which was awarded the first prize as the best novel in Swedish submitted to the Inter-Scandinavian Literary Contest in 1931, has recently appeared in translation and is the best picture of the Liberty War in Finland, with Reds and Whites destroying each other and their country, that English readers will be able to find. Jarl Hemmer was born in Finland, his father half Swede and half Hollander and his mother a Finn.

Of course there is the *Kalevala*, now in two volumes in the Everyman Library, but the average layman will probably never be persuaded that twenty-five thousand lines of eight-syllabled trochaic verse are enjoyable reading. As a matter of fact, they are; and even although Longfellow's rather poor imitation of Schiefner's German version in *The Song of Hiawatha* has made the rhythm tediously familiar to Americans, this is soon forgotten in the colour, speed, and imaginative flights of the various ballads.

And, of course, there is Runeberg, properly and primarily part of the classic background of Finland and available in Palmer and Magnusson's translation. But Runeberg's poems and ballads will never be widely read outside of Scandinavia, and even if they were, the foreigner would get an idea of Finland comparable to that of a Finn trying to understand modern England through Tennyson or the modern United States through John Greenleaf Whittier.

There are some early books not less fascinating to the collector for being difficult to get hold of, such as George Borrow's *Targum*, which is a volume of metrical translations from

thirty-five different languages, including two from the Finnish brought out in Petrograd in 1835, and two books by Joseph Acerbi, published for "Joseph Mawman in the Poultry," London. The former of these is *Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland to the North Cape in the Years 1798 and 1799*, and the latter is an *Account of Finland with Music of Traditional Finnish Songs and Dances*, published in London in 1799. Johannes Schefferus's *Account of Lapland*, which was written in Latin (1673), was translated into English and published at Oxford the following year "with curious copperplate engravings." *Scientific Expedition to Mt. Aavasaksa* (on the border of Lapland), by the French academician Maupertuis (1736), was also translated into English. John Murray brought out (1829) *A Winter in Lapland and Sweden with Various Observations Relating to Finmark and Its Inhabitants*, by Arthur de Capell Brooke, and the *Westminster Review* published (1827) the first account of the *Runes of Finland* to appear in English. This was by F. H. Bowring. Pinkerton's *Collection of Voyages* had an "Account of Lapland in 1681," translated by M. Reynard.

And one should not forget the astronomer Sigfrid Aronus Forcius, who compiled the first modern almanac. Forcius was born in Helsinki in 1560, and became the head professor of mathematics and astronomy at the University of Uppsala in Sweden. When the king of Sweden offered him any post he wished he said: "Sire, give me the smallest parish in your kingdom with the stars above." He was thereupon appointed (1613) Vicar of Ekenäs, which was the smallest parish in Finland. It was unfortunately so very small that the people in it were suspicious of the star-gazing stranger, and swore he was in league with the devil. They succeeded in having him tried

for witchcraft and imprisoned in a Swedish castle where he died, "the stars above" apparently not being as concerned about him as the people below.

A book, not about Finland, but in Swedish and by a Finn was *The Trip to North America* by Peter Kalm, who was a professor of natural history at the university of Turku, and who landed in Philadelphia in 1748 with a letter of introduction to Benjamin Franklin. He stayed two years and a half travelling through what is now New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and visited the Finnish settlement in Delaware, carrying back to Linnæus, whose pupil he was, a collection of seeds and plants and insects. His book, published in 1751, was translated into English, German, Dutch, and French and is still an authority on American colonial life.

Although the writings of these early scholars and travellers are interesting to collectors, there is one Finn who is known wherever there are children, and is beloved by all grown-ups, of no matter what country, who seek to re-enter the world of childhood. Zacharius Topelius is famous in Scandinavia for his series of historical novels, *Tales of the Barber-Surgeon*, which deal with the fortunes of Finland during the Thirty Years War. But to English readers he is known through the little deaf and dumb boy who could hear the silent speak, and hear the morning stars singing their praises to God; who could hear the voice of conscience gently commending him when he was diligent and weeping when he had been ungrateful.

Topelius is known for his grave description of the king of the trolls with a cape of white snow clouds, his eyes like a full moon when it rises over a mountain, his mouth like a cave, his beard like a cluster of icicles, his arms as thick as the largest pine, and his legs and feet like a coasting hill in winter.

If one wants homely fare, Topelius sets forth birch baskets filled with wild strawberries and brown bowls of bonnyclabber. If one craves more ethereal diet, there is a dew drop and a mosquito leg and a bit of frozen quicksilver, while the pretty reindeer are given golden oats out of a silver manger and the enchanted cows eat seaweed and need no tending.

The bird that sang to the pines and the birches nested in Topelius's own heart. The bluebells heard his voice and the reeds by their seashore listened to his song. His home was the great waste; the clouds his brother and sister; the pale heath his cradle; the song of the wind and the wave his lullaby. "And now, my dear children, the song and tales in this book come to you from Finland's woods and wastes, carried to you on the wind like the down from the willows and the poplars in spring. It hovers on the wing of a bird over flowers and grasses, with a feather from an angel left in that wing."

When Aapo in the *Seven Brothers* mentions that none of them may marry until he can read—a provision as true now as then—he is giving one reason why the illiteracy of Finland is less than one per cent. But literacy is not the same as love of reading. The Finns are passionate, omnivorous, and incessant readers. The long winter nights offer opportunity and the bookstores in every village offer books. It is no mere accident that the largest bookshop in Europe is in Helsinki. They read not only their own authors but upon the table in every educated home books in English, French, and German lie beside those in Finnish and Swedish.

Just as Sibelius, Merikanto, Krohn, Melartin, and Palmgren have all written operas, so many of the novelists—Kivi, Topelius, Minna Canth—have written plays which have become part of the national repertory.



Anything to do with the theatre is tremendously popular in Finland. There is probably no country on the globe which has so many stages in proportion to its population for, counting the "little" theatres with the professional, there are over three thousand in a country of three and a half million people.

There is, of course, the Swedish Theatre in Helsinki, built in 1863 with government support, and inclined toward light comedies and foreign operettas. And there is the National Finnish Theatre, receiving a local habitation and a name in the capital in 1902 and inclined toward more serious drama. There are three established Swedish theatres and a dozen Finnish ones in the provinces. There are innumerable theatre groups, amateur and semi-professional, putting on Shakespeare, O'Neill, Ibsen, and Pirandello as well as Finnish and Swedish plays.

Every Finn loves to act, and wherever he lives and whatever his other occupation, there is a stage for him to act on. This may be the out-of-doors theatre, holding over a thousand people, on a private estate, or it may be a tiny hall in some village where actors and audience—the farmer and his daughter, the labourer and his son—come on bicycles. The clerks in the co-operative store have their theatre, fashionable folk have their drama societies.

While the little theatre movement is widespread and well supported, it is the working-men's theatres which are the most remarkable. These vary in size from the handsome and completely equipped auditorium in the Working-Men's Building at Tampere—which seats nearly six hundred people, and four or five nights a week for ten months a year gives excellent performances of English, American, and Continental as well as native plays—to the hall in a village in the extreme north

with only a thousand inhabitants which, in one season, gave plays from Ibsen, Strindberg, Molière, and Tolstoi, finishing with thirty-six hundred marks in the cash box.

In these working-men's theatres, which are all over Finland, the majority of actors are amateurs under a professional director. Most of them are affiliated with a central organization which publishes an illustrated magazine, translates and edits plays, has general conferences, and assists the local directors. Usually they play two or three times a week, to audiences made up of the townspeople, and they have proved such definite centres of culture that the State now assists them with about two hundred and seventy thousand marks annually.

The Finns are an earnest people. They take the theatre seriously, just as they take reading seriously. Juhani, the oldest and thickest skulled of the seven brothers, is more than a figure of comedy. He is a symbol of the determination which drives every Finnish man, woman, and child to a mastery of the printed page.

Juhani balks for ten years at learning to read. It is no wonder, for this huge hirsute hero is by nature impatient and accustomed to getting through any task with the least possible delay. His method, for instance, of inviting a deaf old gaffer to a feast—"to a roaring riot"—is to begin "with all respect" calling him a "shameless old cross-patch, a great scoundrel and blackguard," then wondering what "devil's mush he shall next blow down his accursed ear," then yelling, "Come and drink ale till thy belly splits!" When the old man returns with spirit, "Go to Hell, thou!" Juhani is overjoyed. He fain would carry him to the merry feast—carry "him like a little baby, for my hairy bosom flashes sparks."

Juhani, obviously, is not the pallid student type. But even Juhani at last determines to read. His six younger brothers have all mastered the difficult task. They have closed their books and gone hunting. All alone,

Juhani sat in the cabin, stripped to his shirt and oozing sweat at the table's end, a-b-c book in hand. Greatly enraged and tearing his hair, he fingered his stout-leaved book. It often happened that, grinding his teeth with rage and almost shedding tears, he would bound up from his stool, snatch the chopping-block from its corner, lift it on high and dash it fiercely to the ground; and at such moments the cabin shook and the man's skimpy shirt fluttered. Thus he would pounce at intervals on the chopping-block; for only with much toil did the alphabet take root in the man's head. But he would always sit down again at the table corner and go through a stiff paragraph anew. And at last, as spring came round, he too knew his book from cover to cover; and with pride in his glance could close it.

After a hundred years the humour of Alexis Kivi is still buoyant. His analysis of the resolute persistence and the respect for knowledge which is part of the Finnish character will be true in another hundred.

CHAPTER IV  
ARS LONGA

**I**N a country which is half water and half land, with constantly shifting light effects; in a country where the brief summer is passionately loved, and the long winter valiantly understood; and in a country where everyone is familiar with these things and even the city dwellers are never divorced in sentiment or actuality from out of doors, it is to be expected that painting should deal largely with landscape and seascape, with scenes of forest and farm, with the radiance of "white nights," with the faces and forms of men and women who build log cabins, rowboats, and fell trees. Of course Finnish painting is not confined to such material. But the foreigner's appreciation of much of it is enhanced by his appreciation of the countryside which it reflects.

The brief but worthy history of Finnish painting may be traced in the Athenæum, and while only those who happen to have a special interest in the subject will follow it in detail, anyone who seeks a more sympathetic acquaintance with Finland will enjoy a few of the major artists.

These are all moderns, and they were preceded by the usual

copyists, experimenters, and schools. For Finnish painting began with portraits of the Swedish nobility and careful studies of the old masters, and proceeded to the Primitives who had their origin in the Swedish epoch and received their early training in Sweden. When R. V. Ekman (1808-73), who was a court painter in Stockholm, caught the fire of the Nationalist movement and decided to return to Finland and to do for painting what Snellman was doing for politics and Lönnrot and Runeberg for literature, he marked a point in the history of Finnish art, even if his contemporaries grew a little tired of his generalizations, and posterity was to decide that he was more commendable as a patriot than as a painter.

Strolling through the Athenæum one hardly needs a guide to follow the course of events. Gifted young Finns went abroad to complete their education—to Copenhagen, Rome, Düsseldorf, and Paris. Some of them were assisted by the Finnish Art Union, that truly admirable organization which was founded in 1846 and undertook to buy pictures, to establish one school in Helsinki and another in Turku, and found a gallery in the Capitol—ambitious responsibilities such as are usually assumed by the State in wealthier countries.

The Finns who went to Düsseldorf studied with the Norwegian, Hans Gude; and Holmberg's and Munsterhjelm's romantic landscapes in the grand manner, their oil colours a little darkened with time, take up huge expanses of wall space, just as in similar national museums the world over. After them come the Impressionists, the neo-Impressionists, and post-Impressionists, quite as in Paris, London, and New York, with here and there individuals of unclassified and fugitive charm—their names so bewildering to English-

reading eyes and so paralysing to English-speaking tongues that it is profitless to enumerate them.

It is fortunate that the first painter to win general recognition has a name that is pronounceable. Albert Edelfelt's portrait of Pasteur—he is standing in a short brown coat, an experiment card in his left hand, a phial containing a fragment of rabic marrow in his right, his forehead lined, his eyes fixed in painful concentration—is famous the world over. Edelfelt sketched it in Pasteur's laboratory while the great scientist went in and out, paying no attention to the artist or to anything but his own profound affairs. It is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable subject and by it Edelfelt will be known to countless people who study the original in the Louvre and who may never journey to Finland to see his other portraits or many other brilliant studies, *en plein air*—he was a student of Bastien Lepage—or his "story pictures," whose reproductions will be perennially popular in Finnish homes. Some of these are old-fashioned enough, but the rowboat with its peasant mourners and a child's little coffin, his fisherfolk carrying oars and a mast and a furled sail to the sea, his pretty Queen Blanche with her little son, and his wicked Duke Charles at the bier of Claes Fleming will continue to win the affection of the great rank and file who frankly like to understand just what a picture depicts, and who are not ashamed to be pleased by Edelfelt's radiant idealism—which he came by interestingly enough, being related to Swedenborg.

Eero Järnefelt is also assured of being beloved for his tender and gentle spirit and his wistful fidelity to national sentiment. Reproductions and copies of his "Burnbeaters" will, like Edelfelt's Queen Blanche, long continue to hang in Finnish homes

since the subject, peasants clearing the forests by burning, is full of meaning for all Finns. His mural decorations in the second-class waiting-room of the railway station may tempt many who usually shy clear of galleries to step across the Square to the Athenæum and see other works of his, among them his portrait of Mathilda Wrede as a young woman, her earnest face already graven with the idealism which was to dedicate her life to prisoners and the poor. Sailo's portrait bust of her, also in the Athenæum, depicts the same features twenty years later—sterner, surer, and not so sad in the experience of maturity as it was in the prevision of youth.

It is, however, Gallen Kallela's great canvases illustrating the *Kalevala* which will catch the attention of every visitor, for these strikingly simplified decorations convey with the firmness of classic tradition a masculine modernism which is distinctly Finnish. His almost explosive enthusiasm applied to the wild and archaic legends immediately drew attention to Gallen Kallela when they were exhibited in the Finnish pavilion at the World's Exposition in Paris in 1900. Although he has experimented successfully in various fields of art, this powerful and original series are what are associated with his name in the public mind. (Incidentally, one notes that he has changed the Swedish spelling of his name, Axel Gallen, to the Finnish, Akseli Gallen Kallela.)

In an inconspicuous side room of the Athenæum are rows of Hugo Simberg's water colours—small, delicately blasphemous, and utterly captivating. Mortality masquerades and dances with girls on a pier; sanctimonious fork-tailed imps defy a school-marm; Death and the Devil ride disguised as passengers in a rowboat, their telltale backs unseen by the oarsman who faces them; malevolent little lambs and lamb-

like little devils frolic wickedly as Simberg, a pupil of Gallen Kallela, presents his fantastic conception of Death and his deadly conception of Fantasy. With his angels and corpses, sprites and clergymen, landscapes which are symbols of emotional states, and figures which are bewitched personifications of the elements, Simberg is startling, witty, and sad. In his more ambitious work, such as the frieze of naked boys carrying a rope of thorns and roses encircling the gallery of the church of St. John at Tampere and his "Wounded Angel," his allegory is more obvious. However, he reverts to his unregenerate self even in the shadow of Lutheranism. For in the same church, cassocked, fleshless forms cultivate with grinning solicitude strange flowers in a Garden of Death. One thinks of Edelfelt as a conservative aristocrat of the Swedish tradition, of Gallen Kallela as a fermenting exponent of Finnish culture. But with Simberg one is reminded of a more distant world, the world of mystics; of a less tortured Arosenius, a more playful Ryder, a more macabre Blake in whose garden, not of Death but of Love

*. . . priests in black gowns were walking their rounds  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.*

And yet, in a way, Simberg may be classified in the history of Finnish painting, for humour and symbolism and caricature are increasingly apparent in the progress from the von Wrights' meticulously painted stuffed birds and Lindholm's and Jansson's lyrical rusticities. Magnus Enckell, who was to swing from asceticism to an exuberance of colour, yields to this symbolism in his "Death" in the form of a hag stalking over the snow amid famine and desolation. Tyko Sallinen's rhythmic groups, collapsing and cavorting through their re-



vival meetings, thumping and whirling through their country dances, Marcus Collin's squat grotesques, and above all Juho Rissanen's sardonic jocularities are all tremendously Finnish.

It is logical that this same crude robustness should be carried over into the allied field of sculpture, particularly sculpture in wood. Such art has been the specialty of Finland ever since the mythological Laplander carved his mythological crossbow so that

*At its back a horse was standing,  
On the stock a foal was running,  
On the curve a sleeping woman,  
At the catch a hare was couching.*

Wood sculpture is, indeed, so universally practised that a great deal of it is pretty bad, as is proved by the bas reliefs in this material which depict native scenes of the steam bath, hunting the bear, and so forth, and which crowd the shop windows. But at its best wood sculpture can be an art, and it is an art in certain of Eemil Halonen's reliefs which were exhibited at the Exposition in Paris and in Hannes Autere's rollicking wooden pictures.

Much more than the pretty marbles of Ville Vallgren and the conventional statues of Walter Runeberg of the Thorwaldsen school, sculpture in native granite is characteristic of modern Finland, and Väinö Aaltonen, who is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1894, has made himself pre-eminent in it. Aaltonen's work in traditional materials is well known: the heroic Nurmi poised in swift movement and in perfect balance on one fleet foot, is in bronze; his "Wader" is in marble with an almost misty treatment of its surface. But it was with his huge granite sculpture of a kneeling naked man with a helmet in his hands—a

memorial at Savonlinna to those who died in the War of Liberation—that he announced his mastery over an unusual and difficult medium. With his “Granite Boys,” his monumental “Black-Granite Girl” (both in the Athenæum), his smaller feminine heads of melancholy grace, and his masculine portrait busts he has placed himself on a level of distinction which extends far beyond the borders of Finland. Egyptian and Cubist influence have both had their effect on him, and the violence of his figures on the Tampere Bridge suggest exaggerations of Michelangelo. But now, as he grows surer in maturity, he is achieving a clarity and lightness which, in such stern rock, is extremely effective.

The Athenæum is the place to see pictures and sculpture, but for a general review of the applied arts and handicrafts and, above all, of Finland’s unique contribution to the textile arts, one must visit the National Museum of which Gesellius, Lindgren, and Saarinen were the successful architects.

The collections are so admirably arranged that by merely following his nose one walks through the stone age up and through modern times, and they are so rigidly selected and concentrated that the journey is without fatigue.

The very earliest weapons for killing, arrowheads and axes; the very earliest tokens of love-making, rugs and bracelets, bear testimony to the painstaking care with which the Finno-Ugrian ancestor of the present-day Finn applied himself to these two most important occupations. And we have to thank his stubbornness in pursuing his heathen burial customs long after he was supposed to be Christianized. For the weapons and decked corpses found in the graves give us vivid details of the intimate life and customs from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries. When Christianity did indeed establish it-

self it was with a display of ecclesiastical carving and painting, of sculpture and the engraving of precious vessels, and embroidering of sacred vestments quite worthy of the glory of Rome. Neither was such magnificence confined to the Church.

Those who think Finland has always been a land of austerity with few wealthy and none poor, need only glance around the rooms representing the Middle Ages. Here are the superb dishes and cooking utensils from which the nobility feasted. Here are the silk gowns the ladies wore, the fragile fans and inlaid ivory jewellery boxes, the glitteringly decorated tiled stoves, the mirrors, clocks, cabinets, and porcelains set off by redundant Dutch baroque. Between the reign of Frederick I and the middle of the eighteenth century, decoration simplified, and the lute lent elegance to the salon. Now English influence is felt in Hepplewhite wheat-ear designs; now the Gustavian mode is succeeded by that of Biedermeier, with mahogany pieces of graceful dignity. The whole history of Finland is set forth in this succession of exhibits. Even the Russian era is acknowledged by a golden chair throne on a crimson dais.

Nor are they confined to the aristocracy. One series represents the life of the scattered Finno-Ugrian race in other lands, throughout Europe and Siberia. The ethnological section is peopled with life-size models in authentic variety of national costumes, the wooden household tools—some of them delightfully carved and coloured—the agricultural and fishing implements. There are peasant interiors with their painted cupboards, naïvely carved chairs and chests—even the complete interior of a Karelian hut of a century ago—all so expertly arranged and displayed that they charm instead of exhausting the visitor.

However it is the rugs (*ryijy* in Finnish, *rya* in Swedish) which excel in liveliness, delicacy and, above all, in originality.

Rugs have been, of course, woven and used on floors and walls and beds in Scandinavia for centuries. What gives the Finnish rug its significance is its unbroken association with the life of all the people and its very real beauty. The value of these rugs seems to have been understood a long time ago. The oldest notice of one is found in a deed of purchase in 1495 in which the convent at Naantali took part. Castle inventories of the sixteenth century give details of the material, colours, patterns, and weights of the *ryijyt*, and we read of them being ordered for the royal court of Sweden at the time of Gustavus Vasa. Today modern girls weave them for their bridal chests, and ladies in their leisure hours adapt ancient patterns or evolve new ones with the date and their own name or initials or those of the person for whom the rug will be a gift and a for ever treasured possession.

These rugs resemble Anatolian carpets in one technical detail. In both weaves the tufts of yarn which cover the surface and form the pile are fastened to the warp by a "Smyrna knot." But where oriental rugs have only one or two threads, the Finnish have from ten to twenty. Ordinary modern oriental carpets have eight hundred to two thousand knots in a row, and Finnish between sixty-six and three hundred and four. In other words, the Finnish rug is looser and shaggier, a combination of qualities which gives shadow and depth to the colouring and softens the geometrical stiffness of the design.

Connoisseurs can trace the period, the place, even the social position of the weaver. For instance, in the eighteenth century not only the wives and daughters of the nobility and clergy

were engaged in this elegant avocation, but they employed peasant women to help them, and through these latter new patterns reached farm and croft and soldier's cottage. The Tree of Life was a favourite design in the medieval church tapestries and also in the samplers which hung upon the walls of gentlefolk in the sixteenth century. The Tulip design—similar to that in oriental rugs—is also very old and is varied by all sorts of personal innovations, such as two figures to represent the bride and groom, two hearts, a little house with a flowering path leading up to it in hopeful anticipation, with names and dates and small details which make each specimen unique. There are the basic geometric designs; the baroque, rococo, and neo-classic periods; Gustavian, romantic, sampler, and pictorial styles. The cross, the anchor, birds, wreaths, crowns, and garlands are incorporated and adapted, sometimes exquisitely and sometimes with delicious naïveté.

However, as in the embroidery of the Karelians in the east, it is not in its pattern or execution that this handicraft of the west primarily excels. It is in the extremely harmonious colouring, particularly of the antique specimens. Native plants were used for many tints and hues: club moss, bur marigold, camomile, Labrador tea, sweet gale, roots of bed straw, birch leaves and bark, alder and willow bark, heather, and lichen. Usage and years have laid their gradual stamp upon these testaments of labour and of love, so that when one stands in the National Museum surrounded by them it is like standing in a forest which has been touched by the first frost of autumn with the sun projecting radiant shafts of light across its leaves of russet and gold.

## Part V

### *Sunset and the Skerries*



## CHAPTER I

# ÅLAND AND THE LAST OF THE SAILING SHIPS

**H**ALFWAY between Sweden and Finland are scattered a group of islands—six thousand five hundred and fifty-four, say the cartographers; six thousand or six million would be quite the same in general effect. Six thousand flecks of rock and earth—the largest one about two hundred and fifty square miles, the smallest about the size of a fly-speck. An island province, stubbornly insisting on its individuality, proud of its ancient and singular history, not belonging to Sweden in law, not belonging to Finland in language—it is separated from the former by the Åland Sea, and connected with the latter by the Åland Archipelago.

Only a mere three hundred of the islands are inhabited although many—perhaps most—of them belong to someone. Thus one man may own several hundred islands with eider ducks on this and cows on that, much as a mainland farmer might own several hundred acres and have an orchard in one part and a pasture in another and a garden in another. Channels of water instead of fences of wood separate such an estate,



or ranch or farm as you please to call it, and one must use a boat to go from the pasture to the duck grounds.

The largest town, Mariehamn, which is also the capital, is on the largest island, with about two thousand people living on it, and tourists who stop off here, expecting a forsaken fishing village on a pile of rocks, will rub their eyes in astonishment.

Snug, trimly painted cottages of sailors and fishermen, with their flower beds outlined with shells, their porches bright with rambler roses, face the main street, the white ruffled curtains at the windows suggesting, just as such curtains in such cottages in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Plymouth, England, suggest, the comfortable rooms within: the well-provisioned kitchen, the neat chambers, the parlour decked with corals and curios from the West Indies, China, and the South Seas.

Here and there a mansion house with large lawns and entrance drive, with a parked motor-car at the door, proclaim the sea-captain or prosperous ship-owner. The children of such an Ålander have been educated in Sweden or in England; his wife has silver and servants; and we can be sure that on the drawing-room wall there hangs at least one large oil painting of boats and waves, or wrecks and rocks, lest the retired master should for a moment forget the sea whence came his health and his wealth—the sea which is for ever visible from the windows, sweetening the summer and softening the winter air.

There is an avenue of linden trees; there is the "town," with two modernistic business buildings; there are neatly dressed people, sleeping cats, shining buses, fat horses which amble slowly not because their burdens are heavy but because they are too obese for alacrity. In the interior of the island rolls

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cultivated farming country, and its fringed periphery is indented by the deepest harbour in Finland. In it may be seen today more square-rigged ships than anywhere else in the world.

There has been so much sentimentalizing about the passing of the sailing ship that one is astonished to find the West Harbour of Mariehamn cheerfully attending to a score of barks and barquentines, brigs, full-riggers, and sloops, with small boats plying back and forth carrying sailors with their gear. Battered windjammers which have dodged Antarctic icebergs, ridden out tropical hurricanes, been becalmed in the Doldrums, and collided with steamers in the Indian Ocean, are now waiting repairs, meekly tied up to the pine trees with their masts and spars jostling the branches. A "luxury liner" is moored to the shore, and its passengers are excitedly preparing to visit "a real sailing ship" as children of the present automobile age stare in curiosity at a horse and buggy. Carpenters are hammering and painting, although it is hard to say whether they are on the land or in the water, so closely are the two interwoven by sheets and cables.

In Åland they are still buying, repairing, manning, provisioning square-riggers, sailing them to Australia by the way of Good Hope, sailing them back by way of Cape Horn, going outward in ballast and returning with sixty thousand bags of wheat—having encircled the globe in six months—all of which is splendidly portrayed in Alan Villiers's trilogy culminating in *Grain Race*.

These vessels get their cargoes, as Villiers points out, not because of sentiment but because they can afford to wait for them. If they tie up for weeks at open anchorage, taking on cargo piecemeal, there is no idle machinery. They can afford

many small stops without lightering charges. Furthermore, during the three to five months that such a vessel may be bringing grain to her destination, the price may rise, and then hurrah! To be sure, it may fall. But that is merely part of the excitement which has always been part of trading and racing.

Ships are being bought by Ålanders and being repaired in Åland and being sailed from Åland, but they are no longer being built either in Åland or elsewhere. The last of their owners is Captain Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, who, as he sits in his small office in the garden of his home, is responsible for the name of Mariehamn still appearing on the counters of most of the sailing ships of the globe.

Captain Erikson manages his fleet on three principles unknown in other lines of business. In the first place he carries no insurance, calculating that the price of insurance would cover the entire loss of two ships, and so far the annual loss has never been over one. In the second place there is practically no overhead, since the captain himself is manager, marine superintendent, and board of directors. In the third place there is no depreciation, since the ships were bought at only a trifle above scrap value and therefore can never become worth less than what was paid for them. Manning them is no problem, as besides those boys (and girls!) who want to go to sea in this fashion, there are still many European nations which make service in deep-sea sail with all its exigencies compulsory for an officer's certificate. The best way in which such actual experience may be obtained is through buying an apprenticeship in a Finnish vessel. Captain Erikson always has more applicants than vacancies, and before embarking, each apprentice must give five thousand marks as a guarantee against desertion. This he receives back on his return.

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Besides the actual trading, Captain Erikson's steel ships have lately been put to another and profitable employment. A number of them are prepared to carry eight to a dozen passengers either on the long voyages to and from Australia, or on short Baltic cruises of two or three weeks, with enough retention of romance and enough concession to comfort to keep their passenger lists full.

While the fame of the Åland Islands is chiefly, and properly, due to its being the last place upon our mechanized globe where the sailing ship survives, they came in for another wave of publicity sixteen years ago when newspaper readers all over the world began to spell out their name every morning and turn to their maps to see just where these islands were which were causing such complicated debate in the committee rooms and Council chamber of the League of Nations. It seemed that Finland claimed them geographically and Sweden claimed them ethnologically, and it seemed that the islanders themselves had passionate convictions about the question. They definitely wished to separate from Finland and be part of Sweden. The debates resulted in the decision of the League (June 21, 1921) that the Islands should continue to belong to Finland, but with self-government, and a guarantee that their Swedish character should be preserved.

Åland now presents a situation unique in Europe, of an autonomous state, located within another country, with its own parliament and a governor elected for life. There are fifteen counties in the Åland Archipelago each with its Board, with three Swedish-speaking representatives in the Finnish Diet. What reads like a paradox becomes quite logical as one grows acquainted with the islands—their history, their topography, and, above all, the character of their population.

Rocky and irregular along its shores, the interior of the island on which Mariehamn is situated is rolling, rich, and fertile, inordinately proud of its prehistoric Viking graves and mounds from the Stone Age, its ancient monuments, and its prosperous farms. It has its historical ruins, such as the castle Kastelholm, built at the end of the fourteenth century and held in fief by various nobles during the Middle Ages. It has its historical sites, as the fields where Charles XII camped with his army, and those where the Russians raised extensive fortifications during the Great War. During the Liberty War first the Swedes and later the Germans occupied it.

Now all is tranquil and flourishing. Why not, since they raise sufficient rye and peas for their own use, and sufficient hay to feed their cattle; since their other produce is ample for them to export butter and beef and eggs and cheese to Germany and England? Why not, since they catch fish the year around—enough to eat, enough to export, enough to feed the silver and blue foxes on the fox farms from which they export skins to England at handsome profit; since they have enough wood to supply their own needs and to export pulp and props? They make their own bricks; they keep their taxes low; they have no political parties, considering all Ålanders free and equal. They have schools for the children, with no Finnish taught in them. Those who live on islands too far for daily commuting board at houses near the schools. They have community singing and teachers travelling from village to village, teaching people to sing and play the violin. Every year in July they have a musical festival in which several hundred islanders take part, and at midsummer they celebrate the same festival as in Sweden.

Besides all their many agricultural modes of money-making

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they have thousands of tourists—ten thousand in 1935—so many, in fact, that the largest restaurant in all Finland is in Mariehamn! People come by the big Finnish steamers which ply nightly between Turku and Stockholm or by small island “locals” which chug for fifteen hours between the ports of call from Turku to Mariehamn. Visitors come from the Continent, and some have been known to come all the way from Australia, lured by the fame of the sailing ships. Swedes fly over in forty-five minutes from Stockholm, particularly during the crayfish season, which begins in Åland two or three weeks earlier than in Sweden—an opportunity which no *kräfta* connoisseur can be expected to resist. People come to look at the famous ships, to bathe, to fish, to sketch the boats, the windmills and the people, to see the ancient stone churches.

There are sixteen of the latter—ten of them on the main island—with their jealously cherished frescoes, their wood sculptures of Saint George and the dragon, of saints in faded blue and red and gold—all unbrokenly and consistently Swedish, with no hint of a Finnish period past, present, or to come.

People come to Åland and will keep coming not only because the sailing ships and all the romance they represent make the harbours fascinating, but because the pretty countryside is so cheerful with its windmills and farms and cultivated fields and its general air of thrift and self-sufficiency. And besides the visitors and tourists, the population is continually augmented by retired seafaring men, and by others who have amassed a modest fortune abroad and have returned home to live upon it.

While Åland has the charm inherent in all islands and all seaports, it has besides a certain restful atmosphere of firmly integrated substantiality. It has belonged to Sweden, to Russia,

to Finland, and yet now, as always in a peculiarly tenacious way, to itself. There is doughty stamina in the way the Ålanders pursue their course. They not only speak Swedish, refusing to use the Finnish *Maarianhamina* or *Ahvenanmaa*, but even remark complacently that their Swedish is better than that of the Stockholmers!

The conscious striving, the ecstatic gestation of a new culture and a new nationality, the painful conflict of tongues which rack the mainland have no place here. Ålanders shrug at Finland's struggle to evolve a national language. They pretend no compromises and scorn expedient diplomacy. Of fish and flesh, wood and furs, they have sufficient for their own use and to export. Their famous ships hoist their sails and trim them to the trade winds of the world. And other ships come steaming into the harbours, bringing necessities and luxuries and that most valuable of all modern commodities, summer visitors.

The sorrows that permeate the air of all seaports have become part of the vibration of Åland. They were human griefs with their alleviations: personal tragedies softened by time, like the colours in the *ryas*. But the personality of Åland is that of a mature and dependable State that can afford to be complacent in a world of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings.

## CHAPTER II

### RETROSPECT

THE "local express" from Mariehamn to Turku is about as big as your fist and it flips away from the dock as insouciantly as if it were thumbing its nose. It will take fifteen hours for it to make the trip which the big Turku-Stockholm boat covers in six. But the express does not worry about that. It has plenty of business to attend to as it chugs and pushes and chortles its way through an archipelago which is strewn with islands as thickly as a shingled beach is strewn with pebbles.

It must stop at tiny little island landings and take on a cow or a pig. It must glide slowly past rosy bluffs on which rosy cows are munching as they contemplate the sky. It must go slowly in a narrow passage cut through rock—evidently there weren't enough islands in the six thousand five hundred and fifty-four, so it was necessary to make this one into two—and its wash splashes against granite banks the colour of heather.

It meets fishing sloops gliding by under sail. It is passed by motor-boats and speed-boats ploughing a sudden white fur-



row across the liquid element. For a moment it is accompanied by a pretty white yacht, perhaps chartered by some Englishman who is spending his holidays poking in and out and among the rocks and trees and shores and shoals.

It appears to slow down in sheer inquisitiveness as it nears a fisherman in a rowboat among the reeds. This shirt-sleeved sportsman has stolen unaccompanied to this secret cove. He has undoubtedly been squatting for hours in that magnificent isolation so vaunted by all heirs of Izaak Walton. But now, at this very moment, he reels in his line with a perch leaping and sparkling at the end! And, forgetting his proud aloofness, he succumbs to human craving for human acclaim. He waves his prize triumphantly in the air, where it is accorded the judgmental appraisal of the passengers leaning sociably over the rail of our "local express."

As many as the flitting sails upon the water are the incidents and scenes that flit through the late afternoon and the early evening hours. The sunset streaks the sky, vivid as the hues in glass flowers—varied as the crystalline fruits set forth on silver dishes for some northern Saint Agnes's Eve. Perhaps because what we see is conditioned by what we know, the exquisite sunset colours over the skerries suggest the radiance of gems rather than the heat of living light: the stark brilliance of diamonds, the opalescence of pearls, rather than the flush of fruit or flame.

The Åland Archipelago recedes, with its tightly built cottages and its tenaciously self-contained inhabitants. It grows smaller and smaller, dissolving at last like a bank of tiny cloudlets into the sky.

As the mainland grows nearer, summer bungalows and

chalets begin to edge their way among the year-round cottages. Oh, to own an island in the archipelago of Finland! To own an island the size of a crumb, clap on it a house the size of a fly-speck and a bath house the size of a gnat-speck with a boat and a flag-pole and, of course, a Finnish flag! And there you are, preserved for three months in an amber of crystal air and crystal sea, suspended for three months, like Mohammed's coffin, between the sky and the water!

As we draw near Turku we remember our first approach to a country which, at that time, possessed for us neither a past nor a future: a country which was hardly more than a name, nebulous in location and in history.

We had read no Finnish Dickens: we had listened to no Finnish Beethoven. Was there a Finnish Canaletto or Colbert or even a Nijinsky? Now it all seems quite different. No Beethoven, but a Sibelius; no Dickens, but a Kivi. One may, with confidence, compare the buildings of Saarinen with those of Sir Christopher Wren—even with those of the great Michelangelo. Nurmi's admirers are as many as Nijinsky's ever were, and more ardent. If Finland has no Colbert, she has a Risto Ryti who has placed a country more largely populated with rocks than with people upon a financial footing which has won the respect of the world.

We return to Finland in the evening with quite a different feeling than that with which we first approached it in the morning.

*And at eventide rejoicing,  
In this firm and solid country,  
In the wide expanse of Suomi,  
With the young who now are growing,  
With the rising generation.*

There are few books written about Finland and fewer still written in Finland and translated into English. One must let her unroll her own forests and introduce her own people, must look while she displays her buildings and listen while she utters her poetry and music. She will create her own impression and tell her own story which is, after all, the most agreeable way for strangers to come to know it.

# Appendix



## PRINCIPAL PLACE NAMES (IN BOTH FINNISH AND SWEDISH)

Since Finland is a bilingual country, many of its place names appear in both Finnish and Swedish. In old histories, literature, maps, and so forth, the Swedish is most frequently seen. In modern books, railway schedules, and newspapers the Finnish precedes and has frequently entirely superseded the Swedish. In this book the Finnish names have been used throughout with the exception of a few place names such as Finland, Åland, Borgå, and Ladoga, to which the original Swedish is still almost universally applied.

For the convenience of readers about Finland and travellers in Finland, two lists of the place names which occur most frequently are given below. In List One the Finnish name is given first with the Swedish following. In List Two, the Swedish name is given first with its Finnish equivalent.

### LIST ONE

<i>Finnish Name</i>	<i>Swedish Name</i>
Ahvenanmaa . . . .	Åland
Häme . . . . .	Tavastland
Hämeenlinna . . . .	Tavastehus

## Finland: The New Nation

<i>Finnish Name</i>	<i>Swedish Name</i>
Hamina . . . . .	Fredrikshamn
Hanko . . . . .	Hangö
Helsinki . . . . .	Helsingfors
Kaivopuisto . . . . .	Brunsparken
Kolttaköngäs . . . . .	Boris Gleb
Laatokka . . . . .	Ladoga
Lahti . . . . .	Vesijärvi
Lappeenranta . . . . .	Villmanstrand
Maarianhamina . . . . .	Mariehamn
Naantali . . . . .	Nådendal
Olavinlinna . . . . .	St. Olaf's Castle
Oulu . . . . .	Uleåborg
Oulujoki . . . . .	Uleå
Pietarsaari . . . . .	Jakobstad
Pori . . . . .	Björneborg
Porvoo . . . . .	Borgå
Raahe . . . . .	Brahestad
Savonlinna . . . . .	Nyslott
Seurasaari . . . . .	Fölisö
Suomi . . . . .	Finland
Suominlinna . . . . .	Sveaborg

## Principal Place Names

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<i>Finnish Name</i>	<i>Swedish Name</i>
Tampere . . . . .	Tammerfors
Tammisaari . . . . .	Ekenäs
Tallin . . . . .	Reval
Turku . . . . .	Åbo
Uusimaa . . . . .	Nystad
Uusikaupunki . . . . .	Nyland
Vaasa . . . . .	Vasa
Viipuri . . . . .	Viborg

## LIST TWO

<i>Swedish Name</i>	<i>Finnish Name</i>
Åbo . . . . .	Turku
Åland . . . . .	Ahvenanmaa
Björneborg . . . . .	Pori
Borgå . . . . .	Porvoo
Boris Gleb . . . . .	Kolttaköngäs
Brahestad . . . . .	Raahe
Brunsparken . . . . .	Kaivopuisto
Ekenäs . . . . .	Tammisaari
Finland . . . . .	Suomi
Fölisö . . . . .	Seurasaari
Fredrikshamn . . . . .	Hamina
Hangö . . . . .	Hanko



## Finland: The New Nation

<i>Swedish Name</i>	<i>Finnish Name</i>
Helsingfors . . . .	Helsinki
Jakobstad . . . .	Pietarsaari
Ladoga . . . .	Laatokka
Mariehamn . . . .	Maarianhamina
Nådendal . . . .	Naantali
Nyland . . . .	Uusimaa
Nyslott . . . .	Savonlinna
Nystad . . . .	Uusikaupunki
Reval . . . .	Tallin
St. Olaf's Castle . . . .	Olavinlinna
Sveaborg . . . .	Suominlinna
Tammerfors . . . .	Tampere
Tavastehus . . . .	Hämeenlinna
Tavastland . . . .	Häme
Uleå . . . .	Oulujoki
Uleåborg . . . .	Oulu
Vasa . . . .	Vaasa
Vesijärvi . . . .	Lahti
Viborg . . . .	Viipuri
Villmanstrand . . . .	Lappeenranta

## SALIENT FACTS AND STATISTICS

### *Area*

Finland is the seventh largest country in Europe. Its area is 150,005 square miles. Of this total area 11.5% are lakes and 6.3% cultivated land. Forests cover 73.6% of the land area.

### *Geographical Position and Temperature*

Finland is situated between latitudes 60°–70° North and longitude 19°–33° East. Of the European countries only Norway extends farther north. The Gulf Stream so tempers the climate that the average for the summer months is 63° F. in the south and 57° F. in Lapland. The mean temperature of the coldest month is 23° F. in the south and 5° F. in Lapland. The ground is covered with snow for about 100 days in south Finland, 150 days in central Finland, and 210 days in Lapland.

### *History*

Finland was part of the Kingdom of Sweden from 1154 to 1809. From 1809 until 1917 it was autonomous grand duchy connected with Russia. It declared its independence in 1917 and became a republic in 1919.

*Form of Government*

The legislative power of the country is vested in the Diet and the president, who is chosen for a period of six years. The Diet, composed of 200 members, is elected by universal suffrage. The proportions of the different parties in the present Diet are as follows:

Social Democratic Party . . . . .	78
Agrarian Party . . . . .	53
Swedish Party . . . . .	21
Unionist Party . . . . .	18
Patriotic Nationalist Party . . . . .	14
Progressive Party . . . . .	11
Small Farmers' Party . . . . .	3
People's Party . . . . .	2

*Population*

The population is 3.7 millions. Of these, 88.7% are Finnish-speaking Finns, 10.1% are Swedish-speaking Finns. Laplanders and others account for the rest. Of the population, 79.8% live in the country, 20.2% live in the towns and urban districts.

*Occupation*

Agriculture engages 59.6% of the population. Another 16.8% are in industry and manual labour, 4.3% are in commerce, 3.8% are in transport, and 15.5% are in other occupations.

*Religion*

Lutherans comprise 96.2%, 1.8% are Greek Orthodox, and 2% are other religions.

*Education*

Among persons over fifteen years of age only 0.9% are illiterate. There are three universities, founded in 1640, 1917, and 1920.

*Ownership of Land*

The land area is distributed approximately as follows: private ownership 52.1%, state ownership 39.7%, corporations 6.5%, and communities 1.7%.

*Forest Resources*

The growing stock of the forest is 57,214 million cubic feet. Of this 60.7% is pine, 28.1% is spruce, 11.2% is birch.

*Agriculture*

Cultivated land bears the following crops: 50.7% hay, 18.9% oats, 9.6% rye, 5.4% barley, 3.3% potatoes, 12.1% other crops.

*Currency*

Since 1860 Finland has had its own monetary system. The unit of currency is the mark of 100 pennia. The mark is valued between two and three cents, according to the current exchange.

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